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PICCADILLY.

By Andrew Lang.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

"Small boys, screaming out 'Winner!'"

IT may be unjust to say that among the uncounted streets of London not one is beautiful. But it is plain, on a moment's reflection, that a beautiful street is less the likely to exist in monotonous expanses of London than in most other cities. There are few towns but have somewhere an outlook on nature, on the world beyond the walls. But London is so vast, and lies so low, that she has hardly a single glance at nature. From the National Gallery, gazing over Trafalgar Square toward the towers of Westminster, and catching beyond a vague glimpse of the Surrey hills, you are faintly reminded that the whole earth is not yet covered over by brick houses. On Cheyne Walk, too, the river, with its mists, its little gravelly beach, its boats, flows from the distant heights, through the meadows, under the poplars, far away, and murmurs an echo of the remote country. From the top of the Pavilion at Lord's, too, whence the eye beholds merely a soft vaporous distance, broken here and there by a spire or a clump of trees, it is not impossible to fancy that London has a kind of charm. But she has no great street whence, as from Princes Street in Edinburgh, there are conspicuous the rocks of an acropolis, the high-piled ridge of the old town, and the remoter beauty of the Lothian hills. The fresh air of Venice blowing in from the sea is as alien to London as are the noiseless wet ways of Venice. Nature, in short, except as far as trees are concerned, is out of view and out of the question. Then, as to architectural beauty, London is as inferior to Venice or Florence in grace and stateliness of structures and monuments, palaces and towers, and flower markets, as in her eternal absence of natural loveliness. Here is no Arno, no quaint, venerable bridges, no statues like the Perseus of Cellini, or the David of Michael Angelo. Here is no St. Mark's, no Bargello, for London, in spite of the antiquity of the city, is a very new town in most of her western quarters, and was built hastily and inconsiderately, by people among whom architecture was at the lowest

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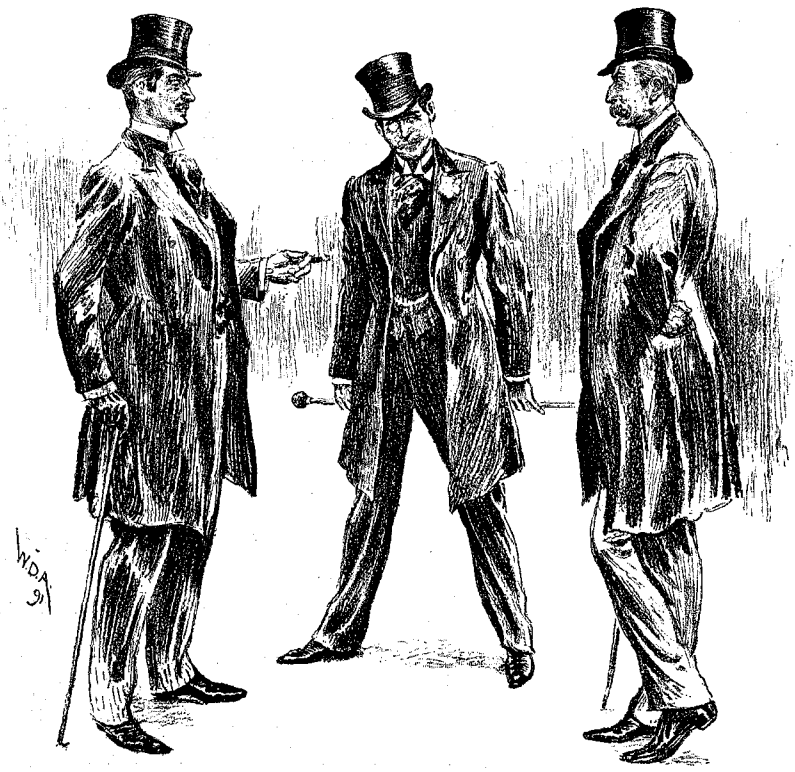

A Chat in Piccadilly.

ebb. Thus, to take even an example in England, London has not a public way to compare with the High Street at Oxford. The new age and new buildings have done their worst for "the High," but they have not wholly ruined those curves, like the windings of a stream, that unrivalled mixture of old academic with old domestic architecture, those ancient gables of all heights and shapes, those latticed windows, edged with flowers, those solemn and hospitable college gateways, and those glimpses through them into "deep, wet walks of gray old gardens;" while the whole bend and curve of the street ends in the glorious tower of Magdalen and the bridge over the Cherwell. All this, degraded as it has been by an unsightly tramway and spoiled by the eccentric new buildings on which the colleges have wasted their money, is yet incomparably more beautiful than anything in London. "The High" survives from the leisurely age when men could build.

Now if we take Piccadilly as the representative beautiful street of London, we cannot deny that it has some advantages. Starting from Regent Street in the east, it runs westward, at first narrow enough and commonplace, with a plain church on the left, with Burlington House and its picture gallery, a large, commodious modern edifice, on the right, for the rest lined with ordinary shops displaying waterproofs, boots, books (Mr. Quaritch's shop and vast collection is here), and similar articles of commerce. Where St. James's Street descends abruptly to the left there is a view of St. James's Palace, a lugubrious royal residence, uninhabited by royalty, which "excites the wonder of foreigners on account of its mean appearance." Then comes Arlington Street with the palazzo of Lord Salisbury, and after that break, the best part of Piccadilly begins. All along the left side are the trees and verdure of the Green Park. The right hand foot-path flows, so to speak, beneath houses of which Mr. Loftie says

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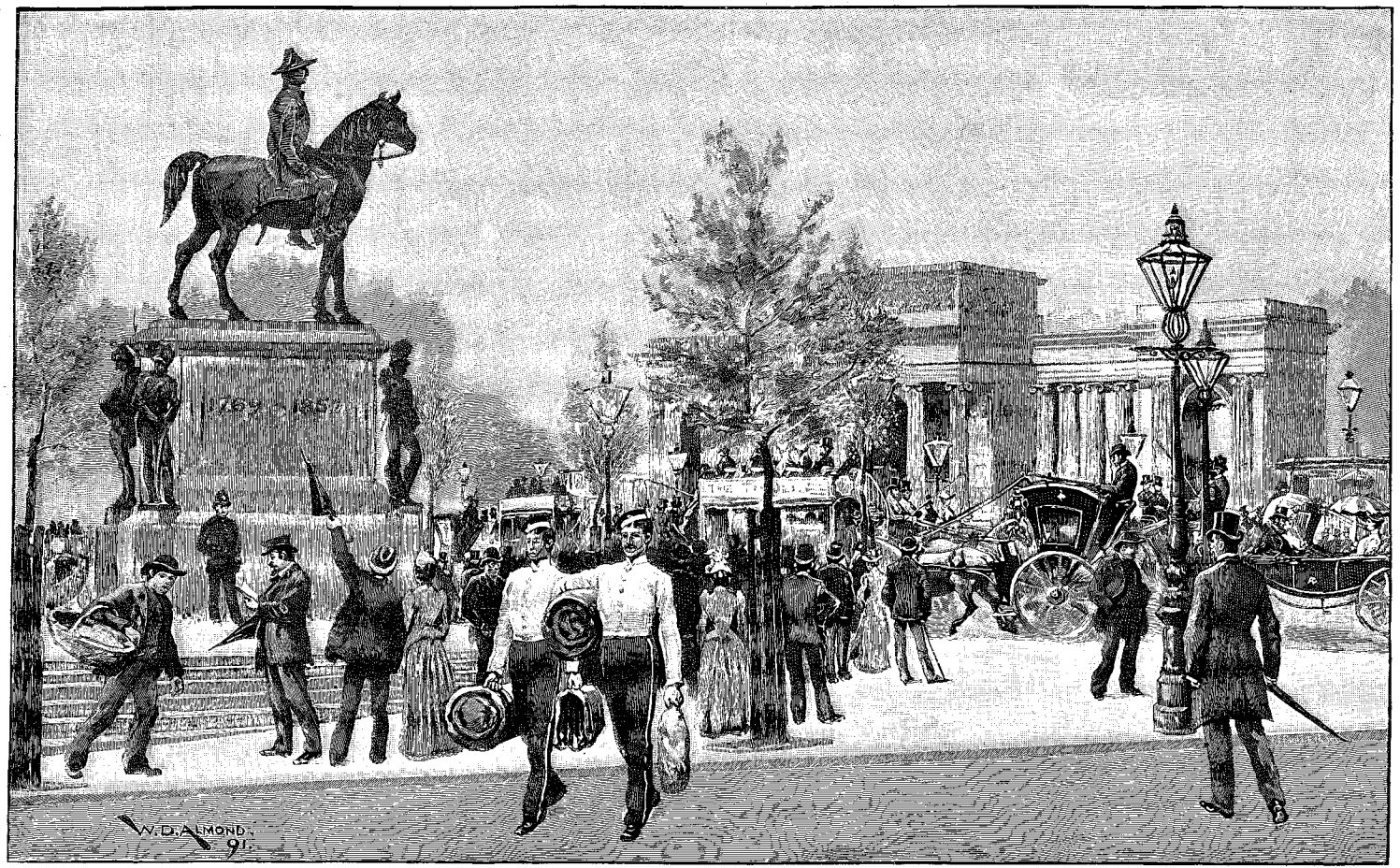

DRAWN BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

Statue of the Duke of Wellington, Hyde Park.

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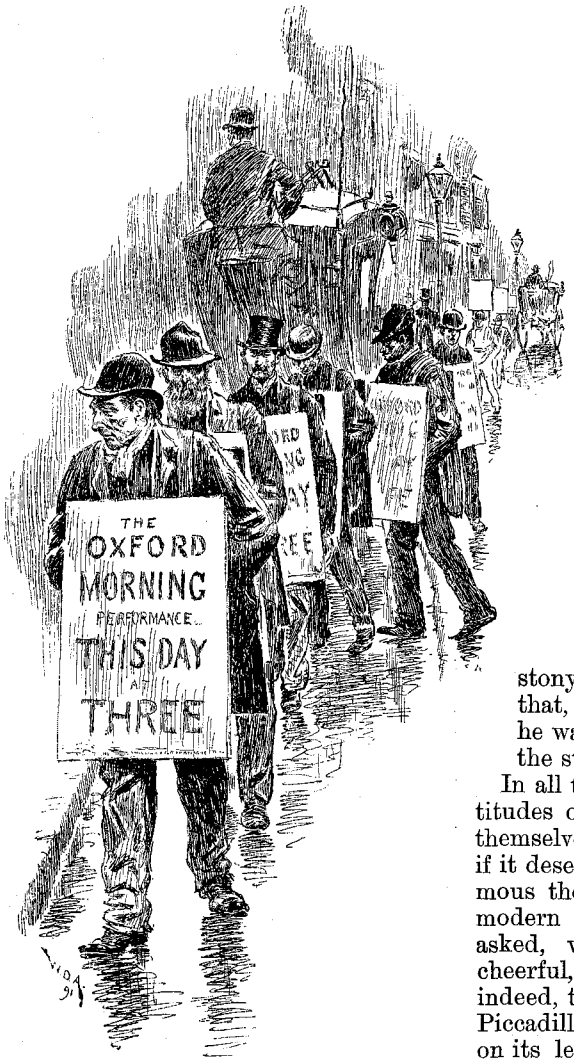
in his "History of London," that "though built with very little regard to cost, not one of them presents any architectural features worth notice, or, indeed, worthy of the situation."

So the wide thoroughfare takes its western way; on one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns, on the other side are tall houses, not "worthy of the situation." Clubs, palaces of the rich or noble, a shop here and there, line the right hand side, and finally, after the road ascends again, we have the Duke of Wellington's arch and statue on the left, in a space now much widened and improved, and, on the right, is Apsley House, where the old duke lived and died, and Hyde Park Corner, the park gates, the naked statue of Achilles, and an effigy of Lord Byron with his dog Boatswain, which art owes to the contested genius of Mr. Belt, or, as others declared, of Mr. Belt and an "artist's ghost."

Down and up the hill and dale of Piccadilly carriages glide, carts rattle, hansoms hurry, men and women walk to the park, or westward to Kensington and Brompton, or, in the eastward direction, to the clubs, to Pall Mall, the Strand, the City. It is, on the whole, not a very worried or eager crowd, not like the throng of the Strand or Cheapside. Most of the pedestrians are sufficiently well-to-do; beggars do not much beset Piccadilly; in the early evening the steppers westward are the greater number, going either for a walk in the parks, or homeward, to dinner. About eight the world is streaming out to its engagements, gleaming expanses of white shirts shine out of the cabs, the carriages are full of ladies in their evening array. Dinnerward or theatreward goes all the throng of politicians, dandies, lawyers, idlers, stock-brokers.



"Sandwich men in their prison of wood."

The wooden pavements prevent the incessant passage of vehicles from being inordinately noisy, and a native of stony Edinburgh justly remarked that, when he first visited London, he was more struck by the quiet of the streets than by anything else.

In all the hastening or leisurely multitudes one may marvel how many ask themselves if this is a beautiful street, if it deserves to be one of the most famous thoroughfares in the greatest of modern cities. Many, if they were asked, would say that Piccadilly is cheerful, and is satisfactory. This is, indeed, the happiest way of criticising Piccadilly. Thanks to the Green Park on its left side, the street has verdure, at least, and is airy. The ups and downs

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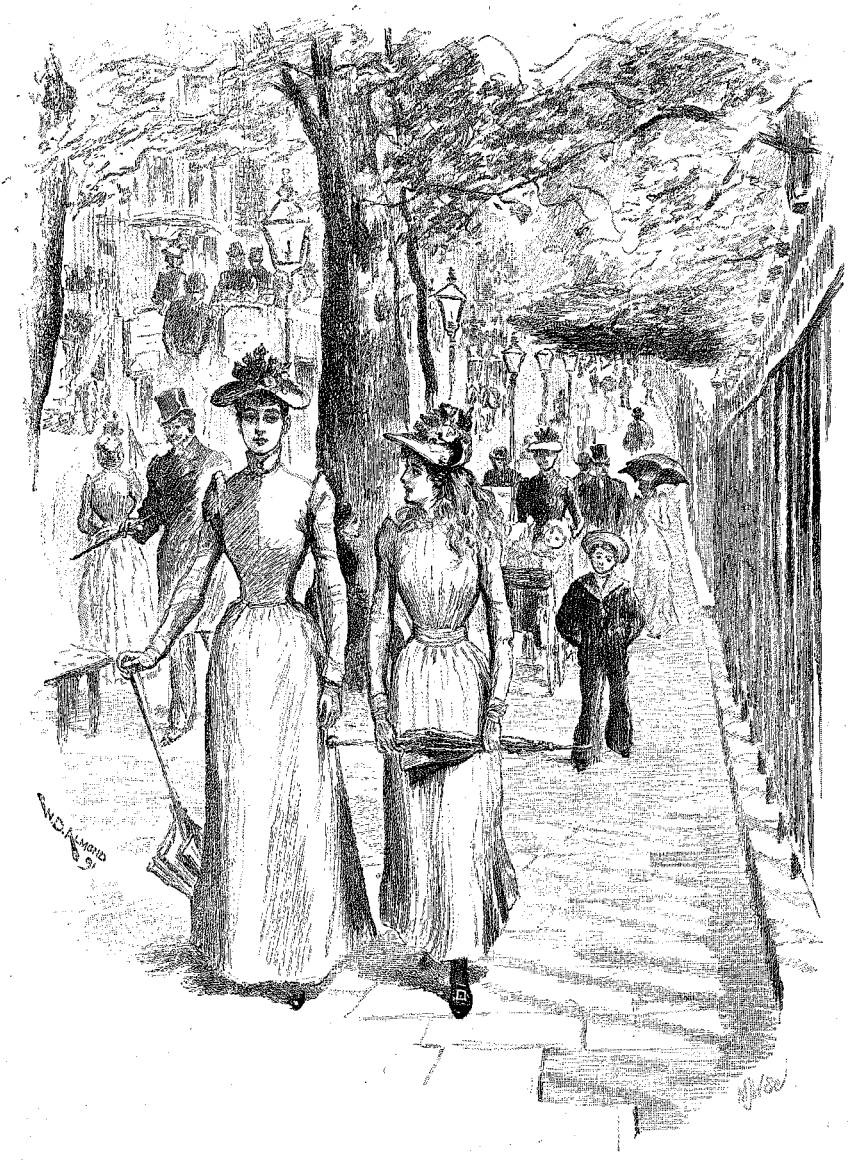

A Morning Walk—Piccadilly.

"On one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns."

of it have a picturesqueness of their own. The wealthy houses, if they are not dignified, if they have not the stately proportions of Florentine palaces, are, at all events, clean and large, and so far imposing. There are two times and seasons when Piccadilly looks its best. One of these is in mid-May, when all the flowering trees are in blossom, when the chestnut hangs out its fragrant tapers in the green shade of its fans, when the hawthorn perfumes even the London air, when the laburnums are "drooping wells of fire," when on all the boughs is the tender green, the first flush of spring. London is very well supplied with trees, and, for a few days early in the season, the town has almost a Chaucerian aspect of prettiness and innocence. That jaded old Piccadilly in her spring dress,

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looks as fresh as a young lady in her first season. The women have not grown weary of their unrelenting social activities; there are radiant faces newly come from the country, there are tall young men of rosy aspect, beautifully attired, with high stiff collars, and gloves irreproachable, and lustrous boots. This is the moment to see Piccadilly—bright, gay, crowded, and yet not sophisticated and worldly to look upon.

The next best aspect, or perhaps the best aspect, of Piccadilly is in the evening in mid-October, when the lingering light flushes the houses, the sunset struggling through the opals of the London smoke, red and azures blending in the distance, while all down through "the gradual dusky veil" of evening the serpentine lines of lamps begin to burn. London, when there is not a fog, has sunsets of peculiar beauty, thanks perhaps to the smoky air; whatever the reason, they are very soft, rich, and strange. Many a time, walking eastward through the early dusk in Piccadilly, I have turned back, and stood watching these beautiful effects, which Mr. Marshall, by the bye, often renders admirably in water colors. Unless civilization quite shuts out the sky she cannot absolutely improve beauty off the face of the town. And in Piccadilly there are "lots of sky," as the little street boy said when, for the first time, he was taken into the country. Above the crowd, the smoke, the struggle, beyond the yells of them who vend the disastrous evening papers, far remote from the cries of murder and sedition, the serene sky looks down on you, and the sunset brings its harmonies even into Piccadilly. The artist cannot represent these things in his black and white; these beauties must be seen, and into many a spirit that is tired of towns they bring their own tranquillity, and speak silently of how the solemn and charmed hour is passing in her royal robes over mountains and pale sea-straits, over long river pools, over reedy lochs where our hearts are, and where we fain would be, though we "pad the weary hoof" in Piccadilly. London is a hard place for those who in their cradles "were breathed on by the rural Pan," but even in London Nature has her moments, and does not absolutely and always veil her face. Such are the pleasanter aspects of Piccadilly, a street more or less of pleasure, though in this respect far unlike the Boulevard, in Paris. There is no street life, so to speak, in the wealthier thoroughfares of London. There is nothing at all resembling the gayety of the Boulevard, with the *cafés*, the crowds of people contemplating existence over a glass of beer or a cup of coffee from the comfortable haven of *café* awnings and *café* chairs. Here are none of the bright *kiosques*, none of the posts covered with many-colored and alluring bills of the play. The shops are few, only that of Mr. Giuliano, who makes the pretty copies of ancient jewelry and Renaissance enamels, is very attractive to stare into, whereas on the Boulevard the shop windows are a perpetual delight. Nor are there theatres here, with their bustle. The theatres are far off in the Strand, and have no external attractions. The only open-air street life is that of the cabmen on the stand opposite, or of the depressing rows of "sandwich men," dismal little processions with their advertisements of soaps, plays, and pictures. To be sure we boast what Paris knows not, the Piccadilly goat, who lives in, or often at, the door of a large corner house. Why this goat is kept here out of doors is a mystery, probably *not* connected with the worship of Dionysus. There is another goat, a much seedier, dingier goat, who browses such grasses as grow outside the *Nonconformist* office, in the purlieus of old Alsatia, where Nigel Oliphant met with his adventures. No account of Piccadilly is complete which leaves the goat out of the picture, an unexpected rural figure in the foreground.

Piccadilly is not a place where the foreigner, or the stranger from the country need expect to see famous contemporaries much, or to meet statesmen lounging in little groups, chatting about the perplexed fortunes of the nation. Piccadilly is not at all like a Christmas number of a society journal, thickly studded with caricatures of celebrities and notorieties. They are much more likely to be encountered near the Houses of Parliament, or in Pall Mall you may view generals coming from the War Of-

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Leaving St. James's Hall—Afternoon.

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fice; bishops and scientific characters trudging to the sanctuary of the Athenæum; young men of fashion near the Marlborough Club; princesses driving Parnell lounging with Mr. Timothy Healy, nor Mr. Payn (I can swear to this) taking exercise with Mr. William Black, in Piccadilly, nor Mr. Rudyard

A Gateway of the Royal Academy, Burlington House.

out of Marlborough House. In the Strand there go great lawyers, and theatrical people, and journalists of all grades pacing to or from Fleet Street. But, as for company, Piccadilly is here a street like any other; there be diplomatists, to be sure, on the steps of the St. James's Club. At least the spectator may fancy he beholds diplomatists, and no doubt a novelist or a poet or two may be watched looking out of the bay window of the Savile, and all sorts and conditions of men do eternally walk up or down Piccadilly. But it cannot be called a specially lion-haunted shore. I have never observed, "for why should I deceive you?" Mr. Irving coming along, arm in arm with Mr. Toole, nor Mr. Kipling meditating the military Muse in these purlieus. But this may be due to "a malady of not marking" the men and women who go by, to a habit of inattention. It is a case of "eyes and no eyes," as in the childish apologue, and, if the artist has eyes, and has been lucky enough to observe princes, peers, poets, painters, politicians, warriors, in Piccadilly, why should he not draw their effigies as he beheld them? It is certain that, somehow, Pall Mall and St. James's Street are better places wherein to lie in wait for the passing celebrity, and see the traits of the men who make, or obstruct, or record history. From Marlborough House to the Athenæum Club is capital hunting ground; there

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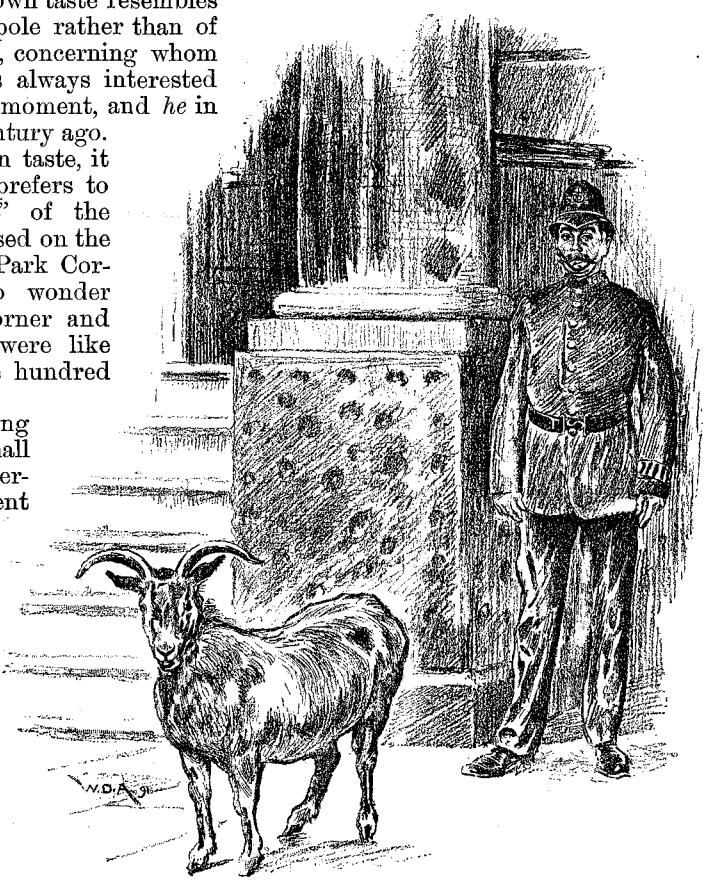
lions are almost as common as quite ordinary persons. Let me confess that I have not a good eye for a lion, and often do not know the monarch of the forest when I see him. Besides, nobody can see him in a fog, and the extreme west of Piccadilly is particularly foggy, probably because one of the many "bournes" or brooks over which London is built, flows under it, and its dankness exhales in clouds of yellow vapor.

This reflection, that a river may flow through the middle of Piccadilly, as through Cheapside in Wordsworth's poem of "Poor Susan," may serve to remind us that Piccadilly was not always a street, that it has first a rural, and then a suburban history of its own.

I confess that my own taste resembles that of Horace Walpole rather than of Madame du Deffand, concerning whom he says that *she* was always interested in the affairs of the moment, and *he* in the business of a century ago. This is not a modern taste, it is true; the world prefers to read the "posters" of the evening papers exposed on the pavement at Hyde Park Corner rather than to wonder what Hyde Park Corner and the turnstile there were like one, or two, or three hundred years since.

We have been among "actualities," and shall return to them, and persons who are impatient of street history may skip a page that deals with the past. Piccadilly has its history, which, as usual, explains its present condition, and shows how it became what it is. The street is haunted too, by fair women and brave men long dead, of whom some readers may like to be put in mind as they wander among the living.

In the old times, say in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Hyde Park, near which Piccadilly ends, was a forest, with "herbage, pannage, and browze wood for deer." The woods were still thick, and frequented by robbers, many years later. All that was fine and fashionable in the park was "The Ring," where people rode and drove, and where foot races were run, while duels, as late as Fielding's time, were fought hard by. Here Mohun slew the Duke of Hamilton, here Captain Booth, in *Amelia*, fought the colonel. We must get rid, in our minds, of the iron railings and the pavement outside, and of Apsley House. We must fancy a country road, with hedge and ditch, running beside the forest, and leading to the still distant town. At the west end of Piccadilly, or near it, the citizens of London



"The Piccadilly Goat."

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threw up their earthworks; women digging and carrying earth, ladies

"The Horse Guards trampling by."

and all, when the royal army threatened the city, in 1662. There was then no street of Piccadilly, there was merely "the Reading road," the road, or one of the roads, that led into London from the west. But the name Piccadilly, an extraordinary name enough, about which antiquarians have argued much, already existed. The older opinions, contested by Mr. Jesse in his "Literary and Historical Memorials of London," was that "Piccadilly" is derived from a house called "Peccadilla Hall." Here the ruffs for the neck, called Peccadillas, were vended, and it is supposed that the name of the street came from the name of this warehouse. But it seems extremely improbable that a fashionable shop would be out in the country some way from town, as the Reading road then was. Moreover, Mr. Jesse holds that the ruffs did not come into fashion till 1616 or so, whereas we find the word Piccadilly applied to the *place* in Gerard's curious old "Herbal" of 1596. Nothing can show better how London has grown than what Gerard has to say about "Piccadilla." On the banks of

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the dry ditches there, he remarks, grows "the small wild buglosse," or ox-tongue. The botanist would find little to collect in small dry ditches near Piccadilly now, and the banks of that rural stream, the Tybourne, are deep below the houses. Nearly sixty years passed before there was a street of Piccadilly, and not till Charles Second's reign did the houses begin to creep westward toward Hyde Park Corner. These houses were originally palaces of the nobles, with vast gardens and pleasances. For example, where Devonshire House now stands, a large unlovely palace enough, was Berkeley House, where Pepys dined on September 23, 1672. "The gardens are incomparable," says Pepys, "by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina*. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of."

We must suppose Piccadilly, then, to have been like that part of Campden Hill where Argyll Lodge, the Duke of Rutland's house, and Holly Lodge, Macaulay's home, and others, stand among their trees and flowers, only much more magnificent and spacious. Lord Berkeley's pleasances extended over Berkeley Square, but in 1684 part of the ground was already being built upon, to the sorrow of John Evelyn. Berkeley House was burned early in the eighteenth century, and the unromantic Devonshire House was erected on its site. Next Berkeley House was the still more splendid Clarendon House, built by the historian of the rebellion. This came into the possession of the second Duke of Albemarle, who sold it; and Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Old Bond Street, and Grafton Street were built on its site and on its pleasances, while the sylvan Evelyn wailed like a dispossessed Dryad. The gardens of the Earl of Sunderland were covered by the chambers called the Albany, leading into Piccadilly, and all these things are examples of the way in which Piccadilly grew. The melancholy process is being illustrated on every side round London every day. The old spacious houses and pleasant gardens are pulled down, the old elms fall, and rows of ugly streets are run up where the trees budded and the thrushes sang. Probably this will be the fate of Holland House also; "the great wen" swiftly and steadily eats its way into the heart

"At night, in the season, it is a sight to see the long line of carriages, orderly arrayed, waiting."

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of the country. Very little taste is shown by the builders; the eighteenth century's taste was in favor of good solid brick boxes of no outward beauty, and these be they which now stand fronting Piccadilly.

As late as 1745 the west end of the street must still have bordered on the fields. When Fielding's Squire Western rode up to town, in search of Sophia, he alighted at an inn (next what is now Apsley House), which was called "The Pillars of Hercules." The name must mean that beyond the Pillars was the region of the unexplored, that this was the town's end. It would be the first inn in London that the worthy squire reached. Near it, but in later times, resided the famous, or infamous "Old Q.," the Duke of Queensberry, in his profligate latest years. This nobleman, born in 1721, lived till 1810. All his life he did exactly as he pleased, and he was pleased to be entirely regardless of opinion and of decency in his unfaltering pursuit of pleasure. He never "unharnessed," as the French say; he never ceased to patronize the ladies of the opera; but he was good-humored, open-handed, and well-bred. Robert Burns once passed an evening in his company, and though Burns severely censured—in the nobility—the pursuits which moralists deplore in his own history, he was quite won over by the wicked Old Q. He sent Old Q. his famous poem of "The Whistle," and says to a correspondent, "Though I am afraid His Grace's character as a Man of Worth is very equivocal, yet he is certainly a nobleman of the first taste, and a gentleman of the finest manners." Deaf of one ear, blind of one eye, this wicked nobleman used to sit in his balcony, watching the world go past, and looking down on Piccadilly. He preferred that flood of human beings to the view of the Thames at Richmond. "What is there," he asked, "to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it; there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same." But of the torrent that went "flow, flow, flow," past his house he never wearied, and it is said that he always had a man and horse ready to pursue any naiad who charmed him from the stream of Piccadilly. A good deal of his money went, at his death, to that other philosopher who lived in Gaunt House, Great Gaunt Street, and is now best known to men as the Marquis of Steyne, and the patron of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.

It is part of the moralities of Piccadilly to remember that Old Q., sitting on his balcony under his parasol, watching the women with his one wicked old eye, had been the gay young Lord March, who "never knew Mrs. Bernstein but as an old woman; and if she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it." This was the Lord March and Ruglen whom a young gentleman out of Virginia beat at a long leap: "For the honor of old Virginia, I had the *gratafication*," says Mr. Henry Warrington, "of beating his Lordship by more than two feet, viz., two feet nine inches," and of assuring him that "Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon could beat me by a *good foot*." Is it not curious how Harry Warrington's artless prattle lingers in our memories, and we see young Lord March more clearly, perhaps, in "The Virginians" than even in Horace Walpole, or in his own letters to George Selwyn, with his confidences about velvet suits, and bets, and La Rena, and the Zamperini. "I dread every event that is connected with women," says the real Lord March, "they are all so extremely wrong-headed." This was the remark of a noble with great experience. It is worth noting that, despite his repute as a gambler, Lord March did not bet sums which would now be considered enormous. After some losses at Newmarket, he was much more than "brought home" by winning about £4,000. The modern "plunger" would despise such a total. The wanderer in Piccadilly, who likes to muse on the changes of human fortune, the turns of that wheel which the Buddha contemplates, may please himself by reflecting that, along this way passed the carriages of the Princesse de Lamballe and of Madame du Barry. The former dined with the Duke of Queensberry here, before the Revolution which brought her cruel and shameful death. But it was during the Revolution that Madame du Barry, in company with the Prince of Wales, sat at the ducal table. She, too, returned to

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France and to her death. In this house, also, Horace Walpole heard a story of Democracy, how at Lyons a young man was roasted alive, and his mother was made to look on, and was beaten to death.

He who was Will March, and became Old Q., sleeps now under the altar in St. James's Church, and a great many people remember him best by Mr. Locker's verses,

"The wise and the silly,
Old P. or Old Q., we must leave Piccadilly."

The modern houses in Piccadilly are not very much haunted by ghosts of the fashionable, or literary, or historical past. From Number 20 Sir Francis Burdett was taken to prison, though he had barricaded his house, provoked a riot, and defied the Speaker of the House of Commons, just eighty years ago. Number 94 was Lord Palmerston's dwelling, from 1850 till his death in 1865; here he gave political parties, and this was the last fortress of contented Whiggism. In Number 139 Byron part-

"The country visitors are gaping at the shops.

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DRAWN BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND.

The Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly—Afternoon.

ENGRAVED BY G. DEL'ORME.

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ed from Lady Byron, "in the utmost kindness," says Moore. She was going to visit her father, who wrote to the poet that she would return no more. What mysteries passed in Number 139, part of old Q.'s old house, we shall never really know; the cause of the separation is said to have been so simple that nobody could ever find it out. Some poets are "gey ill to live wi'," as Mrs. Carlyle said about her son. Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says, that, however much in love he might be at any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den, and asking, "Do I disturb you, Byron?" "Yes, damnably," answered Childe Harold, in, shall we say, an intelligible if not a pardonable irritation. Lawyers, doctors, business men are not interrupted by their dear wives when they are at work. The sex understands that *their* duties are serious. They don't always take this view of mere poetry and prose.

I have a private theory, an innocent hypothesis, that Lady Byron was jealous of the Muse; that she left her lord because he said she disturbed him damnably. Dr. Lushington knew what Lady Byron said at the time; Mrs. Beecher Stowe told the world what Lady Byron said in later life, but 139 Piccadilly keeps its secret. The skeleton in the closet has "flitted," like the North Country Brownie. Old Q. would have explained the whole mystery by saying that "all women are so extremely wrong-headed." *That* philosopher never married, or there might have been another Hegira from 139 Piccadilly. The house is now brave with a new front, and is occupied by Mr. Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. The house in Piccadilly had this advantage for Byron that it was close to his publisher's shop, Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street, where that museum of literary antiques still stands, an interesting place of pilgrimage.

Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, is, of course, historical. The site was originally bought by Lord Bathurst from an old soldier, whom, in reward for his valor at Dettingen, George II. had allowed to squat there with his apple-stall. This proves the slight value of the site under the second George. Here the great duke lived; here the strange young lady left Bibles at the door instead of cards, here the windows were broken by the populace in the Reform Bill riots, and the duke had iron shutters put up. Later, when he was in favor again, and when a crowd followed him with cheers, the duke only pointed to his iron shutters.

Many windows have been broken in Piccadilly since then. There was a famous riot in February, a very few years ago. The mob had mustered in Trafalgar Square. I met them in Pall Mall, where they were hooting outside the windows of the Carlton Club, and some leader was waving a red flag from the steps. They were not, at that moment, a large mob; but no police were visible. By some blunder they were stationed in the Mall, behind Pall Mall, not in Pall Mall. I went into my own club, which was eastward of the mob, and heard presently that they had run through the streets, up St. James's, along Piccadilly, through South Audley Street, breaking windows, bursting into shops, throwing gold watches and legs of mutton through the windows of carriages. It was a great field day for Liberty and the Rights of Man. Next morning the shops had all their shutters up; the club windows were riddled; the crowd was in the streets, amused, pleased, but perhaps too startled by its sudden success to begin again at once. It was curious to note how the rioters had always thrown to their left; on the right hand of St. James's Street the houses had suffered very little, if at all. In Piccadilly the St. James's Club had somehow been spared. The Savile, next door, was in smithereens. Piccadilly has seen plenty of commotion since, and will see plenty more, in the nature of things. It is the highway, or one of the highways, of limitless processions, marching to that Mons Sacer of the park, where we have demonstrations every week. The most famous was that of 1866, when the park gates were closed (legally or illegally) and the crowd, having, half by accident, broken down the

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iron railings, took possession of the place. We have not yet succeeded in outdoing the Gordon riots of the last century, but give us time! The multitude was then unorganized, and did not know what it wanted, or wherefore it had come together. In those respects it is greatly advanced, and has all the modern improvements. We know not precisely to what goal it steps, the endless procession of marshalled men with banners that weekly invades Piccadilly. But, if the aspiration of the journal of this party, for a time when there "shall be no more Pall Mall," is realized, one may presume that there will also be no Piccadilly. Its mansions may become communistic barracks of the people. Or it may lie in fire-blackened ruins, as part of Paris did twenty years ago. And the trees and grass may grow over the tumbled masonry, and buglosse, or ox-tongue, may flower again in the dry ditches, as it did when Gerard wrote his "Herbal," "the dry ditches about Piccadilly." To this end all cities must inevitably come, even Dean Burgon's.

"Rose-red city, half as old as time;"

but let us hope that some centuries will pass before London follows

"Memphis and Babylon, and either Thebes,
And Priam's towery town with its one beech."

What a fascination these lines have, and how many of the people who walk down Piccadilly to-day (members of the Savile Club excluded) can tell the name of their author?

Piccadilly is often the path of empire, as well as of revolution. No street was more crowded and blithe, I believe, in the wonderful summer weather of the Jubilee, when feelings of loyal emotion led this chronicler to a part of Galloway which is not thickly populated. There a man and his wife lately came into the village from the country, to settle a strange domestic dispute. The man had done some work on the day before; the wife reproved him for laboring on the Sabbath. He denied that it *was* the Sabbath, and the couple had to walk to the village to ascertain the truth about the day of the week. In that untrodden wilderness there was not much jubilee, and I cannot say, as an eye-witness, what sort of spectacle Piccadilly presented. It was interesting, however, when, after the campaign of Tel el Kebir, our strangely various little force, Indian contingent and all, marched through the cheering street, under windows crowded with ladies. The spectacle was curious and stirring, but Tel el Kebir brought in little luck, and soon we had the town in mourning for Khartoum, and saw the pick of our forces depart for futile fighting by the Red Sea. Thus the fortunes of empire roll up or down Piccadilly, now it is an army that passes fresh from battle and victory, now a crowd of angry men, eager for a happier and easier life, now a tattered regiment of malcontents with stones in their hands and curses on their lips. Then there comes the usual press of life, the fair ladies driving behind splendid horses, sandwich men in their prison of wood, as if undergoing a Chinese punishment, the Horse Guards trampling by in helmet and corselet, the most magnificent example of Englishmen gorgeously arrayed in pomp of war; girls selling matches, small boys screaming out "Winner," with sheets of damp sporting intelligence in their hands; they run and roar with special speed and energy on the Derby Day. The dandies are walking delicately; the omnibuses rumbling, the country visitors are gaping at the shops, or at the changes where the Duke's arch used to stand, with the grotesque statue "to show him what people thought he was like." Piccadilly is an epitome of London, in all but its trade, a street never quiet, even when there comes a fog so deep that boys run about with lighted links yelling for patronage. At night, in the season, it is a sight to see the long line of carriages orderly arrayed, waiting for their masters and mistresses, who are attending some great functions in some great house.

The street seems untraversable, wild with horses, shouts, frantic whistles for cabs, lights, and all the mingled bustle of setting down and taking up. But it is traversed somehow; the London coachmen and cabmen must possess extraordinary nerve and presence of mind.

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Occasionally there is a carriage accident, there comes a runaway horse, or a fight arises between two carters of the old school, who do not disdain a bout of fisticuffs. Then a dense circle of spectators gathers in a moment; you may almost make a crowd in London streets by stooping to tie your boot-lace. The public is greedy of spectacle and emotion; a prodigious number of persons are ready to stare complacently at even the most ordinary occurrence. A difference of opinion as to distance and fare between a cabman and his client is at once surrounded by a "gallery." Mr. Anstey, in his "Voces Populi," is the admirably observant recorder of what the populace says on such occasions, and very humorous and pointed are its remarks, very instructive the fashions in which its unsought verdict veers. But all this is true enough of any London street. Piccadilly is like the rest, except for its large, if not stately, buildings, its airiness and fringe of green, its picturesque windings and ups and downs. It is by no means the most interesting of our thoroughfares, because of its comparative novelty, its comparative lack of tradition.

The High Street of Edinburgh has memories to fill a volume; memories courtly, chivalrous, ghostly, sanguinary, magical, religious. All moods and passions have breathed in it since

> "Startled burghers fled afar,
> The slogan of the Border war."

"Each stone you tread has its history," and so have the stones, could they cry out, of the High Street in Oxford, or the lanes of York, or the streets about the Tower. But Piccadilly is yet too fresh and novel, and will scarce yield a few pages while other streets might fill a quarto of memories. It is so changed, too, that we can hardly fancy what it was like when George Selwyn walked along it to White's, or Lord March drove by with the Zamperini. In going from Pall Mall to the park, or westward, it is more pleasant to avoid Piccadilly, and fare diagonally across the pretty Green Park, where the little boys are playing a kind of cricket, and the little girls are busy at "rounders," a rudimentary sort of baseball, and lovers are telling their tale beneath the hawthorns, and the dingy London sheep are browsing. Someone informs me that he was once stepping westward by this route, when he met Mr. Thackeray, whom he knew, also making for Kensington, and shunning the noise and glare of Piccadilly. They walked a little distance together, and then Mr. Thackeray confessed that he was meditating the Muse, and my friend left him. The poem he was trying to beat out was one of his best, the "Lines on a Venice Love Lamp," addressed, I think, to a daughter of Mr. Dickens, "Mrs. Katherine's Lantern" is the name of the piece:

Lady, do you know the tune?
  Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
  I've an old guitar has thrummed it,
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? Do-Re-Mi.
  What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is
  That my hand is out of practice.
  And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
And a man—I let the truth out—
Who has almost every tooth out,
  Cannot sing as once he sung
  When he was young, as you are young,
  When he was young, and lutes were strung,
  And love-lamps in the casement hung.

One likes to think of Thackeray, coming westward, perhaps, from Hanway Court,

> "Coming from a gloomy court,
> Place of Israelite resort,"

carrying to a girl the little lamp, with "the initials K. and E.," and touching again the old cracked lute, and humming his *do, re, mi*, within hearing of the roar of Piccadilly. Who knows what thoughts are in the minds of the people we pass, and if one of them is, perhaps, a poet, his head full of fancies and musical numbers! The old guitar is a good deal thrummed in Piccadilly, sometimes to a golden tune on the flags, where Old Q.'s ghost would find plenty of the ladies he liked to watch. The dancing music behind the wide windows is chiming to the same melody, *do, re, mi*, in the ears of golden youth. But what have we to do with all that, we whose "poor old fiddle cracked is," except to keep out of the way of the carriages, and, hailing a modest omnibus, get westward, skirting the Park, where,

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even in London, the limes are fragrant in the soft moonlit air. Enough of racket, enough of the spectacle of men and women, bustling and changing about as vigorously as if they had never heard that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures." Let them keep charging forward, "going on" they say, from one crowded house to another crowded house, whither the people they have just left follow them, and so to a third, and a fourth, and to bed at last when rosy-fingered dawn is creeping up from the east, dawn that makes even London streets mysteriously fair, and that lavishes her amber and purple splendors on half empty, jaded Piccadilly.

This essay is not precisely a Praise of Piccadilly. The writer is one who, like the good Lord James of Douglas, "would liefer hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." To a taste not fond of cities no street is very fascinating, not even that Florentine road by the yellow river, within site of the olives and the airy purple hills. Much less, then, can any thoroughfare in the huge, smoky, choking London appeal to one with any charm, or win any affection. But there is one comfort: no Londoner cares for what is said about London. The place bewitches many women, perhaps most women, and many men, with an inexplicable spell. Like Captain Morris they prefer "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" to any moor or valley, hill or woodland. What it is that allures them, beyond a kind of instinct of gregariousness, an attractive force in proportion to the mass of human beings, one cannot conceive. London is full of people, comfortably established people, who have no business there, and why in the world do they come? It is a mystery, for they are not even in society, using the narrow sense of the word; they only hear of the feasts and dances next day, and of the scandals the day after to-morrow. With the latest rumors of the newest beauties, or the oldest wild dowagers they make no acquaintance at first hand. They prefer Regent Street and the shops, or murky Victoria Street and the "stores" to Piccadilly. Neither they, nor any one else, is offended by the expression of a distaste for the great wen. Even born Londoners have no civic patriotism. You cannot expect a man to be proud of Bloomsbury, or haughtily to announce that he was born in Bayswater. No poet now would write, like Spenser,

> At length they all to merry London came,
> To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source.

Rather would he think of London in De Quincey's mood and speak of Piccadilly as a "stony-hearted stepmother."

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"A graceful woman, with black lace about her head and shoulders, reclined in it alone."—Page 158.

THE ANATOMIST OF THE HEART.

By T. R. Sullivan.

Thou, stubborn heart, thyself hast willed it so!
Happy would'st thou be, forever happy
Or forever desolate, stubborn heart,
And desolate thou art now.

HEINE.

An hour after sundown on a summer evening, when the last note of the second *Ave Maria*, called, of the dead, has died away, there is commonly no quieter and more unfrequented quarter in all Venice than the long reach of the Grand Canal between the Rialto Bridge and the Palazzo Foscari. Now and then the lantern of some solitary gondola skims noiselessly over its dark surface like a luminous water-fly. But the business of the day has ceased, and the great barges of traffic are tied up for the night; the lines of palace-front with their clustered arches and splendors of carving that shine out as miracles in the daytime now look frowningly, blending all beauty of detail in uniform blackness. No hospitable light steals through their closed shutters; for the owners are all absent, each under his vine and fig-tree among the mountains of the mainland. The stranger seeking pleasure is drawn for it in other directions—to the music on the Piazza or at the gate of the royal palace. Nothing can be found here but night and the stars and the peculiarly depressing solitude of a deserted thoroughfare.

On rare occasions, however, the Municipality undertakes to change all this for the pleasure of the people. The simple contrivance that effects the transformation is unknown outside of Venice, for the conditions existing there and there only are essential to its success. An illuminated raft with a military band upon it is drawn slowly down through all these solemn precincts and beyond them, by the great portico of the Salute

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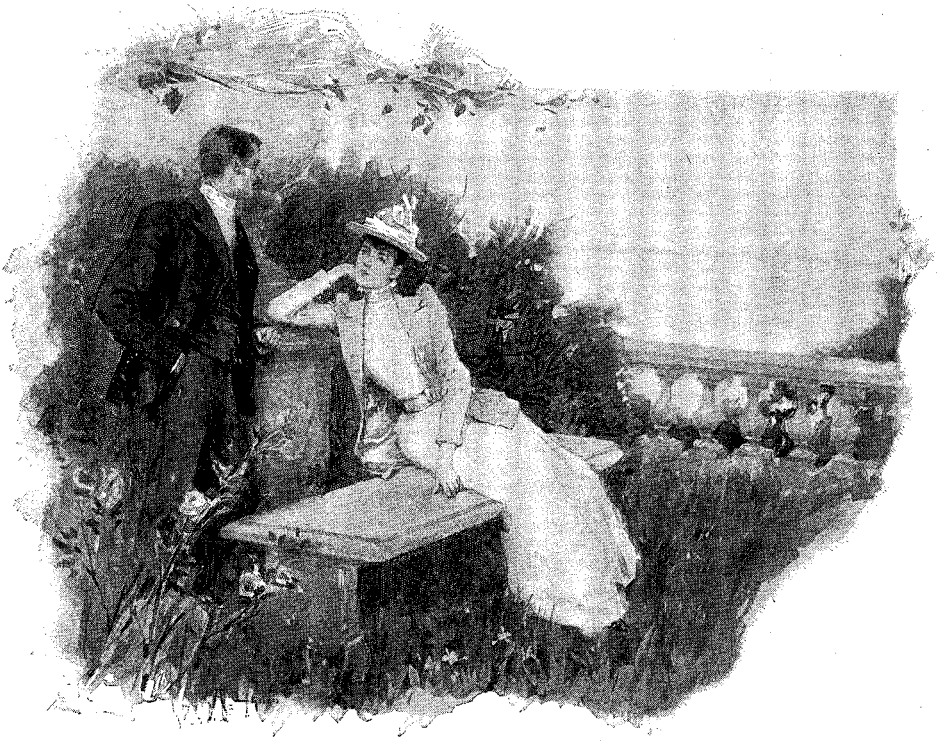

"So there is a woman—one, only one?"—Page 162.

Church and the fickle Fortuna who turns her face toward every breeze that blows, to the point where the Canal Grande widens out into the lagoon. Around the raft as it moves downward many gondolas gather like a flock of sea-birds in a steamer's wake disputing for places, losing and regaining them, while the music plays, and one after another the ancient houses light up with colored fires. Nature and the arts combine thus to give this *fresco*, as it is fitly named, a never-failing charm that defies description. One who knows the background may easily supply the rest for himself, yet the liveliest imagination, fortified by all augmentatives and superlatives known to the Italian tongue, if bent upon recording the scene would do it scanty justice.

The first *fresco* of the season had been announced for the night of the *Festa Nazionale*, early in June. The rosy tints of sunset faded from a cloudless sky, and as the gray twilight drew on all was bustle and expectation around the huge archway of the Rialto. Overhead, an eager throng lined the parapet, and at the café below red wine flickered in a hundred glasses. All the tables were full, even to the water's edge, the amiable, chattering crowd being made up as usual of both sexes, young and old together. The joys of domestic life are nowhere more apparent than in Venice, where so much of it passes out of doors. When the day's work is done, whole families clasp hands to plunge into the black water of some side canal; the father, with a lantern on his head, smiles up from the incoming tide as you glide by him, and bids you observe how well his boy, who is hardly old enough to walk, has learned to swim; in sea or on shore, his wife and children share his recreation, even though he turns night into day to accomplish it. With a feast going on in the quarter, bedtime may come for the maimed, the halt, and the blind, but not for them.

Just out of all this merry confusion a private gondola, comfortably appointed,

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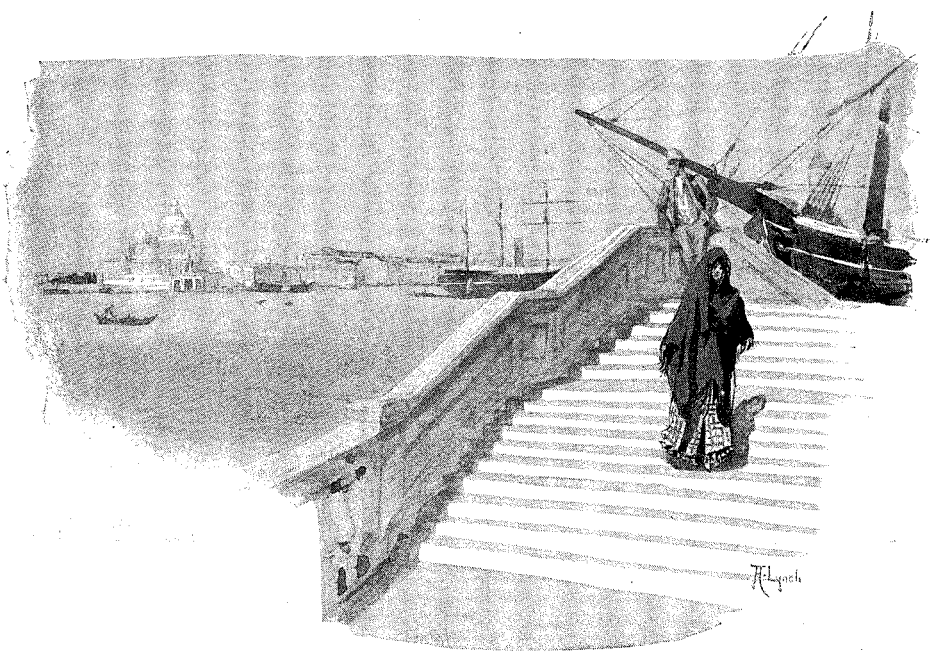
drew up under the wall near the café-landing. Both gondolier and passenger had evidently played at this game before, and knew that there was no better place to await the beginning of the sport. The former, a handsome fellow in livery, with one gold ear-ring, went forward to light his lamp, and his master, settling himself a little more luxuriously upon the cushions, puffed his cigar with the air of a man who has time at his command and can afford to waste it. His keen, thoughtful glance showed a certain interest in all the little details upon which it rested; he had eyes for the golden lances of light shooting deep into the water, as well as for the stout waiter laden with wicker-covered wine-flasks and perplexed by many contrary commands. He even looked so good-humoredly at a small plebeian just above him, that the child laughed, and kissed its chubby hand. The mother would have hushed it, but at sight of the stranger's friendly expression refrained from doing so. Just then, the boat moved on a yard or two, carrying him out of range; he smiled as he passed, and tossed a coin into the child's lap. "An Englishman!" whispered the woman, pointing him out to her husband, who, after a look, whispered back: "*Troppo gentile!* I think he is American."

An American he was, and on many accounts one to be envied. He had health, good looks, varied intellectual resources, an ample fortune; and he was still at an age to reap the benefit of these advantages. He had creative talent, too, in one direction, with sufficient ambition to develop it. Fortunately, perhaps, his wealth, chiefly inherited, came somewhat late, when his habits of application were confirmed; otherwise, he might have remained a mere dilettante in his chosen pursuit, which was that of a novelist. Now, his art had become second nature to him, and from the first his aim had been a high one; to do well was not enough, he must do better if he would please himself. He had the satisfaction of knowing that this strong endeavor did not go unrecognized. The name of Malcolm Powell, if not yet ranked among the great ones, already commanded attention in both hemispheres. One small book of his had been translated into many languages. Even here, where modern art



"There will be other steamers for Trieste."—Page 166.

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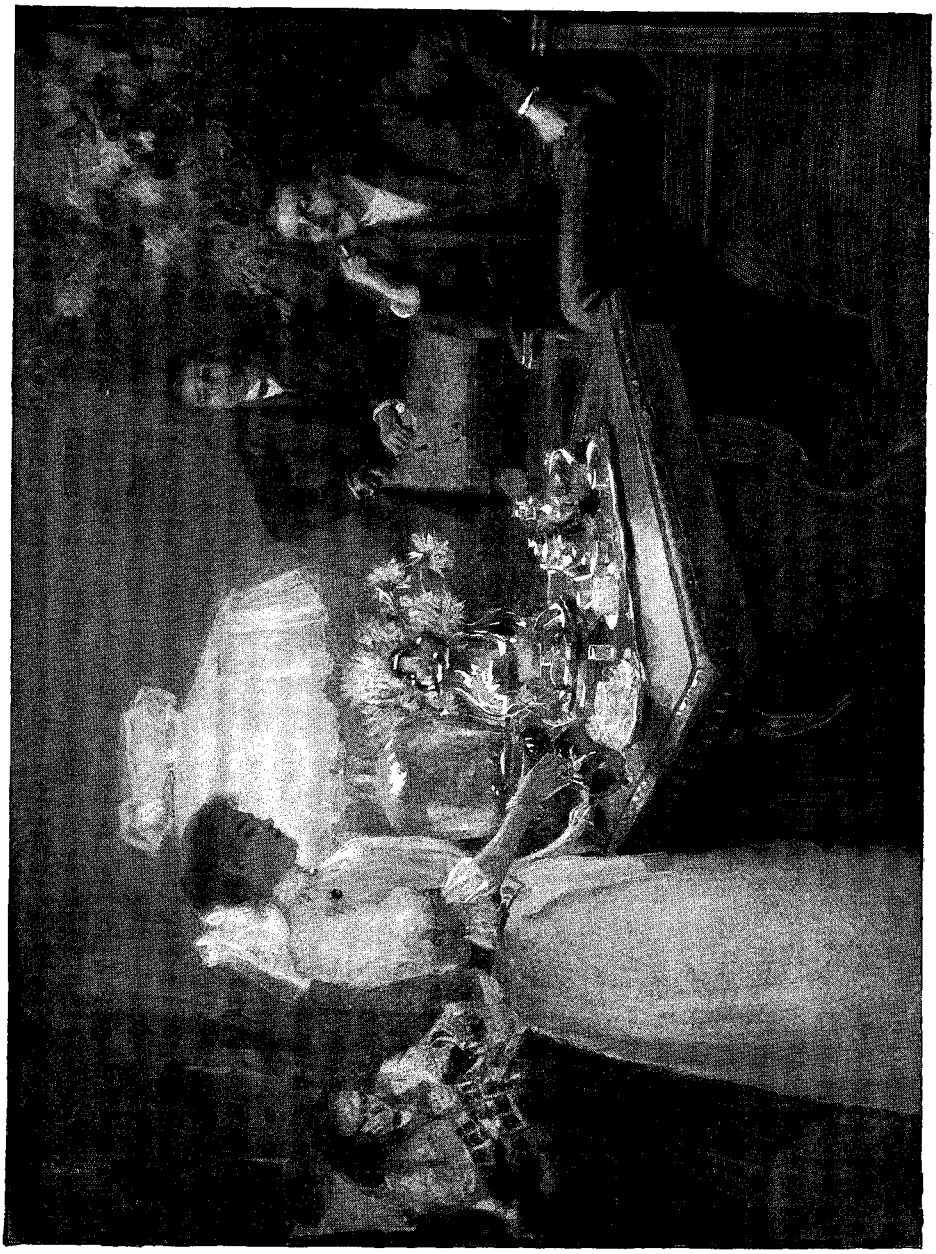

"He told tales of the sea."—Page 163.

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in all its branches has but a meagre following, the Italian version of this story was displayed in a dealer's window. As it happened, the work so honored was not the last that he had published. The best judges maintained more or less openly that a later book, while undeniably clever, nevertheless fell somewhat short of his own standard; and he, when the fever of its production subsided, found himself reluctantly inclining to the same belief. He determined, therefore, to take a longer rest than usual, and to store up new impressions. He was a bachelor of forty, without ties, singularly alone in the world; so he went out into it, locking his door one fine spring morning for an indefinite stay abroad. Italy had been a delight to him in earlier days, and from the wear and tear of the London season he fled southward over the St. Gotthard to Lugano, where the clear air and the Arcadian peacefulness of the lake-shore almost tempted him to write again. But he was not ready for this, and going on to Venice found precisely what he needed—entire freedom from social obligations, yet interests enough to keep his mind employed for days together. Establishing himself, therefore, in a quiet lodging on the Riva, remote from the strangers' quarter, he began to study churches and pictures, to explore old libraries in which he was the only reader, to note with an artist's enthusiasm all lights and shades, all strange manners and customs of the life around him. The loneliness that to another might have been disheartening, to him had not yet suggested itself. Schemes for future work went with him everywhere, and, for the time being, he demanded nothing better in the way of companionship.

There was a momentary hush when the raft, towed by a small steamer, came in sight above the bridge; then, while it swung slowly into position, the noise redoubled with every form of excited comment. The wooden framework was masked by rows of lamps in red, white, and green—the national colors; its central lights were arranged in the form of a palm-tree with wide-spreading branches, which by some hidden mechanism grew in height as it cleared the arch, hundreds of gleaming pendants making all the space where the musicians stood below as bright as day. The band struck up a march, and at this signal a flaming star flashed out upon the café-wall. The *fresco* had begun, and while the raft moved ponderously forward, all the smaller craft afloat, amid much splashing and shouting and angry gesticulation, prepared to follow.

The practised hand of Powell's gondolier quietly overcame all obstacles; so that before long the American found himself in the very heart of the throng and moving on with it, now swiftly, now at a snail's pace, according to the circumstances of the moment. A few yards in advance loomed up the glittering palm-tree, and all around him through the shadow black hulls of other gondolas swayed in an undulating mass from shore to shore. It amused Powell to watch the occupants, natives for the most part, as they hailed their acquaintances or compared notes with them during the pauses of the music. Owing to pressure from without, that could neither be foreseen nor controlled, his nearest neighbors were continually changing. A talkative family party gave place to an officer, who, pulling the straw from his long Virginia, begged a light for it; then lifted his hat gravely and was gone, to be succeeded by a group of Americans, one of whom flourished the national standard in little. Powell did not know these people, yet nevertheless was inexpressibly relieved when they passed on in their turn; for they were of the helpless sort, and with any suspicion of his nationality would surely have appealed to him for advice or explanation. But some word of theirs had set him thinking. With a sigh he dropped his cigar into the water, and yielding to the untimely thought, drifted away into the past, lost for a while to all consciousness of the agreeable present by which he was surrounded.

A slight shock recalled him. The raft had stopped suddenly before the Municipal Palace for a serenade in honor of the City Fathers, and Powell's gondola had bumped into one just in front of it. No harm was done; the gondoliers were not even stirred into the usual recriminations. But this trifling

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accident served to rouse Powell from his reverie. He looked up at the palace windows, all ablaze with light, and seeing no figure of interest in the official group he idly resumed his study of the crowd below.

They had reached the wider part of the canal; there was greater freedom of movement, and everywhere he found new faces. As the obstructing gondola came slowly backward abreast of his own, Powell saw that the boatman wore mourning livery, and that the boat was carved and gilded. A graceful woman, with black lace about her head and shoulders, reclined in it alone. Powell waited eagerly to see what she was like, and leaning forward as she drew nearer attracted her attention. She turned, their eyes met, and each gave a start of recognition.

"Marchesa!"

"Signor Max!"

Smiling, she held out her hand, which he grasped warmly. "Who would have thought to find the Marchesa Del Riso here in June!"

"Who would have imagined the distinguished Signor Powell to be in Italy!" she answered in English which the friend thus graciously designated thought was no worse for a musical intonation that did not properly belong to it. "And alone—that is very sad and very gloomy," she continued lightly. "Pray accept my hospitality, and take this seat; unless you have better plans."

"None equal to the pleasure of being literally in the same boat with you," said Powell, laughing, as he stepped from his gondola into hers.

"Ah!" she replied, "if we are to flatter each other I shall score two points to your one; you have grown so great since our last meeting, while I——"

"You are unchanged."

"Thank you. This light is most becoming to me. You forget how time has flown."

"Ten years, it must be—though that is hard to believe."

"I knew you had forgotten. It is twelve years and a half."

"The years and months are details," he returned. "And I have the best of excuses now for losing sight of them. See how well I can remember the important things. We were in Rome at the Palazzo Altieri. The Marchese did not come, and we sat alone together in a corner of the ball-room under the musicians' gallery. I was to go the next morning, and you gave me your farewells. You wished me success in art, success in love. I answered that you desired too much, that the two rarely associate themselves in one man's life. But you doubted it, and persisted in wishing for me the improbable, if not the impossible."

"Well?"

"Well, I am still between the two fires—both as far away as those stars are, and as little likely to be attained."

His companion laughed gently. "You Americans are strange creatures. It is not enough to be great, you must always rule the spheres."

"What do you mean?"

"You are an excellent example of what I mean. As to the art, for instance, men have struggled all their lives to do what you have done already. As to the love, *ci vuol pazienza, amico mio!* Your life is not yet over."

There was a little pause, during which Powell sighed gloomily. Then he picked up one of her long black gloves which had fallen to the floor of the gondola, and said: "I am tired of myself. Let us talk of something else. You are well, I know, but——"

"My husband died more than a year ago," she explained, drawing away the glove.

"I beg your pardon—I did not understand——"

"Hush!" said she. "We must listen to the music. It is 'Aïda,'—*Come scordar potrem!*"

She leaned forward with an air of rapt attention. They were drifting close under the terrace of one of the large hotels on the lower canal; the glare from its windows enabled Powell to see her as distinctly as though the sun had shone, and what he saw surprised him. Reckoned by the details of years and months, her age exceeded his; of that he was perfectly sure. She had made no attempt at concealment; there were gray hairs upon her temples; but, in spite of these, in spite of dates and

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calendars, she had held her own wonderfully well. Instead of a faded beauty standing in need of the adroit compliment he had paid instinctively, the charm that gave her name in earlier days a Continental reputation remained unimpaired. By one of those inadvertences in which time delights, this woman was still young, still beautiful. His compliment had been no compliment at all.

So she was a widow at last, without the smallest pretence of being inconsolable. *Come scordar potrem!* As the music rose and fell, all the story of her marriage flashed back into Powell's mind. There had been little romance about it. She was the daughter of a rich merchant who had left no other child, and with her mother's help she had frankly exchanged her riches for a title. The old marchese was a brute, it was said, neglecting her, treating her abominably. If this were true, the report lacked confirmation by any sign of hers. No breath of scandal had ever blurred her name. She had fulfilled to the letter her share of the bargain, walking erect, uncomplaining, with a smile as the Marchesa del Riso should. But, that she had never for one moment loved the man who ennobled her Powell knew by the best of evidence—her own. On that last night in Rome, moved by some impulse unexplained, she had confided so much of her painful secret to the young American. There are moments when the proudest woman will reveal such things, and Powell fancied that her choice of a confidant had no direct significance, but that she told the tale merely as a matter of relief, as she might have whispered it to a stock or a stone, or any inanimate object. He was on the eve of departure, in all probability about to disappear forever beyond her horizon's rim. His presence would never serve to remind her of the indiscretion. Telling him was practically telling nobody, the appeal for pity being made to one powerless to work her either good or ill. Nevertheless, it was an appeal for pity, and with the usual perversity of mankind, Powell had blamed her for it. Her attitude toward the world wore a becoming dignity that he admired greatly, all the while suspecting the truth which he would have preferred not to learn from her lips. The discovery that she was a little less a Spartan than he imagined proved distasteful to him. He still admired her, but with a difference. So far as he was concerned, she had suffered a distinct loss by her confession.

She had it all now—the title, the freedom which must have figured in her calculation as sure to come sooner or later, which had come in good time. The disturbing influence was dispelled, the long anguish of it already dead and buried. As she turned to Powell with the old sweet smile, it was not surprising that he forgot to blame her, that he thought himself extremely fortunate in this chance encounter, that he began to wonder what her plans were, whether or not she had a house in Venice, how long she was likely to remain here in this dull season. But letting these subjects wait to unfold themselves naturally, he asked no questions, talking, instead, of the music, the other sounds and sights peculiar to the festa, the incomparable beauty of the scene before them. So they reached at last the broad lagoon, where the palm-tree was lowered and extinguished, the band put up its instruments, and all the crowd dispersed. Below them, dazzling reflections from the branching Piazzetta lights made the water look as though gold were steeped in it. Above rose the Ducal Palace like some fabric of cloud in which the sunset after-glow still lingers; but, night, deep, starry night, had long since settled down upon the domes of San Marco; all their splendors were put out; the prancing horses, the pillared saint and lion were lost in the same shadow that obliterated the mosaics and the marbles. Church and palace, court and cloister and arcade lay muffled in the darkness. Only the golden angel on the summit of the Campanile seemed to watch, gleaming high over all like a heavenly guard.

The bronze giants of the clock-tower struck the bell with their heavy hammers. "Cinderella's hour!" said the Marchesa. "I must go home."

"But not like Cinderella, I hope," suggested Powell. "Let me leave you at your door, and learn the way to it. My

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man will follow us to bring me back again."

"So much the better," she agreed. "*Alla casa, Matteo!*"

They turned in by the great wall of the council-chamber, which is hardly less gloomy than that of the prison opposite, passing under the Bridge of Sighs and the lesser bridges beyond it; then bore off sharply to the left, to the right, to the left again in an intricate course that even by day would have been bewildering. The darkness became oppressive. At every turn the canals grew narrower and more obscure, the bridge-arches lower; nearing one of these Powell bowed his head with instinctive precaution that provoked his companion to mockery.

"Courage, Signor," said she. "You forget the gondoliers' motto: 'Where the prow goes, all the rest goes too.' Look! Ours has nearly a foot to spare."

"I thought I knew my Venice," he pleaded, in excuse. "But this is unknown ground, or rather unknown water. I am curious to see at what landmark we shall emerge."

He had no sooner spoken than they shot out into the Grand Canal, at a familiar point, and crossing it plunged on through other and darker by-ways.

"My house is not down in the books," she replied to his wondering glance. "I live in a Venice the stranger never learns. It is an old inheritance of my husband's, rarely opened in his life-time,—still more rarely now. This is the garden," she added, as they followed a high, crumbling wall of mouldy brick behind which tall tree-tops rustled. "And here is the landing. You will come again, will you not? To-morrow, I hope. Ask for the Palazzo del Riso in the Tolentini quarter. Every child knows it."

A door swung open, showing him a dimly lighted courtyard with a stone staircase up which she passed into the darkness. Under a lower arch her gondola slipped away, leaving room for his own; to turn would have been impossible otherwise, since the canal was very narrow. All its other buildings were dingy and squalid, but Powell could see that this grim front, though all awry, had stone mouldings and capitals of a very early period.

"Do you know this house, Antonio?" he asked, as they pushed off.

"Hoh! *Per Bacco!* Who does not?" answered the cheery Venetian, glad to break his long silence. "But the Signor has good luck. I have never seen the palace open that I remember. It is old,—very old."

When the Signor returned the next day, as, of course, he was in duty bound to do, the melancholy charm of the place captivated him at once. Weeds grew in the crevices of the courtyard pavement; its well-curb was mutilated and moss-grown; the splendid railing of the staircase too had lost a bit here and there. But all was dignified without and stately within. The long rooms through which he was ushered had an air of rigid order inconsistent with the usages of daily life. In themselves they were high and beautiful, but their too evident abandonment made them gloomy even with the afternoon sunlight flickering over the vines at the windows. In the last room, which showed more signs of occupancy than the rest, there rose to greet Powell a short, elderly woman whom he recognized as the Signora Carrera, the mother of his friend. She had a weak, insipid face, very unlike her daughter's; and Powell, believing that she was much to blame for the ill-advised marriage, had never fancied her. The unfavorable impression reasserted itself in spite of the cordial welcome she gave him.

"Placida will be here in a moment," she stated. "We hoped that you would come."

Placida,—Placida del Riso! Powell remembered perfectly how upon hearing that name for the first time in the bygone days he had repeated it to himself, and had decided that the Italian names were the most musical in the world.

There were books upon the table, and among them Powell noticed that best-known work of his in its Italian version. It was a new copy, freshly cut, with the paper-knife still lying between the leaves. Powell smiled at the thought that the Marchesa, anticipating his coming, had probably procured it that very morning under the arcade of the Piazza. At the sound of a closing door he looked up and saw her drawing nearer through the long vista of the rooms,— drawing

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nearer, yet for a moment the odd fancy struck him that she was really going farther and farther away. Perhaps it was due to her mother, whose idle speech he was following mechanically, that the old admiration became suddenly darkened by the old disapproval. For his sake the Marchesa had tried to look her best; of that there could be no doubt, and it was amazing to see how like her former self that best remained. In another moment she stood before him, smiling; she was content to see him,—very content, she said. The working of his mind, could she have seen that, would hardly have contented her. "You are very charming, but——" was the unfinished thought there, as he returned her smile and the warm pressure of her hand.

He was urged to smoke, both women lighting their cigarettes too, as a matter of course; then their talk in the next few moments wandered from one subject to another somewhat vaguely, and under it the Marchesa grew visibly restless. When there came a pause, Powell, who had begun by admiring the house, revived that theme for want of something better; thereupon rising instantly, the Marchesa asked him if he would like to see more of it. He assented eagerly, and was accordingly led by an inner door through a marble corridor to the ballroom,—a wonder in its way, with a frieze by the younger Palma, and a brilliant ceiling by some later hand; the prevailing yellow tint of cornice, tapestries, and hangings relieved this room from the air of melancholy pervading the rest of the *piano nobile*. Only the guests were wanting to make it cheerfulness itself. They went on into an ante-chamber, darkened and gloomy, passing thence to the private chapel, radiant with a small but very lovely Madonna of Bellini. Here the window stood open, and the breeze brought in a delicious fragrance of honeysuckles and oleanders. Looking back, Powell perceived that the Signora Carrera had not followed them.

"Let us go down into the garden," said he.

So by a narrow passage and a winding staircase in the wall they descended to trim paths and sunny stretches of lawn with flower-borders, tended by an old gardener who lifted his hat as they passed. All here was in good order, maintained, as the Marchesa said, chiefly for the benefit of the public, to whom right of entrance was granted once a week.

"Such a garden is rare in Venice," she concluded.

"And elsewhere too; one might look long to find a lovelier spot than this," said Powell, as crossing a rustic bridge overgrown with ivy they came into a grove of beeches where art had permitted nature to take the upper hand. The tall trunks were green with moss, and the ground on either side was a bed of ferns. A sharp turn of the path brought them to the basin of a fountain with lilies blossoming in its quiet water under a marble Cupid from whose quiver shot up a shower of spray. Behind this figure the leaves and branches had been cut away; so that Powell suddenly found himself looking beyond the garden, beyond Venice, beyond the world, straight out at the western sky across the distant Euganean hills. The lagoon, scarcely ruffled by the faint breeze, filled all the foreground; and one red sail was reflected in it, the shadow, as Powell pointed out to his companion, appearing to reach down with perfect accuracy of color and detail to an extraordinary depth.

"Yes, it is very beautiful," sighed the Marchesa. "Let us look at it a little longer." And they seated themselves, accordingly, upon a stone bench fronting the unusual prospect.

"Even though it makes you sigh," said Powell, smiling.

"Did I?" she asked in a tone which showed that her momentary fit of depression had been an unconscious one. "The fact is that I cannot care for Venice as you do. There is an awful stillness in it. Its beauty is like the fifth act of a tragedy, too painful to be long endured. I feel always as if its mouldering walls might fall and crush me. Something tells me that the saddest hour of my life will come in Venice."

"Life has sadness enough for us all, Heaven knows," returned Powell, reflectively. "Our best course, I think, is to admit it only when it comes, and do without presentiments."

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"That is true, and my presentiments are trivial. I am willing to let the future take care of itself. The things that have happened are the things that interest me; tell me something about them."

Powell laughed. "What on earth can I find to tell you?"

"Dear Signor Max, do you not know it is of yourself that I long to hear? Your triumphs I have learned; I rejoice at them as only an old friend can,—to some extent I have shared in them. But the friend who does no more is only half a friend. The pleasure life allots you is nothing to the pain. Will you not accept the sympathy I offer, and let me share that too?"

Powell laughed again, though now with obvious effort. "What has given you this impression of my life?" he asked.

"Your own words, spoken and written," she answered. "There is an undercurrent of grief in all your work, and in your talk last night it came again. Why will you deny it? The great hope of your life is unfulfilled."

"I do not attempt to deny it," said Powell, gravely. "He who cannot hide the scar, must, of necessity, admit that it was once a wound. But a hope never to be fulfilled passes, as mine has passed, taking, as it were, the bloom of human kindness with it. I often think I have no kindness left. I am not a man, but a machine for registering the woes and weaknesses, the vices and follies of the world around me; the possible reward, a leaf of laurel withering in my hand. It is a great destiny, a high ambition! But only see how pitiable our human nature is! Yesterday, I was bitterly envious of my poor gondolier, who took me home to see his wife and children."

"Home!" repeated the Marchesa. "I like that pretty English word of yours; it adds another charm to life, it promises so much. How can you resist the promise? Be happy, and let the other strivings go. The way is very simple and very easy if you would only see it. You should marry."

She smiled as she said this, as if she imagined that he would smile in return and parry the home-thrust with some light word. But he did not trust himself to look at her. With his eyes fixed upon the blue line of hills toward which the sun was slowly sinking, he answered in a firm, low voice:

"No! I shall not marry. The hope is gone forever."

The color came and went in her face; she turned away her eyes, but made no other movement. Then after a long silence, broken only by the trickle of the fountain, she spoke again in an altered tone.

"So there is a woman—one, only one?"

"Yes," he confessed. "There is a woman."

"I am very sorry for you," she continued gently. "But wherein lies the obstacle? The fault must be wholly yours. You are too distrustful of yourself, perhaps. It cannot be that she does not love you."

With a bitter smile Powell rose and paced up and down in the path before her. "Spare me the story," he said, at last. "To tell you would not help me, and I cannot do it. You must forgive the reserve which your friendship almost persuaded me to overcome. If I stop half-way, it is because we do not know the depth of our own feelings until they have been sounded. You see for yourself my scar goes far below the surface; it is not a scar, it is still a wound."

"Yes," assented the Marchesa. "I see, too, that I had no right to question you. Do not think the worse of me for my indiscretion. Count me, rather, among those whose wit and hands are at your service, whenever they are needed."

He thanked her in words that he felt were somewhat cold and formal. She interrupted him with an impatient gesture, and rising, suggested that they should go back to the house. At the first turn in the path a servant met them with a visiting-card for the Marchesa, who smiled upon reading it.

"The Commander Savelli. Dear soul! Do you know him?"

"Not that I remember," said Powell. "Who is he?"

"A naval officer. You will like each other, I am sure. He is an old friend of mine. I call him the Commander of the Faithful."

They heard his laugh as they went up,

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and he met them at the door of the drawing-room, where he had been entertaining the Signora Carrera. He proved to be short and plump, with closely-clipped hair, prematurely white, in striking contrast to his dark mustache and eyebrows. His manners were of unaffected simplicity, he smiled frequently and pleasantly, his laughter had a boyish ring in it. Although he was not in uniform, the air of the sea still clung to him, the cut and precision of his dress as well as his hearty frankness denoting a sailor of many voyages.

By the first words which passed between this new-comer and the Marchesa Powell learned that the commander was off duty, and that they had been together somewhere in the mountains; he also saw by the twinkle of the man's eye that the two had some joke in common, relating probably to the sailor's unexpected visit. She had given him the slip, it appeared. Yet, evidently, he was not unwelcome. Her tone in describing him to Powell had indicated that, and she received him now with the utmost cordiality. Both men were urged to stay to dinner, for charity's sake, the Marchesa said. Her entreaty had so much the air of a command that Powell immediately complied with it. Savelli, for his part, needed no urging; he had expected to stay from the first.

Dinner was served in a high central hall looking out upon the garden and all aglow with the sunset. The windows were wide open, and the fragrance of flowers filled the air. The meal, well-ordered and enlivened by a golden wine of Pomino, old and rare, began merrily and grew merrier still as the stars came out in the darkening sky. Savelli was the head and front of it. After a time the others did little but listen to his talk, which dashed brilliantly from one thing to another, gilding all it touched with his enthusiasm. He had strong tastes in art, a passion for music and the theatre; but his opinions were modestly expressed without a shade of arrogance. He told tales of the sea, of adventure by night in foreign cities, of strange people with whom his experience had thrown him; treating all so lightly and so wittily that the room resounded with the laughter in which he did not scruple to lead off. Then candles and cigars were brought; and, reminding the men that to sit long over their wine was a brutal English fashion not to be tolerated, the two women rustled away.

The commander moved nearer and began to talk of books, showing at once that his reading had not been limited to the masterpieces of his own language. He knew his companion's work in its original form.

"You write, of course?" said Powell.

"I? Oh, no!"

"Why not, since you have so much to say—with all your knowledge of the world?"

"I have neither the skill nor the patience," said Savelli, laughing. "And I have told you all I know. My mind is full, but it is a very little mind. It is like one of those small shops under the arcade in Paris on the Rue de Rivoli. There is no *arrière boutique* in it. All my wares are in the window."

"Too much modesty!" Powell retorted.

"No," said the other, growing almost serious for the moment; "that is not my failing. On the contrary, I am over-ambitious. My aim is high—much too high; but it is well to have the mountain-peak in view, even if one never lives to reach it."

"Yes," said Powell, sympathetically; "if one could not look a little above the world to some such shining mark, life, no doubt, would be intolerable."

There was a pause, during which they heard faint notes of a piano softly played. "The Marchesa makes sweet music," said Savelli. "Let us go in."

They rose, and Powell, as he passed the window, stopped to look down at the quiet darkness. Far out in the lagoon a point of light shone clearly, as if some planet had fallen there into the sea.

"What is that light?" he asked.

Savelli joined him at the window. "The Virgin's Shrine on the island of San Giorgio in Alega," said he. "Do you remember? There is an old fort with the Madonna at the angle of its ruined wall. The sailors keep her lamp always lighted. It is a pious duty,—their safety too."

"This is very beautiful," said Powell.

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"How can one possess the Palazzo del Riso and not live here to enjoy it?"

"Because one is a woman, *amico*. Our dear Marchesa detests her Venice cordially."

"Why is she here then?"

"Why, indeed? We may not know,—we may only guess."

"But I cannot even do that."

Savelli stopped, holding the door half open, and his eyes met Powell's with an intent look. "No?" he said; "then it is you who err from excess of modesty, not I. And yet it is your trade to dissect the heart. Try a little." So, with a laugh that was ironical this time, he led the way to the drawing-room. They found the Marchesa improvising at the piano. At their request she played on, but after a few moments broke off abruptly. "Sing us something, dear Commander of the Faithful," said she.

"Eh? What shall I sing to you?"

"Whatever you please?"

"*Santo Cielo!* why not? I have found some words in a book. I will find an air also. They are charming,—you will see." Then he sat down, trying the keys, and after a prelude breaking into song expressively.

"I am the moth of the night
Thy candle brings;
In thy clear, roseate light
I burn my wings.

"Out of the window leaning
Look down below,
That I, one last ray gleaning,
Thy love may know.

"I am the cloud in the sky,
Too near the sun;
Of a look content to die,
If love be won." *

"*Ebbene?*" he said, turning to his hostess with a smile.

"That is very pretty,—but it is very sentimental," she replied.

"And being so, is it so much the better,—or so much the worse?"

"The better, if it could be. There is no love like that, I think. No matter; pray go on."

"No," said Savelli, rising; "it is late. And what you say reminds me of some other words I have found in a book,—an English one. It is a little question for all the company to answer."

"Good! An enigma! Let us have it. What does the gentleman desire to know?"

"This," said Savelli, looking from one to the other as he spoke. "Can a noble heart, once broken, ever be repaired? Could Othello, Romeo, or Hamlet, for example, have loved again, had some antidote been provided for the dagger and the poison-bowl? What says the company?"

"What do you say yourself?" asked the Signora Carrera.

"Frankly, I say no."

"Quite as frankly, then, I say yes," she rejoined, with a smile of experience.

"And you,—Signor Anatomist?"

"I say yes, too," said Powell; "since the heart, however noble, is but human."

"Right—right!" cried the signora, with gratified applause.

The Marchesa smiled and mused a moment when her turn came. "It is a great question," she said slowly, upon being urged to speak. "I cannot answer it, I confess."

"*Che, che!*" exclaimed the commander, impatiently. "I hoped that you, at least, would agree with me."

"I neither agree nor disagree. My answer can wait. Some day I will give it to you."

"Bah! Let us go to bed, and sleep, Signor Americano. The ways of woman are inscrutable."

"And, pray, is she the better or worse for that?" inquired the Marchesa, rising, as they took leave.

"Ah, *donna carissima*," said Savelli, stooping to kiss her hand. "One woman has no best and no worst,—she is perfection always."

So with jest and compliment the men departed; but not before the Marchesa had bound Powell by appointment to visit with her an out-of-the-way church containing a fine Titian that he did not know. When the great door of the palace closed behind them, Savelli, who lodged near San Marco, proposed that they should walk, since their way was the same and he was sure of finding it. Up and down they went, now close to the water's edge, now far above it, over crooked bridges and slippery stairways,

* After Emilio Praga.

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along streets that were hardly more than crevices, where the echoing footfall suggested thieves and murder. Then coming to the Grand Canal and hailing a ferry, they were set down at the corner of the vast, empty square; here Savelli turned off with a hearty *a rivederla, buon anatomista,* to Powell, who strolled on alone.

Their walk had been like a game of follow-my-leader, with little opportunity for conversation in it; obviously, too, the commander was suddenly disinclined to talk. The interesting after-dinner discussion, therefore, had not been resumed, and the probable cause of the Marchesa's flight to Venice remained undetermined by word or sign; not so, in Powell's mind, however. Reviewing carefully the events of the last two days, he found that they pointed to but one conclusion, which was very flattering to his vanity and which would certainly have been reached sooner by a vainer man. The charming Marchesa del Riso had come to Venice simply because of the illustrious Signor Powell's arrival there. Savelli did not doubt it; and it was confirmed by evidence that Savelli did not know. Notably, that of her altered demeanor in the garden when she had wrung from him the admission that there was a woman (not herself) for whom he cared more than for anything else in the world. In spite of that, this woman loved him, it was clear; perhaps had always loved him from the first, through all these intervening years. Equally clear was it that Savelli in his turn loved her. The open-hearted sailor had all the air of one prostrate before his idol, regardless of the by-standers. His love was the mountain-top of his thinly-veiled metaphor, too high to be attained. He was the speck of cloud struggling with the invincible sun,—the night-moth, happy to hover about his candle-flame with the full consciousness that it promised him nothing but destruction.

Powell leaned upon the parapet of one of the Riva bridges, fronting the hull of a great steamer at anchor under San Giorgio's tower in the still lagoon. "Poor Commander of the Faithful!" he thought; "he hasn't the ghost of a chance. He is in my shoes, but he wears them with a difference." Then remembering how he had shrunk into himself at the allusion to his own pain, Powell laughed bitterly "I might have told her," he added, with a sigh. "It would not have taken long."

In truth, great sorrows are always simple, and the plot of Powell's tragedy could be given in a few words. The girl he loved had refused him, that was all. He had known her all his life, and their friendship had been so intimate that he was startled and stunned by her answer, which he could hardly believe to be the true one. Within three weeks he had begged for a reconsideration—by letter, this time; she had closed the correspondence curtly and decisively. It would never be possible to care for him "in that way," she wrote; yet they might always remain good friends if he pleased—she hoped, at least, that they would continue to meet without bitterness. But half-way measures were not at all to her lover's liking. Five years had passed, during which they had not exchanged a dozen phrases, and in all that time she had never been absent from his mind one hour. Cruel and uncompromising as he sometimes thought her, she was still his type, his high ideal. She had figured in his work under twenty different disguises. All other women he met were compared with her and found wanting. She had never married, but if this fact afforded ground for the hope of a reconciliation, he did not admit the hope. The chilling words of her letter remained her last for him. So they were growing old apart, yet linked together by a tender recollection —his only vulnerable point. For, as if the weapon of her indifference had been steeped in subtle poison, he felt a change for the worse in his nature—the hardness of his trade, he called it—slowly overcoming him. She had condemned him to walk alone through life, and he was working out the sentence, hardening, hardening always. The joys and sorrows of other lives had become mere items for his note-book; his capacity for enjoyment grew less and less, and all experience was marred by the effort to make it profitable. He magnified men's faults, diminishing their virtues proportionately; and he moved among them with sharpened wits, keen-eyed and

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callous as a surgeon in the operating-theatre of some public hospital.

A puff of white smoke went up from the steamer, and there was a stir upon her deck. Powell looked at his watch. "She is off for Trieste in an hour," said he. "Why not pack on board of her, and go?" He strode on briskly toward his hotel, but soon slackened his pace. "It is always so," he reflected; "when the woman advances, the man retreats. He must pursue, not be pursued. But why should I run away merely because this one flings me her hand and I don't care to pick it up? I am a fool! The Marchesa is excellent material—a most interesting study! Let me stay a while, and study her; positively, it is my duty. There will be other steamers for Trieste." Then, smiling at the thought, he went to his room, and watched this one weigh anchor and steam off with flashing lights between the islands to the sea.

When Powell went over to the Lido the next morning for a dip in the Adriatic, the first figure he found there was Savelli's, in clinging red garments, rolling over and over through the lines of surf like a crimson porpoise. The day was very fine; a fleet of fishermen dotted the horizon with sails of many hues, the sea had put on its most inviting blue, and its temperature, as recorded by a placard at the landing, had risen to an incredible height. Savelli, having been in the water an hour already, seemed disinclined to leave it. He was armed with a huge india-rubber ball which he tossed into a merry cloud of splashing Italians who buffeted the plaything about. It was finally knocked over the line into the space allotted to female bathers, where Savelli, going to its rescue, remained with it. By the time that Powell went ashore, after a moderate swim, the commander had developed into a professor of aquatic sport, and was trying to inspire a very stout Venetian woman with sufficient confidence to float. He sent word, however, that his bath was over, appearing upon the terrace shortly afterward fully clothed and ready, after his glass of vermouth, for the return to town. As the two men landed at the Piazzetta the sharp report of the noon gun sent up a cloud of doves that fluttered out from every window-ledge and cornice-angle.

"Silly birds!" said Savelli, as they beat the air with startled wings; "to hear that every day, and still be frightened by it. And men are just so weak; experience can teach them nothing."

"Doubted!" commented Powell. "Experience has taught me much."

"Ah! But you are strong—you, who were set apart for purposes of dissection. With me it is different; if I had twenty lives to live, I should do in all of them precisely what I am doing now."

"And what is that?" asked Powell, laughing.

"Nothing at all! I have a hunger of the sea. Let us go to breakfast."

They sat long over the table in one of the cool, shaded windows of the Quadri, discussing many things, from a possible future state to the splendid detail of the cathedral they looked out upon. But not until Powell, remembering his appointment, abruptly rose to go, did the Commander of the Faithful touch upon one special problem which interested them both.

"Tell me," he asked; "has the science of your experience taught you why a certain enchanting friend of ours comes to Venice?"

"Yes, commander, if I read the signs correctly."

"All the better, then. Success to her; I drink it."

"That means," said Powell, "that I should drink success to you."

Savelli put down his glass with a troubled look in his face.

"Signor Powell," he said, solemnly; "she is a star in heaven, and I am of the earth."

"And what am I, then?" asked the other, with a bitter laugh.

Savelli's face cleared, and, smiling, he offered his hand. "Do not deceive yourself," he said; "you are a man of genius, born to make her happy, it appears. Good luck go with you."

"Thank you," said Powell, shaking hands warmly. "It may be that I have found my mission in the world."

At the door he looked back. Savelli had resumed his place at the table; but his face was turned away; he sat with his cheek resting upon his hand in a

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thoughtful attitude, motionless as a statue, staring out of the window at the cathedral doors. "How the fellow's eyes glistened!" thought Powell, as he brushed rapidly through the crowded arcade. "That is true devotion. It is her happiness he cares for,—not his own. With what sublime unconsciousness a man may prove himself a hero! A smile will do it. And what am I to do? Pshaw! He is out of the question, absolutely, with his stars and candle-flames. Marchesa, by your leave, I'll study you."

He hired the first gondolier who hailed him, and found her waiting at her palace-gate. The tide was at the flood, and even in the lesser canals it kept its pure, transparent green, rippling so clearly above the weedy foundations that the smallest crab at rest upon them could be discerned. Through the shining afternoon the gondola glided on along old walls of brick, salt-encrusted, and dyed by wind and wave with soft Venetian tints of yellow, green, and brown, into quiet regions where only the splash of their own oars broke the delicious silence; where scarlet clusters of the trumpet-flower overhung them, and the smooth white arch of every bridge caught its fine tracery of shadows, changing like the forms in a kaleidoscope at each new motion of the playful water. They passed an abandoned church with high pointed windows all in ruins, and a few turns more brought them to the steps of a small square, flanked by the portal of San Marziale where was the picture they had come to see.

A smiling boy, hardly big enough to wield his boat-hook, drew in their prow, and was then despatched for the custodian, only to return without him. But half the neighborhood was now interested in the matter, and the important functionary, sought this way and that, finally hurried up with jingling keys. He was profuse in his apologies. It would have been a grave misfortune if the distinguished strangers had failed to see his treasure, which, he complained, was rarely visited. There it hung, on the left, above the first altar. The light was good, but it would be better in the morning. The signor must bring his wife again. Then he hobbled away into the sacristy, leaving the master's eloquent silence to speak for itself.

The picture is a large one, illustrating the story of Tobit; remarkable for a glorious figure of the angel in a flowing crimson garment, leading his charge by the hand, and looking down upon him tenderly. It is Titian at his best. For color, strength, and beauty this heroic conception, striding across the dim landscape with perfect freedom of action, impresses itself instantly upon the mind, to hold its place there ever afterward unrivalled. The sacristan's absurd blunder, which had brought a flush to the Marchesa's cheek, was at once forgotten, and the two sat before his priceless jewel for some time without a word.

"It is hopelessly fine," said Powell at last.

"Yes," she sighed. "Ah! If one had faith that in this poor life of ours there could be a guardian angel!"

"We have gone beyond it," he returned, lightly; "perhaps because we no longer need such intervention. Some of us, at least, do not,—one, in particular, who is perfection always."

The Marchesa knit her brows with a look of irritation. "It was Savelli who said that," she replied.

"Yes, it was Savelli," said Powell, recalling involuntarily that patient silhouette left behind in the café-window. "Yes, Savelli."

She turned upon him suddenly with restless eagerness. "You are most perplexing," she protested. "Tell me; why did you say 'yes' to his question about the cure for a broken heart,—you, who pretend to carry with you a grief that is eternal?"

"I thought I should puzzle you," he explained, laughing. "Of course I took that ground merely for purposes of argument."

"So you have not changed your mind?"

"Oh, no! One does not change his mind twice a day."

She looked away from him now, nervously tapping with her foot a block in the pavement that bore traces of heraldic emblems.

"You are all wrong," she declared. "You have no right to brood upon a

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loss that is irreparable. You belong to the present, and should accept its joys, its obligations. The past is past,—dead, like that poor fellow at our feet whose name we cannot read."

"Go on, my dear Signora! You mean, of course——"

"I mean that you should marry."

"As you said yesterday. All I can say is that you do not know your man. You do not dream what a love like mine can be."

"No," she admitted, speaking now less warmly. "That is your secret, upon which even an old friend may not venture to intrude. But I have still some friendly curiosity that may be gratified without betraying secrets. Pray what is she like, this woman, who has inspired a love like yours?"

"She is tall and fair," said Powell, forgetting himself completely in all he conjured up by his description. "Her eyes are gray, and her smile is the sweetest in the world. She is as radiant in her beauty as that angel there above our heads; she is good and pure, and true to herself, divinely true. Why should I hesitate to tell the truth? I cannot make her love me—that is all. She regrets this; she pities me, I know. That she can do no more is a source of unhappiness to her, but it is not to be remedied. She will not feign what she has never learned to feel; she cannot give me her whole heart, and so she gives me nothing. She is one whom no motives of self-interest could force into a marriage; one who would die rather than practise such deceit; one who——"

He stopped at a movement of his companion, who had turned pale as death. She gave him an appealing look with eyes that were full of tears. He did not need to be told the reason. In drawing his ideal portrait, he had unconsciously drawn the reverse of it in the same breath. By a word of his, spoken at her own request, the Marchesa, with her title, dearly-bought, had been condemned.

He took her hand, speaking again in a tone of unwonted gentleness.

"I am sorry I said that to you."

She flung herself into his arms, sobbing.

"You can never love me, then?"

For answer he bent his head to hers, and kissed her. But he was moved to this act by an impulse of compassion, not of love. She understood the motive. With a cry of pain, as if he had struck her, she pushed him away, and, springing up, covered her face for shame.

"How could I do that!" she moaned. "How could I!"

He would have followed her, but she stopped him angrily.

"I hate you!" she cried. "Never let me see your face again."

"Marchesa——"

"Don't speak to me! Go! Go—only go!"

He hesitated for a moment longer, then turned upon his heel, and strode off in the direction that the sacristan had taken. The man was setting the room in order, with no thought beyond his small affairs.

"I will go out this way," said Powell, fumbling for his fee.

"Certainly, Signor. And the Signora?"

Powell looked back into the dreary, vacant church. "She is already gone," said he.

"Ah! The Signor will come again in the morning light?"

"Undoubtedly. Good day to you."

"Good day, Signor, and many thanks."

Setting forth on foot, Powell soon lost his way in the unfamiliar quarter. Such directions as he could obtain only made matters worse, and not a gondola was to be found. At last he hailed a barge laden with cherries from the Island of Mazzorbo, and was slowly poled along to the Rialto, where he knew his ground. As he came out ten minutes later upon the Riva, his eye was attracted by a brilliant red buoy that marked an unoccupied mooring a few hundred feet from the shore. "There will be no steamer for Trieste to-night," he muttered. "No matter; I can take the morning train."

The next day when he was on the point of embarking for the station, there came a letter, unsigned, and containing only these words in a blurred hand that he had quite forgotten:

"I have been pacing my room for half the night, trying to forget. I can neither forgive myself, nor understand

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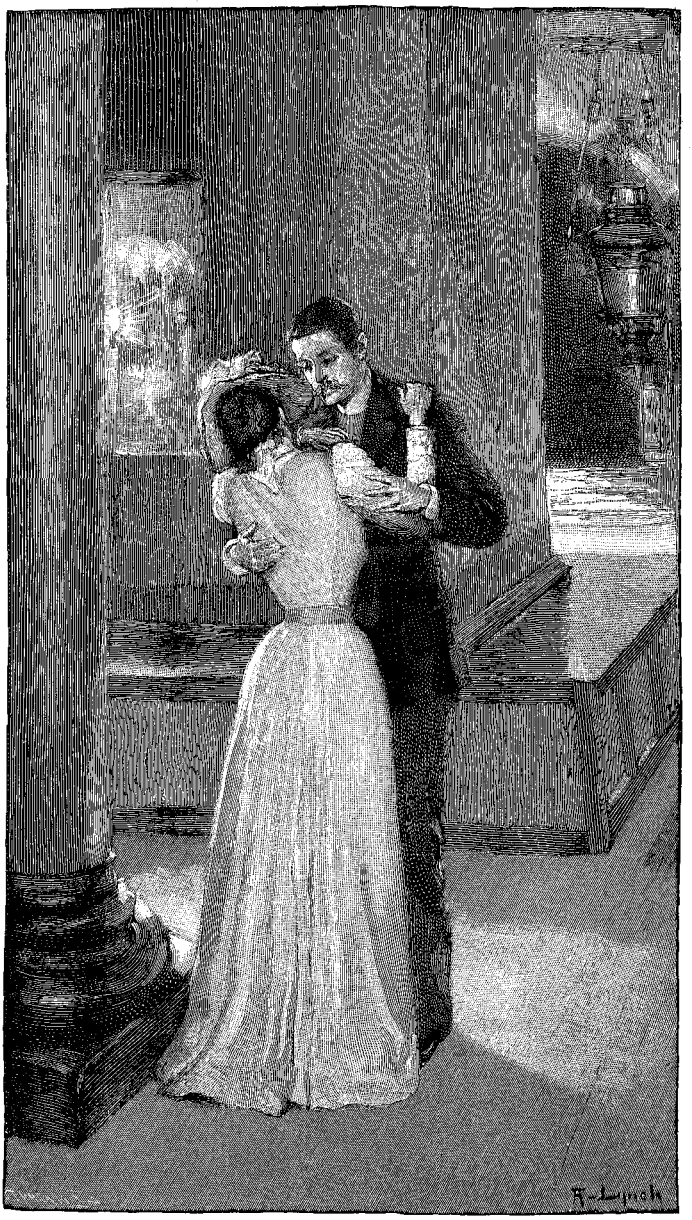

"You can never love me, then?"—Page 168.

myself. Think of me as one who despises her own weakness, and then put me forever from your mind. May all happiness be yours. May you live to possess the love you long for, and may your ideal prove to you, as to herself, divinely true. *Addio eternamente.*"

Powell tore this in two; then his ruling passion conquered him, and, instead of flinging away the pieces, he stuffed them into his pocket. "Very excellent material!" said he.

His work goes on, and it is known the world over. He is a shrewd observer with a firm touch, quoted and admired

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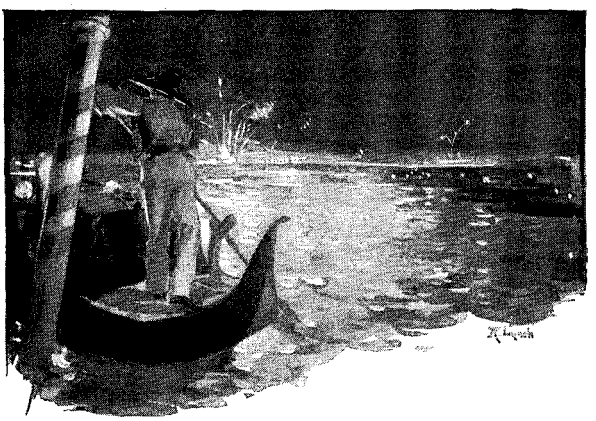
as one of the great writers in his generation. If his fame does not survive the day, it will be because a full measure of human sympathy has been denied him. He lacks the woman's heart that, where genius is, always reveals itself beneath the man's strong hand. He would have done better to marry, his friends say. And were this said in his presence, he would readily admit it to be true.

He hears, by chance, from Italy, that his former friend, the Marchesa, goes much into the world, and has been perplexed by many suitors, one of whom seems irresistible. He is a dozen years her junior, and a foreign prince of one of the oldest houses. His name, his famous jewels are at her feet. She will stoop for them, and die a princess, if the world is to be trusted. Meanwhile, her Commander of the Faithful still waits for his reward. He is a good sailor with a stout heart, and with enduring faith in all the virtues of his idol. Whatever happens, his lamp will burn unquenched at the Madonna's shrine.



The Fresco—Venice.

SONG AND SORROW.

By Annie Fields.

Deep in the poet's heart a song
Sleeps and wakes with sun and shower,
Sick with daylight seems to die,
In the midnight bears a flower;
Poets, unto you belong
Sighs unheard that fall in song.

If the poet be not glad
He will frame a song for grief;
Singing till the earth-born tears
Fall, and give the heart relief.
Thus his pain shall soothe the sad,
Weary spirits making glad.

He will wake, and waking weep
By the sorrow-haunted bed,
See Sandalphon's ladder bright
Though his earthly hope be dead;
Poets thus shall ever keep
Watch and ward for those who weep.

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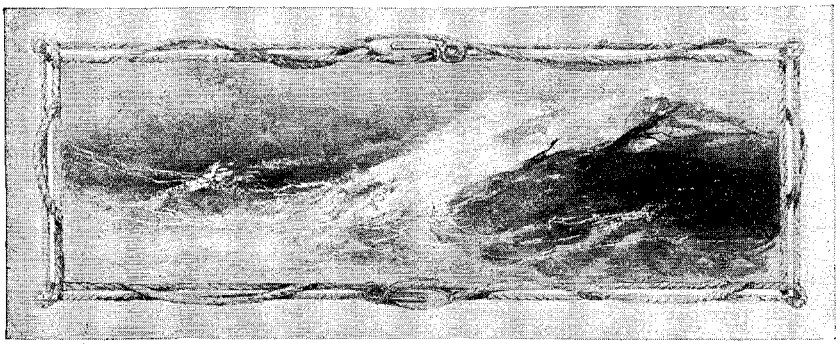

THE WRECKER.

By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne.

PROLOGUE.

IN THE MARQUESAS.

It was about three o'clock of a winter's afternoon in Tai-o-hae, the French capital and port of entry of the Marquesas Islands. The trades blew strong and squally; the surf roared loud on the shingle beach; and the fifty-ton schooner of war, that carries the flag and influence of France about the islands of the cannibal group, rolled at her moorings under Prison Hill. The clouds hung low and black on the surrounding amphitheatre of mountains; rain had fallen earlier in the day, real tropic rain, a waterspout for violence; and the green and gloomy brow of the mountain was still seamed with many silver threads of torrent.

In these hot and healthy islands winter is but a name. The rain had not refreshed, nor could the wind invigorate, the dwellers of Tai-o-hae: away at one end, indeed, the commandant was directing some changes in the residency garden beyond Prison Hill; and the gardeners, being all convicts, had no choice but to continue to obey. All other folks slumbered and took their rest: Vaekehu, the native queen, in her trim house under the rustling palms; the Tahitian commissary, in his beflagged official residence; the merchants, in their deserted stores; and even the club-servant in the club, his head fallen forward on the bottle-counter, under the map of the world and the cards of navy officers. In the whole length of the single shoreside street, with its scattered board houses looking to the sea, its grateful shade of palms and green jungle of puraos, no moving figure could be seen. Only, at the end of the rickety pier, that once (in the prosperous days of the American rebellion) was used to groan under the cotton of John Hart, there might have been spied upon a pile of lumber the famous tattooed white man, the living curiosity of Tai-o-hae.

His eyes were open, staring down the bay. He saw the mountains droop, as they approached the entrance, and break down in cliffs; the surf boil white round the two sentinel islets; and between, on the narrow bight of blue horizon, Ua-pu upraise the ghost of her pinnacled mountain tops. But his mind would take no account of these familiar features; as he dodged in and out along the frontier line of sleep and waking, memory would serve him with broken fragments of the past: brown faces and white, of skipper and shipmate, king and chief, would arise before his mind and vanish; he would recall old voyages, old landfalls in the hour of dawn; he would hear again the drums beat for a man-eating festival; perhaps he would summon up the form of that island princess for the love of whom he had submitted his body to the cruel hands of the tattooer, and

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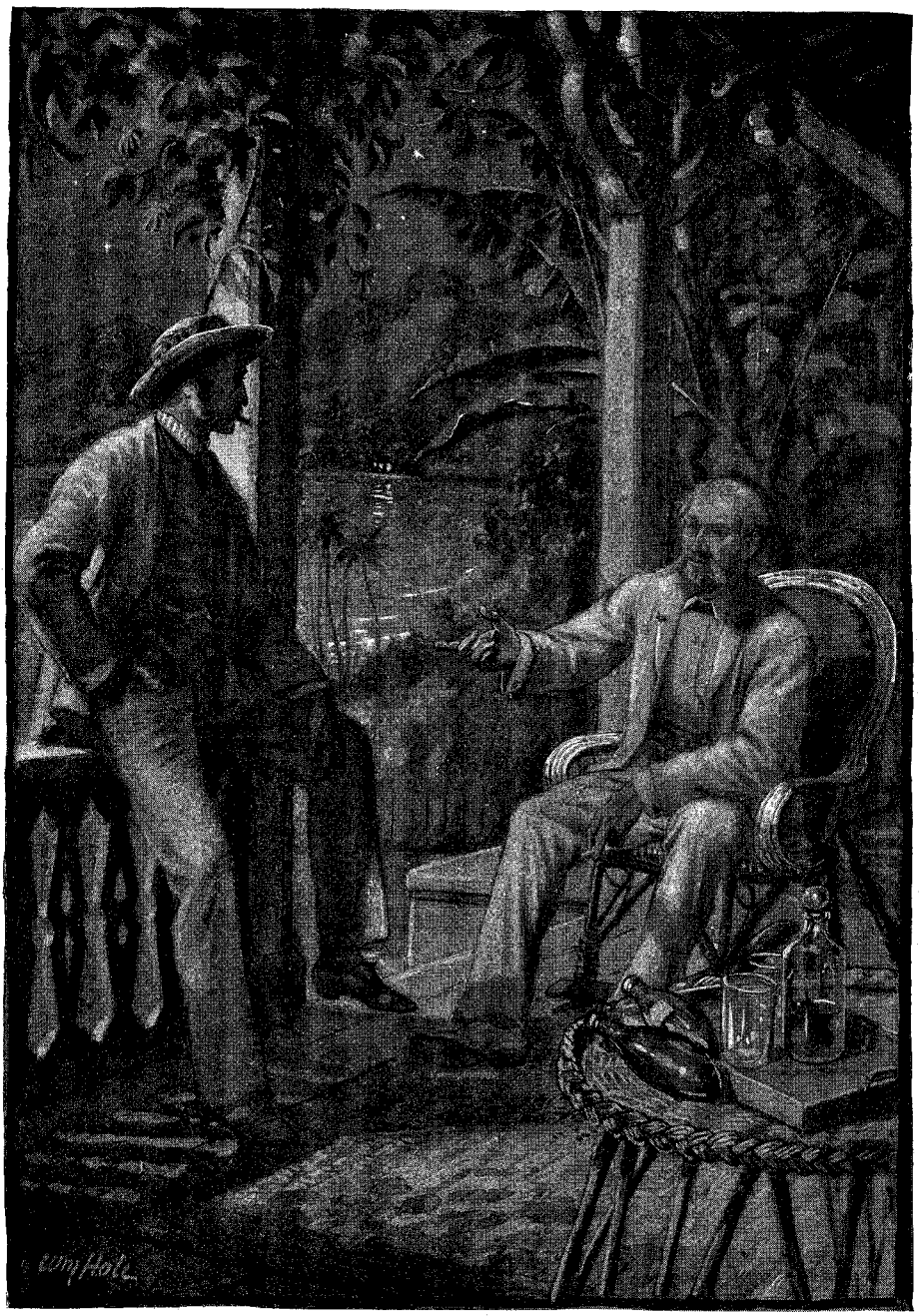

"'Yes, it's a queer yarn,' said his friend."—Page 177.

now sat on the lumber, at the pier-end of Tai-o-hae, so strange a figure of a European. Or perhaps from yet further back, sounds and scents of England and his childhood might assail him: the merry clamour of cathedral bells, the broom upon the foreland, the song of the river on the weir.

It is bold water at the mouth of the bay; you can steer a ship about either

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sentinel, close enough to toss a biscuit on the rocks. Thus it chanced that, as the tattooed man sat dozing and dreaming, he was startled into wakefulness and animation by the appearance of a flying jib beyond the western islet. Two more head-sails followed; and before the tattooed man had scrambled to his feet, a topsail schooner, of some hundred tons, had luffed about the sentinel and was standing up the bay, close-hauled.

The sleeping city awakened by enchantment. Natives appeared upon all sides, hailing each other with the magic cry "Ehippe"—ship; the Queen stepped forth on her verandah, shading her eyes under a hand that was a miracle of the fine art of tattooing; the commandant broke from his domestic convicts and ran into the residency for his glass; the harbor master, who was also the gaoler, came speeding down the Prison Hill; the seventeen brown Kanakas and the French boatswain's mate, that make up the complement of the war-schooner, crowded on the forward deck; and the various English, Americans, Germans, Poles, Corsicans, and Scots — the merchants and the clerks of Tai-o-hae — deserted their places of business, and gathered, according to invariable custom, on the road before the club.

So quickly did these dozen whites collect, so short are the distances in Tai-o-hae, that they were already exchanging guesses as to the nationality and business of the strange vessel, before she had gone about upon her second board towards the anchorage. A moment after, English colors were broken out at the main truck.

"I told you she was a Johnny Bull — knew it by her headsails," said an evergreen old salt, still qualified (if he could anywhere have found an owner unacquainted with his story) to adorn another quarter-deck and lose another ship.

"She has American lines, anyway," said the astute Scotch engineer of the gin-mill; "it's my belief she's a yacht."

"That's it," said the old salt, "a yacht! look at her davits, and the boat over the stern."

"A yacht in your eye!" said a Glasgow voice. "Look at her red ensign! A yacht! not much she isn't!"

"You can close the store, anyway, Tom," observed a gentlemanly German. "*Bon jour, mon Prince!*" he added, as a dark, intelligent native cantered by on a neat chestnut. "*Vous allez boire un verre de bière?*"

But Prince Stanilas Moanatini, the only reasonably busy human creature on the island, was riding hot-spur to view this morning's landslip on the mountain road: the sun already visibly declined; night was imminent; and if he would avoid the perils of darkness and precipice, and the fear of the dead, the haunters of the jungle, he must for once decline a hospitable invitation. Even had he been minded to alight, it presently appeared there would be difficulty as to the refreshment offered.

"Beer!" cried the Glasgow voice. "No such a thing; I tell you there's only eight bottles in the club! This is the first time I've seen British colors in this port! and the man that sails under them has got to drink that beer."

The proposal struck the public mind as fair, though far from cheering; for some time back, indeed, the very name of beer had been a sound of sorrow in the club, and the evenings had passed in dolorous computation.

"Here is Havens," said one, as if welcoming a fresh topic. "What do you think of her, Havens?"

"I don't think," replied Havens, a tall, bland, cool-looking, leisurely Englishman, attired in spotless duck, and deliberately dealing with a cigarette. "I may say I know. She's consigned to me from Auckland by Donald & Edenborough. I am on my way aboard."

"What ship is she?" asked the ancient mariner.

"Haven't an idea," returned Havens. "Some tramp they have chartered."

With that, he placidly resumed his walk, and was soon seated in the sternsheets of a whaleboat manned by uproarious Kanakas, himself daintily perched out of the way of the least maculation, giving his commands in an unobtrusive, dinner-table tone of voice, and sweeping neatly enough alongside the schooner.

A weather-beaten captain received him at the gangway.

"You are consigned to us, I think," said he. "I am Mr. Havens."

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"That is right, sir," replied the captain, shaking hands. "You will find the owner, Mr. Dodd, below. Mind the fresh paint on the house."

Havens stepped along the alley-way, and descended the ladder into the main cabin.

"Mr. Dodd, I believe," said he, addressing a smallish, bearded gentleman, who sat writing at the table. "Why," he cried, "it isn't Loudon Dodd?"

"Myself, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Dodd, springing to his feet with companionable alacrity. "I had a half-hope it might be you, when I found your name on the papers. Well, there's no change in you; still the same placid, fresh-looking Britisher."

"I can't return the compliment; for you seem to have become a Britisher yourself," said Havens.

"I promise you, I am quite unchanged," returned Dodd. "The red tablecloth at the top of the stick is not my flag; it's my partner's. He is not dead, but sleepeth. There he is," he added, pointing to a bust which formed one of the numerous unexpected ornaments of that unusual cabin.

Havens politely studied it. "A fine bust," said he; "and a very nice-looking fellow."

"Yes; he's a good fellow," said Dodd. "He runs me now. It's all his money."

"He doesn't seem to be particularly short of it," added the other, peering with growing wonder round the cabin.

"His money, my taste," said Dodd. "The black-walnut bookshelves are Old English; the books all mine—mostly Renaissance French. You should see how the beach-combers wilt away when they go round them looking for a change of Seaside Library novels. The mirrors are genuine Venice; that's a good piece in the corner. The daubs are mine—and his; the mudding mine."

"Mudding? What is that?" asked Havens.

"Those bronzes," replied Dodd. "I began life as a sculptor."

"Yes; I remember something about that," said the other. "I think, too, you said you were interested in Californian real estate."

"Surely, I never went so far as that," said Dodd. "Interested? I guess not. Involved, perhaps. I was born an artist; I never took an interest in anything but art. If I were to pile up this old schooner to-morrow," he added, "I declare I believe I would try the thing again!"

"Insured?" inquired Havens.

"Yes," responded Dodd. "There's some fool in 'Frisco who insures us, and comes down like a wolf on the fold on the profits; but we'll get even with him some day."

"Well, I suppose it's all right about the cargo," said Havens.

"O, I suppose so!" replied Dodd. "Shall we go into the papers?"

"We'll have all to-morrow, you know," said Havens; "and they'll be rather expecting you at the club. *C'est l'heure de l'absinthe.* Of course, Loudon, you'll dine with me later on."

Mr. Dodd signified his acquiescence; drew on his white coat, not without a trifling difficulty, for he was a man of middle age, and well-to-do; arranged his beard and mustaches at one of the Venetian mirrors; and, taking a broad felt hat, led the way through the trade-room into the ship's waist.

The stern boat was waiting alongside,—a boat of an elegant model, with cushions and polished hard-wood fittings.

"You steer," observed Loudon. "You know the best place to land."

"I never like to steer another man's boat," replied Havens.

"Call it my partner's, and cry quits," returned Loudon, getting nonchalantly down the side.

Havens followed and took the yoke lines without further protest. "I am sure I don't know how you make this pay," he said. "To begin with, she is too big for the trade, to my taste; and then you carry so much style."

"I don't know that she does pay," returned Loudon. "I never pretend to be a business man. My partner appears happy; and the money is all his, as I told you—I only bring the want of business habits."

"You rather like the berth, I suppose?" suggested Havens.

"Yes," said Loudon; "it seems odd, but I rather do."

While they were yet on board, the sun had dipped; the sunset gun (a rifle)

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cracked from the war-schooner, and the colors had been handed down. Dusk was deepening as they came ashore; and the *Cercle Internationale* (as the club is officially and significantly named) began to shine, from under its low verandahs, with the light of many lamps. The good hours of the twenty-four drew on; the hateful, poisonous day-fly of Nukahiva was beginning to desist from its activity; the land-breeze came in refreshing draughts; and the club men gathered together for the hour of absinthe. To the commandant himself, to the man whom he was then contending with at billiards—a trader from the next island, honorary member of the club, and once carpenter's mate on board a Yankee war-ship—to the doctor of the port, to the Brigadier of Gendarmerie, to the opium farmer, and to all the white men whom the tide of commerce, or the chances of shipwreck and desertion had stranded on the beach of Tai-o-hae, Mr. Loudon Dodd was formally presented; by all (since he was a man of pleasing exterior, smooth ways, and an unexceptionable flow of talk, whether in French or English) he was excellently well received; and presently, with one of the last eight bottles of beer on a table at his elbow, found himself the rather silent centre-piece of a voluble group on the verandah.

Talk in the South Seas is all upon one pattern; it is a wide ocean, indeed, but a narrow world: you shall never talk long and not hear the name of Bully Hayes, a naval hero whose exploits and deserved extinction left Europe cold; commerce will be touched on, copra, shell, perhaps cotton or fungus; but in a far-away, dilletante fashion, as by men not deeply interested; through all, the names of schooners and their captains will keep coming and going, thick as may-flies; and news of the last shipwreck will be placidly exchanged and debated. To a stranger, this conversation will at first seem scarcely brilliant; but he will soon catch the tone; and by the time he shall have moved a year or so in the island world, and come across a good number of the schooners so that every captain's name calls up a figure in pyjamas or white duck, and becomes used to a certain laxity of moral tone which prevails (as in memory of Mr. Hayes) on smuggling, ship-scuttling, barratry, piracy, the labor trade, and other kindred fields of human activity, he will find Polynesia no less amusing and no less instructive than Pall Mall or Paris.

Mr. Loudon Dodd, though he was new to the group of the Marquesas, was already an old, salted trader; he knew the ships and the captains; he had assisted, in other islands, at the first steps of some career of which he now heard the culmination, or (*vice versa*) he had brought with him from further south the end of some story which had begun in Tai-o-hae. Among other matter of interest, like other arrivals in the South Seas, he had a wreck to announce. The *John T. Richards*, it appeared, had met the fate of other island schooners.

"Dickinson piled her up on Palmerston Island," Dodd announced.

"Who were the owners?" inquired one of the club men.

"O, the usual parties!" returned Loudon—"Capsicum & Co."

A smile and a glance of intelligence went round the group; and perhaps Loudon gave voice to the general sentiment by remarking, "Talk of good business! I know nothing better than a schooner, a competent captain, and a sound, reliable reef."

"Good business! There's no such a thing!" said the Glasgow man. "Nobody makes anything but the missionaries—dash it!"

"I don't know," said another. "There's a good deal in opium."

"It's a good job to strike a tabooed pearl-island, say, about the fourth year," remarked a third; "skim the whole lagoon on the sly, and up stick and away before the French get wind of you."

"A pig nokket of cold is good," observed a German.

"There's something in wrecks, too," said Havens. "Look at that man in Honolulu, and the ship that went ashore on Waikiki Reef; it was blowing a kona, hard; and she began to break up as soon as she touched. Lloyd's agent had her sold inside an hour; and before dark, when she went to pieces in earnest, the man that bought her had

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feathered his nest. Three more hours of daylight, and he might have retired from business. As it was he built a house on Beretania Street, and called it for the ship."

"Yes, there's something in wrecks sometimes," said the Glasgow voice; "but not often."

"As a general rule, there's deuced little in anything," said Havens.

"Well, I believe that's a Christian fact," cried the other. "What I want is a secret; get hold of a rich man by the right place, and make him squeal."

"I suppose you know it's not thought to be the ticket," returned Havens.

"I don't care for that; it's good enough for me," cried the man from Glasgow, stoutly. "The only devil of it is, a fellow can never find a secret in a place like the South Seas: only in London and Paris."

"McGibbon's been reading some dime novel, I suppose," said one club man.

"He's been reading *Aurora Floyd*," remarked another.

"And what if I have?" cried McGibbon. "It's all true. Look at the newspapers! It's just your confounded ignorance that sets you snickering. I tell you, it's as much a trade as underwriting, and a dashed sight more honest."

The sudden acrimony of these remarks called Loudon (who was a man of peace) from his reserve. "It's rather singular," said he, "but I seem to have practised about all these means of livelihood."

"Tit you effer vind a nokket?" inquired the inarticulate German, eagerly.

"No. I have been most kinds of fool in my time," returned Loudon, "but not the gold-digging variety. Every man has a sane spot somewhere."

"Well, then," suggested some one, "did you ever smuggle opium?"

"Yes, I did," said Loudon.

"Was there money in that?"

"All the way," responded Loudon.

"And perhaps you bought a wreck?" asked another.

"Yes, sir," said Loudon.

"How did that pan out?" pursued the questioner.

"Well, mine was a peculiar kind of wreck," replied Loudon. "I don't know, on the whole, that I can recommend that branch of industry."

"Did she break up?" asked some one.

"I guess it was rather I that broke down," says Loudon. "Head not big enough."

"Ever try the blackmail?" inquired Havens.

"Simple as you see me sitting here!" responded Dodd.

"Good business?"

"Well, I'm not a lucky man, you see," returned the stranger. "It ought to have been good."

"You had a secret?" asked the Glasgow man.

"As big as the State of Texas."

"And the other man was rich?"

"He wasn't exactly Jay Gould, but I guess he could buy these islands if he wanted."

"Why, what was wrong, then? Couldn't you get hands on him?"

"It took time, but I had him cornered at last; and then——"

"What then?"

"The speculation turned bottom up. I became the man's bosom friend."

"The deuce you did!"

"He couldn't have been particular, you mean?" asked Dodd, pleasantly.

"Well, no; he's a man of rather large sympathies."

"If you're done talking nonsense, Loudon," said Havens, "let's be getting to my place for dinner."

Outside, the night was full of the roaring of the surf. Scattered lights glowed in the green thicket. Native women came by twos and threes out of the darkness, smiled and ogled the two whites, perhaps wooed them with a strain of laughter, and went by again, bequeathing to the air a heavy perfume of palm-oil and frangipani blossom. From the club to Mr. Havens's residence was but a step or two, and to any dweller in Europe they must have seemed steps in fairyland. If such an one could but have followed our two friends into the wide-verandahed house, sat down with them in the cool trellised room, where the wine shone on the lamp-lighted tablecloth; tasted of their exotic food—the raw fish, the bread-

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fruit, the cooked bananas, the roast pig served with the inimitable miti, and that king of delicacies, palm-tree salad; seen and heard by fits and starts, now peering round the corner of the door, now railing within against invisible assistants, a certain comely young native lady in a sacque, who seemed too modest to be a member of the family, and too imperious to be less; and then if such an one were whisked again through space to Upper Tooting, or wherever else he honored the domestic gods, "I have had a dream," I think he would say, as he sat up, rubbing his eyes, in the familiar chimney-corner chair, "I have had a dream of a place, and I declare I believe it must be heaven." But to Dodd and his entertainer, all this amenity of the tropic night and all these dainties of the island table, were grown things of custom; and they fell to meat like men who were hungry, and drifted into idle talk like men who were a trifle bored.

The scene in the club was referred to.

"I never heard you talk so much nonsense, Loudon," said the host.

"Well, it seemed to me there was sulphur in the air, so I talked for talking," returned the other. "But it was none of it nonsense."

"Do you mean to say it was true?" cried Havens—"that about the opium and the wreck, and the blackmailing and the man who became your friend?"

"Every last word of it," said Loudon.

"You seem to have been seeing life," returned the other.

"Yes, it's a queer yarn," said his friend; "if you think you would like, I'll tell it you."

Here follows the yarn of Loudon Dodd.

THE YARN.

Chapter I.

A SOUND COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

The beginning of this yarn is my poor father's character. There never was a better man, nor a handsomer, nor (in my view) a more unhappy—unhappy in his business, in his pleasures, in his place of residence, and (I am sorry to say it) in his son. He had begun life as a land-surveyor, soon became interested in real estate, branched off into many other speculations, and had the name of one of the smartest men in the State of Muskegon. "Dodd has a big head," people used to say; but I was never so sure of his capacity. His luck, at least, was beyond doubt for long; his assiduity, always. He fought in that daily battle of money-grubbing, with a kind of sad-eyed loyalty like a martyr's; rose early, ate fast, came home dispirited and over-weary, even from success; grudged himself all pleasure, if his nature was capable of taking any, which I sometimes wondered; and laid out, upon some deal in wheat or corner in aluminium, the essence of which was little better than highway robbery, treasures of conscientiousness and self-denial.

Unluckily, I never cared a cent for anything but art, and never shall. My idea of man's chief end was to enrich the world with things of beauty, and have a fairly good time myself while doing so. I do not think I mentioned that second part, which is the only one I have managed to carry out; but my father must have suspected the suppression, for he branded the whole affair as self-indulgence.

"Well," I remember crying once, "and what is your life? You are only trying to get money, and to get it from other people at that."

He sighed bitterly (which was very much his habit), and shook his poor head at me. "Ah, Loudon, Loudon!" said he, "you boys think yourselves very smart. But, struggle as you please, a man has to work in this world. He must be an honest man or a thief, Loudon."

You can see for yourself how vain it was to argue with my father. The despair that seized upon me after such an interview was, besides, embittered by remorse; for I was at times petulant, but he invariably gentle; and I was fighting, after all, for my own liberty and pleasure, he singly for what he thought to be my good. And all the time he never despaired. "There is good stuff in you, Loudon," he would say; "there is the right stuff in you. Blood will tell, and you will come right

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in time. I am not afraid my boy will ever disgrace me ; I am only vexed he should sometimes talk nonsense." And then he would pat my shoulder or my hand with a kind of motherly way he had, very affecting in a man so strong and beautiful.

As soon as I had graduated from the high school, he packed me off to the Muskegon Commercial Academy. You are a foreigner, and you will have a difficulty in accepting the reality of this seat of education. I assure you before I begin that I am wholly serious. The place really existed, possibly exists to-day; we were proud of it in the State, as something exceptionally nineteenth century and civilized ; and my father, when he saw me to the cars, no doubt considered he was putting me in a straight line for the Presidency and the New Jerusalem.

"Loudon," said he, "I am now giving you a chance that Julius Cæsar could not have given to his son—a chance to see life as it is, before your own turn comes to start in earnest. Avoid rash speculation, try to behave like a gentleman; and if you will take my advice, confine yourself to a safe, conservative business in railroads. Breadstuffs are tempting, but very dangerous ; I would not try breadstuffs at your time of life ; but you may feel your way a little in other commodities. Take a pride to keep your books posted, and never throw good money after bad. There, my dear boy, kiss me good-by; and never forget that you are an only chick, and that your dad watches your career with fond suspense."

The commercial college was a fine, roomy establishment, pleasantly situate among woods. The air was healthy, the food excellent, the premium high. Electric wires connected it (to use the words of the prospectus) with "the various world centres." The reading-room was well supplied with "commercial organs." The talk was that of Wall Street ; and the pupils (from fifty to a hundred lads) were principally engaged in rooking or trying to rook one another for nominal sums in what was called "college paper." We had class hours, indeed, in the morning, when we studied German, French, bookkeeping, and the like goodly matters ; but the bulk of our day and the gist of the education centred in the exchange, where we were taught to gamble in produce and securities. Since not one of the participants possessed a bushel of wheat or a dollar's worth of stock, legitimate business was of course impossible from the beginning. It was cold-drawn gambling, without color or disguise. Just that which is the impediment and destruction of all genuine commercial enterprise, just that we were taught with every luxury of stage effect. Our simulacrum of a market was ruled by the real markets outside, so that we might experience the course and vicissitude of prices. We must keep books, and our ledgers were overhauled at the month's end by the principal or his assistants. To add a spice of verisimilitude, "college paper" (like poker chips) had an actual marketable value. It was bought for each pupil by anxious parents and guardians at the rate of one cent for the dollar. The same pupil, when his education was complete, resold, at the same figure, so much as was left him to the college ; and even in the midst of his curriculum, a successful operator would sometimes realize a proportion of his holding, and stand a supper on the sly in the neighboring hamlet. In short, if there was ever a worse education, it must have been in that academy where Oliver met Charlie Bates.

When I was first guided into the exchange to have my desk pointed out by one of the assistant teachers, I was overwhelmed by the clamor and confusion. Certain blackboards at the other end of the building were covered with figures continually replaced. As each new set appeared, the pupils swayed to and fro, and roared out aloud with a formidable and to me quite meaningless vociferation ; leaping at the same time upon the desks and benches, signalling with arms and heads, and scribbling briskly in note-books. I thought I had never beheld a scene more disagreeable ; and when I considered that the whole traffic was illusory, and all the money then upon the market would scarce have sufficed to buy a pair of skates, I was at first astonished, although not for long. Indeed, I had no sooner called to mind

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how grown-up men and women of considerable estate will lose their temper about half-penny points, than (making an immediate allowance for my fellow-students) I transferred the whole of my astonishment to the assistant teacher, who—poor gentleman—had quite forgot to show me to my desk, and stood in the midst of this hurly-burly, absorbed and seemingly transported.

"Look, look," he shouted in my ear; "a falling market! The bears have had it all their own way since yesterday."

"It can't matter," I replied, making him hear with difficulty, for I was unused to speak in such a babel, "since it is all fun."

"True," said he; "and you must always bear in mind that the real profit is in the book-keeping. I trust, Dodd, to be able to congratulate you upon your books. You are to start in with ten thousand dollars of college paper, a very liberal figure, which should see you through the whole curriculum, if you keep to a safe, conservative business . . . Why, what's that?" he broke off, once more attracted by the changing figures on the board. "Seven, four, three! Dodd, you are in luck: this is the most spirited rally we have had this term. And to think that the same scene is now transpiring in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and rival business centres! For two cents, I would try a flutter with the boys myself," he cried, rubbing his hands; "only it's against the regulations."

"What would you do, sir?" I asked.

"Do?" he cried with glittering eyes. "Buy for all I was worth!"

"Would that be a safe, conservative business?" I inquired, as innocent as a lamb.

He looked daggers at me. "See that sandy-haired man in glasses?" he asked, as if to change the subject. "That's Billson, our most prominent undergraduate. We build confidently on Billson's future. You could not do better, Dodd, than follow Billson."

Presently after, in the midst of a still growing tumult, the figures coming and going more busily than ever on the board, and the hall resounding like Pandemonium with the howls of operators, the assistant teacher left me to my own resources at my desk. The next boy was posting up his ledger, figuring his morning's loss, as I discovered later on; and from this ungenial task he was readily diverted by the sight of a new face.

"Say, Freshman," he said, "what's your name? What? Son of Big Head Dodd? What's your figure? Ten thousand? O, you're away up! What a soft-headed clam you must be to touch your books!"

I asked him what else I could do, since the books were to be examined once a month.

"Why, you galoot, you get a clerk!" cries he. "One of our dead beats—that's all they're here for. If you're a successful operator, you need never do a stroke of work in this old college."

The noise had now become deafening; and my new friend, telling me that some one had certainly "gone down," that he must know the news, and that he would bring me a clerk when he returned, buttoned his coat and plunged into the tossing throng. It proved that he was right: some one had gone down; a prince had fallen in Israel; the corner in lard had proved fatal to the mighty; and the clerk who was brought back to keep my books, spare me all work, and get all my share of the education, at a thousand dollars a month, college paper (ten dollars, United States currency) was no other than the prominent Billson whom I could do no better than follow. The poor lad was very unhappy. It's the only good thing I have to say for Muskegon Commercial College, that we were all, even the small fry, deeply mortified to be posted as defaulters; and the collapse of a merchant prince like Billson, who had ridden pretty high in his days of prosperity, was, of course, particularly hard to bear. But the spirit of make-believe conquered even the bitterness of recent shame; and my clerk took his orders, and fell to his new duties, with decorum and civility.

Such were my first impressions in this absurd place of education; and to be frank, they were far from disagreeable. As long as I was rich, my evenings and afternoons would be my own; the clerk must keep my books, the clerk

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could do the jostling and bawling in the exchange; and I could turn my mind to landscape-painting and Balzac's novels, which were then my two preoccupations. To remain rich, then, became my problem; or, in other words, to do a safe, conservative line of business. I am looking for that line still; and I believe the nearest thing to it in this imperfect world is the sort of speculation sometimes insidiously proposed to childhood, in the formula, "Heads, I win; tails, you lose." Mindful of my father's parting words, I turned my attention timidly to railroads; and for a month or so maintained a position of inglorious security, dealing for small amounts in the most inert stocks, and bearing (as best I could) the scorn of my hired clerk. One day I had ventured a little further by way of experiment; and, in the sure expectation they would continue to go down, sold several thousand dollars of Pan-Handle Preference (I think it was). I had no sooner made this venture, than some fools in New York began to bull the market; Pan-Handle rose like a balloon; and in the inside of half an hour I saw my position compromised. Blood will tell, as my father said; and I stuck to it gallantly: all afternoon I continued selling that infernal stock, all afternoon it continued skying. I suppose I had come (a frail cockle-shell) athwart the hawse of Jay Gould; and, indeed, I think I remember that this vagary in the market proved subsequently to be the first move in a considerable deal. That evening, at least, the name of H. Loudon Dodd held the first rank in our collegiate gazette, and I and Billson (once more thrown upon the world) were competing for the same clerkship. The present object takes the present eye. My disaster, for the moment, was the more conspicuous; and it was I that got the situation. So you see, even in Muskegon Commercial College, there were lessons to be learned.

For my own part, I cared very little whether I lost or won at a game so random, so complex, and so dull; but it was sorry news to write to my poor father, and I employed all the resources of my eloquence. I told him (what was the truth) that the successful boys had none of the education; so that if he wished me to learn, he should rejoice at my misfortune. I went on (not very consistently) to beg him to set me up again, when I would solemnly promise to do a safe business in reliable railroads. Lastly (becoming somewhat carried away), I assured him I was totally unfit for business, and implored him to take me away from this abominable place, and let me go to Paris to study art. He answered briefly, gently, and sadly, telling me the vacation was near at hand, when we would talk things over.

When the time came, he met me at the depot, and I was shocked to see him looking older. He seemed to have no thought but to console me and restore (what he supposed I had lost) my courage. I must not be down-hearted; many of the best men had made a failure in the beginning. I told him I had no head for business, and the kind face darkened. "You must not say that, Loudon," he replied; "I will never believe my son to be a coward."

"But I don't like it," I pleaded. "It hasn't got any interest for me, and art has. I know I could do more in art," and I reminded him that a successful painter gains large sums; that a picture of Meissonier's would sell for many thousand dollars.

"And do you think, Loudon," he replied, "that a man who can paint a thousand dollar picture has not grit enough to keep his end up in the stock market? No, sir; this Mason (of whom you speak) or our own American Bierstadt—if you were to put them down in a wheat pit to-morrow, they would show their mettle. Come, Loudon, my dear; Heaven knows I have no thought but your own good, and I will offer you a bargain. I start you again next term with ten thousand dollars; show yourself a man, and double it, and then (if you still wish to go to Paris, which I know you won't) I'll let you go. But to let you run away as if you were whipped, is what I am too proud to do."

My heart leaped at this proposal, and then sank again. It seemed easier to paint a Meissonier on the spot than to win ten thousand dollars on that mimic stock exchange. Nor could I help reflecting on the singularity of such a

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test for a man's capacity to be a painter. I ventured even to comment on this.

He sighed deeply. "You forget, my dear," said he, "I am a judge of the one, and not of the other. You might have the genius of Bierstadt himself, and I would be none the wiser."

"And then," I continued, "it's scarcely fair. The other boys are helped by their people, who telegraph and give them pointers. There's Jim Costello, who never budges without a word from his father in New York. And then, don't you see, if anybody is to win, somebody must lose?"

"I'll keep you posted," cried my father, with unusual animation; "I did not know it was allowed. I'll wire you in the office cipher, and we'll make it a kind of partnership business, Loudon—Dodd & Son, eh?" and he patted my shoulder and repeated, "Dodd & Son, Dodd & Son," with the kindliest amusement.

If my father was to give me pointers, and the commercial college was to be a stepping-stone to Paris, I could look my future in the face. The old boy, too, was so pleased at the idea of our association in this foolery that he immediately plucked up spirit. Thus it befell that those who had met at the depot like a pair of mutes, sat down to table with holiday faces.

And now I have to introduce a new character that never said a word nor wagged a finger, and yet shaped my whole subsequent career. You have crossed the States, so that in all likelihood you have seen the head of it, parcel-gilt and curiously fluted, rising among trees from a wide plain; for this new character was no other than the State capitol of Muskegon, then first projected. My father had embraced the idea with a mixture of patriotism and commercial greed both perfectly genuine. He was of all the committees, he had subscribed a great deal of money, and he was making arrangements to have a finger in most of the contracts. Competitive plans had been sent in; at the time of my return from college my father was deep in their consideration; and as the idea entirely occupied his mind, the first evening did not pass away before he had called me into council. Here was a subject at last into which I could throw myself with pleasurable zeal. Architecture was new to me, indeed; but it was at least an art; and for all the arts I had a taste naturally classical and that capacity to take delighted pains which some famous idiot has supposed to be synonymous with genius. I threw myself headlong into my father's work, acquainted myself with all the plans, their merits and defects, read besides in special books, made myself a master of the theory of strains, studied the current prices of materials, and (in one word) "devilled" the whole business so thoroughly, that when the plans came up for consideration, Big Head Dodd was supposed to have earned fresh laurels. His arguments carried the day, his choice was approved by the committee, and I had the anonymous satisfaction to know that arguments and choice were wholly mine. In the recasting of the plan which followed, my part was even larger; for I designed and cast with my own hand a hot-air grating for the offices, which had the luck or merit to be accepted. The energy and aptitude which I displayed throughout delighted and surprised my father, and I believe, although I say it whose tongue should be tied, that they alone prevented Muskegon Capitol from being the eyesore of my native State.

Altogether, I was in a cheery frame of mind when I returned to the commercial college; and my earlier operations were crowned with a full measure of success. My father wrote and wired to me continually. "You are to exercise your own judgement, Loudon," he would say. "All that I do is to give you the figures; but whatever operation you take up must be upon your own responsibility, and whatever you earn will be entirely due to your own dash and forethought." For all that, it was always clear what he intended me to do, and I was always careful to do it. Inside of a month I was at the head of seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars, college paper. And here I fell a victim to one of the vices of the system. The paper (I have already explained) had a real value of one per cent; and cost, and could be sold, for currency. Unsuccessful speculators

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were thus always selling clothes, books, banjos, and sleeve-links, in order to pay their differences; the successful, on the other hand, were often tempted to realize, and enjoy some return upon their profits. Now I wanted thirty dollars' worth of artist-truck, for I was always sketching in the woods; my allowance was for the time exhausted; I had begun to regard the exchange (with my father's help) as a place where money was to be got for stooping; and in an evil hour I realised three thousand dollars of the college paper and bought my easel.

It was a Wednesday morning when the things arrived, and set me in the seventh heaven of satisfaction. My father (for I can scarcely say myself) was trying at this time a "straddle" in wheat between Chicago and New York; the operation so called is, as you know, one of the most tempting and least safe upon the chess-board of finance. On the Thursday, luck began to turn against my father's calculations; and by the Friday evening, I was posted on the boards as a defaulter for the second time. Here was a rude blow: my father would have taken it ill enough in any case; for however much a man may resent the incapacity of an only son, he will feel his own more sensibly. But it chanced that, in our bitter cup of failure, there was one ingredient that might truly be called poisonous. He had been keeping the run of my position; he missed the three thousand dollars, paper; and in his view, I had stolen thirty dollars, currency. It was an extreme view perhaps; but in some senses, it was just; and my father, although (to my judgment) quite reckless of honesty in the essence of his operations, was the soul of honor as to their details. I had one grieved letter from him, dignified and tender; and during the rest of that wretched term, working as a clerk, selling my clothes and sketches to make futile speculations, my dream of Paris quite vanished, I was cheered by no word of kindness and helped by no hint of counsel from my father.

All the time he was no doubt thinking of little else but his son, and what to do with him. I believe he had been really appalled by what he regarded as my laxity of principle, and began to think it might be well to preserve me from temptation; the architect of the capitol had, besides, spoken obligingly of my design; and while he was thus hanging between two minds, Fortune suddenly stepped in, and Muskegon State capitol reversed my destiny.

"Loudon," said my father, as he met me at the depot, with a smiling countenance, "if you were to go to Paris, how long would it take you to become an experienced sculptor?"

"How do you mean, father?" I cried. "Experienced?"

"A man that could be entrusted with the highest styles," he answered; "the nude, for instance; and the patriotic and emblematical styles."

"It might take three years," I replied.

"You think Paris necessary?" he asked. "There are great advantages in our own country; and that man Prodgers appears to be a very clever sculptor, though I suppose he stands too high to go around giving lessons."

"Paris is the only place," I assured him.

"Well, I think myself it will sound better," he admitted. "A Young Man, a Native of this State, Son of a Leading Citizen, Studies Prosecuted under the Most Experienced Masters in Paris," he added, relishingly.

"But, my dear dad, what is it all about?" I interrupted. "I never even dreamed of being a sculptor."

"Well, here it is," said he. "I took up the statuary contract on our new capitol: I took it up at first as a deal; and then it occurred to me it would be better to keep it in the family. It meets your idea; there's considerable money in the thing; and it's patriotic. So, if you say the word, you shall go to Paris, and come back in three years to decorate the capitol of your native State. It's a big chance for you, Loudon; and I'll tell you what—every dollar you earn, I'll put another alongside of it. But the sooner you go, and the harder you work, the better; for if the first half-dozen statues aren't on a line with public taste in Muskegon, there will be trouble."

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CHAPTER II.

ROUSSILLON WINE.

My mother's family was Scotch, and it was judged fitting I should pay a visit on my way Paris-ward, to my Uncle Adam Loudon, a wealthy retired grocer of Edinburgh. He was very stiff and very ironical; he fed me well, lodged me sumptuously, and seemed to take it out of me all the time, cent per cent, in secret entertainment which caused his spectacles to glitter and his mouth to twitch. The ground of this ill-suppressed mirth (as well as I could make out) was simply the fact that I was an American. "Well," he would say, drawing out the word to infinity, "and I suppose now in your country, things will be so and so." And the whole group of my cousins would titter joyously. Repeated receptions of this sort must be at the root, I suppose, of what they call the Great American Jest; and I know I was myself goaded into saying that my friends went naked in the summer months, and that the Second Methodist Episcopal Church in Muskegon was decorated with scalps. I cannot say that these flights had any great success; they seemed to awaken little more surprise than the fact that my father was a Republican or that I had been taught in school to spell *colour* without the *u*. If I had told them (what was after all the truth) that my father had paid a considerable annual sum to have me brought up in a gambling hell, the tittering and grinning of this dreadful family might perhaps have been excused.

I cannot deny but I was sometimes tempted to knock my Uncle Adam down; and indeed I believe it must have come to a rupture at last, if they had not given a dinner party at which I was the lion. On this occasion, I learned (to my surprise and relief) that the incivility to which I had been subjected was a matter for the family circle and might be regarded almost in the light of an endearment. To strangers, I was presented with consideration; and the account given of "my American brother-in-law, poor Janie's man, James K. Dodd, the well-known millionnaire of Muskegon, was calculated to enlarge the heart of a proud son.

An aged assistant of my grandfather's, a pleasant, humble creature with a taste for whiskey, was at first deputed to be my guide about the city. With this harmless but hardly aristocratic companion, I went to Arthur's Seat and the Calton Hill, heard the band play in the Princes Street Gardens, inspected the regalia and the blood of Rizzio, and fell in love with the great castle on its cliff, the innumerable spires of churches, the stately buildings, the broad prospects, and those narrow and crowded lanes of the old town where my ancestors had lived and died in the days before Columbus.

But there was another curiosity that interested me more deeply—my grandfather, Alexander Loudon. In his time, the old gentleman had been a working mason, and had risen from the ranks more, I think, by shrewdness than by merit. In his appearance, speech, and manners, he bore broad marks of his origin, which were gall and wormwood to my Uncle Adam. His nails, in spite of anxious supervision, were often in conspicuous mourning; his clothes hung about him in bags and wrinkles like a ploughman's Sunday coat; his accent was rude, broad, and dragging; take him at his best, and even when he could be induced to hold his tongue, his mere presence in a corner of the drawing-room, with his open-air wrinkles, his scanty hair, his battered hands, and the cheerful craftiness of his expression, advertised the whole gang of us for a self-made family. My aunt might mince and my cousins bridle; but there was no getting over the solid, physical fact of the stonemason in the chimney-corner.

That is one advantage of being an American: it never occurred to me to be ashamed of my grandfather, and the old gentleman was quick to mark the difference. He held my mother in tender memory, perhaps because he was in the habit of daily contrasting her with Uncle Adam, whom he detested to the point of frenzy; and he set down to inheritance from his favorite my own becoming treatment of himself. On our walks abroad, which soon became daily, he would sometimes (after duly warning me to keep the matter dark from "Aadam") skulk into some old familiar

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pot-house; and there (if he had the luck to encounter any of his veteran cronies) he would present me to the company with manifest pride, casting at the same time a covert slur on the rest of his descendants. "This is my Jeannie's yin," he would say. "He's a fine fallow, him." The purpose of our excursion was not to seek antiquities or to enjoy famous prospects, but to visit one after another a series of doleful suburbs, for which it was the old gentleman's chief claim to renown that he had been the sole contractor, and too often the architect besides. I have rarely seen a more shocking exhibition; the bricks seemed to be blushing in the walls, and the slates on the roof to have turned pale with shame; but I was careful not to communicate these impressions to the aged artificer at my side; and when he would direct my attention to some fresh monstrosity—perhaps with the comment, "There's an idee of mine's; it's cheap and tasty, and had a graand run; the idee was soon stole, and there's whole deestricts near Glesgie with the goathic adeetion and that plunth,"—I would civilly make haste to admire and (what I found particularly delighted him) to inquire into the cost of each adornment. It will be conceived that Muskegon capitol was a frequent and a welcome ground of talk; I drew him all the plans from memory; and he, with the aid of a narrow volume full of figures and tables, which answered (I believe) to the name of Molesworth, and was his constant pocket companion, would draw up rough estimates and make imaginary offers on the various contracts. Our Muskegon builders he pronounced a pack of cormorants; and the congenial subject, together with my knowledge of architectural terms, the theory of strains, and the prices of materials in the States, formed a strong bond of union between what might have been otherwise an ill-assorted pair, and led my grandfather to pronounce me, with emphasis, "a real intalligent kind of a cheild." Thus a second time, as you will presently see, the capitol of my native State had influentially affected the current of my life.

I left Edinburgh, however, with not the least idea that I had done a stroke of excellent business for myself, and singly delighted to escape out of a somewhat dreary house and plunge instead into the rainbow city of Paris. Every man has his own romance; mine clustered exclusively about the practice of the arts, the life of Latin Quarter students, and the world of Paris as depicted by that grimy wizard, the author of the *Comédie Humaine*. I was not disappointed—I could not have been; for I did not see the facts, I brought them with me ready-made. Z. Marcas lived next door to me in my ungainly, ill-smelling hotel of the Rue Racine; I dined at my villainous restaurant with Lousteau and with Rastignac: if a curricle nearly ran me down at a street-crossing, Maxime de Trailles would be the driver. I dined, I say, at a poor restaurant and lived in a poor hotel; and this was not from need, but sentiment. My father gave me a profuse allowance, and I might have lived (had I chosen) in the Quartier de l'Etoile and driven to my studies daily. Had I done so, the glamour must have fled: I should still have been but Loudon Dodd; whereas now I was a Latin Quarter student, Murger's successor, living in flesh and blood the life of one of those romances I had loved to read, to re-read, and to dream over, among the woods of Muskegon.

At this time we were all a little Murger-mad in the Latin Quarter. The play of the *Vie de Bohème* (a dreary, snivelling piece) had been produced at the Odéon, had run an unconscionable time—for Paris, and revived the freshness of the legend. The same business, you may say, or there and thereabout, was being privately enacted in consequence in every garret of the neighbourhood, and a good third of the students were consciously impersonating Rodolphe or Schaunard to their own incommunicable satisfaction. Some of us went far, and some farther. I always looked with awful envy (for instance) on a certain countryman of my own, who had a studio in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, wore boots, and long hair in a net, and could be seen tramping off, in this guise, to the worst eating-house of the quarter, followed by a Corsican model, his mistress, in the conspicuous

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costume of her race and calling. It takes some greatness of soul to carry even folly to such heights as these; and for my own part, I had to content myself by pretending very arduously to be poor, by wearing a smoking-cap on the streets, and by pursuing, through a series of misadventures, that extinct mammal, the grisette. The most grievous part was the eating and the drinking. I was born with a dainty tooth and a palate for wine; and only a genuine devotion to romance could have supported me under the cat-civets that I had to swallow, and the red ink of Bercy I must wash them down withal. Every now and again, after a hard day at the studio, where I was steadily and far from unsuccessfully industrious, a wave of distaste would overbear me; I would slink away from my haunts and companions, indemnify myself for weeks of self-denial with fine wines and dainty dishes; seated perhaps on a terrace, perhaps in an arbor in a garden, with a volume of one of my favorite authors propped open in front of me, and now consulted awhile, and now forgotten:—so remain, relishing my situation, till night fell and the lights of the city kindled; and thence stroll homeward by the riverside, under the moon or stars, in a heaven of poetry and digestion.

One such indulgence led me, in the course of my second year, into an adventure which I must relate: indeed, it is the very point I have been aiming for, since that was what brought me in acquaintance with Jim Pinkerton. I sat down alone to dinner one October day when the rusty leaves were falling and scuttling on the boulevard, and the minds of impressionable men inclined in about an equal degree towards sadness and conviviality. The restaurant was no great place, but boasted a considerable cellar and a long printed list of vintages. This I was perusing with the double zest of a man who is fond of wine and a lover of beautiful names, when my eye fell (near the end of the card) on that not very famous or familiar brand, Roussillon. I remembered it was a wine I had never tasted, ordered a bottle, found it excellent, and when I had discussed the contents, called (according to my habit) for a final pint. It appears they did not keep Roussillon in half-bottles. "All right," said I. "Another bottle." The tables at this eating-house are close together; and the next thing I can remember, I was in somewhat loud conversation with my nearest neighbors. From these I must have gradually extended my attentions; for I have a clear recollection of gazing about a room in which every chair was half turned round and every face turned smilingly to mine. I can even remember what I was saying at the moment; but after twenty years, the embers of shame are still alive; and I prefer to give your imagination the cue, by simply mentioning that my muse was the patriotic. It had been my design to adjourn for coffee in the company of some of these new friends; but I was no sooner on the sidewalk than I found myself unaccountably alone. The circumstance scarce surprised me at the time, much less now; but I was somewhat chagrined a little after to find I had walked into a kiosque. I began to wonder if I were any the worse for my last bottle, and decided to steady myself with coffee and brandy. In the Café de la Source, where I went for this restorative, the fountain was playing, and (what greatly surprised me) the mill and the various mechanical figures on the rockery appeared to have been freshly repaired and performed the most enchanting antics. The café was extraordinarily hot and bright, with every detail of a conspicuous clearness, from the faces of the guests to the type of the newspapers on the tables, and the whole apartment swang to and fro like a hammock, with an exhilarating motion. For some while I was so extremely pleased with these particulars that I thought I could never be weary of beholding them: then dropped of a sudden into a causeless sadness; and then, with the same swiftness and spontaneity, arrived at the conclusion that I was drunk and had better get to bed.

It was but a step or two to my hotel, where I got my lighted candle from the porter and mounted the four flights to my own room. Although I could not deny that I was drunk, I was at the same time lucidly rational and practical. I had but one preoccupation—to be up

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in time on the morrow for my work; and when I observed the clock on my chimney-piece to have stopped, I decided to go down-stairs again and give directions to the porter. Leaving the candle burning and my door open, to be a guide to me on my return, I set forth accordingly. The house was quite dark; but as there were only the three doors on each landing, it was impossible to wander, and I had nothing to do but descend the stairs until I saw the glimmer of the porter's night light. I counted four flights: no porter. It was possible, of course, that I had reckoned incorrectly; so I went down another and another, and another, still counting as I went, until I had reached the preposterous figure of nine flights. It was now quite clear that I had somehow passed the porter's lodge without remarking it; indeed, I was, at the lowest figure, five pairs of stairs below the street, and plunged in the very bowels of the earth. That my hotel should thus be founded upon catacombs was a discovery of considerable interest; and if I had not been in a frame of mind entirely businesslike, I might have continued to explore all night this subterranean empire. But I was bound I must be up betimes the next morning, and for that end it was imperative that I should find the porter. I faced about accordingly, and counting with painful care, remounted toward the level of the street. Five, six, and seven flights I climbed, and still there was no porter. I began to be weary of the job, and reflecting that I was now close to my own room, decided I should go to bed. Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen flights I mounted; and my open door seemed to be as wholly lost to me as the porter and his floating dip. I remembered that the house stood but six stories at its highest point, from which it appeared (on the most moderate computation) I was now three stories higher than the roof. My original sense of amusement was succeeded by a not unnatural irritation. "My room has just *got* to be here," said I, and I stepped towards the door with outspread arms. There was no door and no wall; in place of either there yawned before me a dark corridor, in which I continued to advance for some time without encountering the smallest opposition. And this in a house whose extreme area scantily contained three small rooms, a narrow landing, and the stair! The thing was manifestly nonsense; and you will scarcely be surprised to learn that I now began to lose my temper. At this juncture I perceived a filtering of light along the floor, stretched forth my hand which encountered the knob of a door-handle, and without further ceremony entered a room. A young lady was within; she was going to bed, and her toilet was far advanced, or the other way about, if you prefer.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion," said I; "but my room is No. 12, and something has gone wrong with this blamed house."

She looked at me a moment; and then, "If you will step outside for a moment, I will take you there," says she.

Thus, with perfect composure on both sides, the matter was arranged. I waited awhile outside her door. Presently she rejoined me, in a dressing-gown, took my hand, led me up another flight, which made the fourth above the level of the roof, and shut me into my own room, where (being quite weary after these contraordinary explorations) I turned in, and slumbered like a child.

I tell you the thing calmly, as it appeared to me to pass; but the next day, when I awoke and put memory in the witness-box, I could not conceal from myself that the tale presented a good many improbable features. I had no mind for the studio, after all, and went instead to the Luxembourg gardens, there, among the sparrows and the statues and the falling leaves, to cool and clear my head. It is a garden I have always loved. You sit there in a public place of history and fiction. Barras and Fouché have looked from these windows. Lousteau and de Banville (one as real as the other) have rhymed upon these benches. The city tramples by without the railings to a lively measure; and within and about you, trees rustle, children and sparrows utter their small cries, and the statues look on forever. Here, then, in a seat opposite the gallery entrance, I set to work on the events of

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the last night, to disengage (if it were possible) truth from fiction.

The house, by daylight, had proved to be six stories high, the same as ever. I could find, with all my architectural experience, no room in its altitude for those interminable stairways, no width between its walls for that long corridor, where I had tramped at night. And there was yet a greater difficulty. I had read somewhere an aphorism that everything may be false to itself save human nature. A house might elongate or enlarge itself—or seem to do so to a gentleman who had been dining. The ocean might dry up, the rocks melt in the sun, the stars fall from heaven like autumn apples; and there was nothing in these incidents to boggle the philosopher. But the case of the young lady stood upon a different foundation. Girls were not good enough, or not good that way, or else they were too good. I was ready to accept any of these views: all pointed to the same conclusion, which I was thus already on the point of reaching, when a fresh argument occurred, and instantly confirmed it. I could remember the exact words we had each said; and I had spoken, and she had replied, in English. Plainly, then, the whole affair was an illusion: catacombs, and stairs, and charitable lady, all were equally the stuff of dreams.

I had just come to this determination, when there blew a flaw of wind through the autumnal gardens; the dead leaves showered down, and a flight of sparrows, thick as a snowfall, wheeled above my head with sudden pipings. This agreeable bustle was the affair of a moment, but it startled me from the abstraction into which I had fallen, like a summons. I sat briskly up, and as I did so, my eyes rested on the figure of a lady in a brown jacket and carrying a paint-box. By her side walked a fellow some years older than myself, with an easel under his arm; and alike by their course and cargo I might judge they were bound for the gallery, where the lady was, doubtless, engaged upon some copying. You can imagine my surprise when I recognized in her the heroine of my adventure. To put the matter beyond question, our eyes met, and she, seeing herself remembered and recalling the trim in which I had last beheld her, looked swiftly on the ground with just a shadow of confusion.

I could not tell you to-day if she were plain or pretty; but she had behaved with so much good sense, and I had cut so poor a figure in her presence, that I became instantly fired with the desire to display myself in a more favorable light. The young man besides was possibly her brother; brothers are apt to be hasty, theirs being a part in which it is possible, at a comparatively early age, to assume the dignity of manhood; and it occurred to me it might be wise to forestall all possible complications by an apology.

On this reasoning I drew near to the gallery door, and had hardly got in position before the young man came out. Thus it was that I came face to face with my third destiny; for my career has been entirely shaped by these three elements—my father, the capitol of Muskegon, and my friend, Jim Pinkerton. As for the young lady with whom my mind was at the moment chiefly occupied, I was never to hear more of her from that day forward: an excellent example of the Blind Man's Buff that we call life.

Chapter III.

TO INTRODUCE MR. PINKERTON.

The stranger, I have said, was some years older than myself: a man of a good stature, a very lively face, cordial, agitated manners, and a gray eye as active as a fowl's.

"May I have a word with you?" said I.

"My dear sir," he replied, "I don't know what it can be about, but you may have a hundred if you like."

"You have just left the side of a young lady," I continued, "towards whom I was led (very unintentionally) into the appearance of an offence. To speak to herself would be only to renew her embarrassment, and I seize the occasion of making my apology, and declaring my respect, to one of my own sex who is her friend, and, perhaps," I added, with a bow, "her natural protector."

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"You are a countryman of mine; I know it!" he cried: "I am sure of it by your delicacy to a lady. You do her no more than justice. I was introduced to her the other night at tea, in the apartments of some people, friends of mine; and meeting her again this morning, I could not do less than carry her easel for her. My dear sir, what is your name?"

I was disappointed to find he had so little bond with my young lady; and but that it was I who had sought the acquaintance, might have been tempted to retreat. At the same time, something in the stranger's eye engaged me.

"My name," said I, "is Loudon Dodd; I am a student of sculpture here from Muskegon."

"Of sculpture?" he cried, as though that would have been his last conjecture. "Mine is James Pinkerton; I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Pinkerton!" it was now my turn to exclaim. "Are you Broken-Stool Pinkerton?"

He admitted his identity with a laugh of boyish delight; and indeed any young man in the quarter might have been proud to own a sobriquet thus gallantly acquired.

In order to explain the name, I must here digress into a chapter of the history of manners in the nineteenth century, very well worth commemoration for its own sake. In some of the studios at that date, the hazing of new pupils was both barbarous and obscene. Two incidents following one on the heels of the other tended to produce an advance in civilization by the means (as so commonly happens) of a passing appeal to savage standards. The first was the arrival of a little gentleman from Armenia. He had a fez upon his head and (what nobody counted on) a dagger in his pocket. The hazing was set about in the customary style, and, perhaps in virtue of the victim's head-gear, even more boisterously than usual. He bore it at first with an inviting patience; but upon one of the students proceeding to an unpardonable freedom, plucked out his knife and suddenly plunged it in the belly of the jester. This gentleman, I am pleased to say, passed months upon a bed of sickness, before he was in a position to resume his studies. The second incident was that which had earned Pinkerton his reputation. In a crowded studio, while some very filthy brutalities were being practised on a trembling debutant, a tall, pale fellow sprang from his stool and (without the smallest preface or explanation) sang out, "All English and Americans to clear the shop!" Our race is brutal, but not filthy; and the summons was nobly responded to. Every Anglo-Saxon student seized his stool; in a moment the studio was full of bloody coxcombs, the French fleeing in disorder to the door, the victim liberated and amazed. In this feat of arms, both English-speaking nations covered themselves with glory; but I am proud to claim the author of the whole for an American, and a patriotic American at that, being the same gentleman who had subsequently to be held down in the bottom of a box during a performance of *L'Oncle Sam*, sobbing at intervals, "My country, O my country!" While yet another (my new acquaintance, Pinkerton) was supposed to have made the most conspicuous figure in the actual battle. At one blow, he had broken his own stool and sent the largest of his opponents back foremost through what we used to call "a conscientious nude." It appears that, in the continuation of his flight, this fallen warrior issued on the boulevard still framed in the burst canvas.

It will be understood how much talk the incident aroused in the students' quarter, and that I was highly gratified to make the acquaintance of my famous countryman. It chanced I was to see more of the Quixotic side of his character before the morning was done; for as we continued to stroll together, I found myself near the studio of a young Frenchman whose work I had promised to examine, and in the fashion of the quarter, carried up Pinkerton along with me. Some of my comrades at this date were pretty obnoxious fellows. I could almost always admire and respect the grown-up practitioners of art in Paris; but many of those who were still in a state of pupilage were sorry speci-

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mens, so much so that I used often to wonder where the painters came from, and where the brutes of students went to. A similar mystery hangs over the intermediate stages of the medical profession, and must have perplexed the least observant. The ruffian, at least, whom I now carried Pinkerton to visit, was one of the most crapulous in the quarter. He turned out for our delectation a huge "crust" (as we used to call it) of St. Stephen, wallowing in red upon his belly in an exhausted receiver, and a crowd of Hebrews in blue, green, and yellow, pelting him—apparently with buns; and while we gazed upon this contrivance, regaled us with a piece of his own recent biography, of which his mind was still very full, and which he seemed to fancy represented him in a heroic posture. I was one of those cosmopolitan Americans, who accept the world (whether at home or abroad, as they find it, and whose favorite part is that of the spectator; yet even I was listening with ill-suppressed disgust, when I was aware of a violent plucking at my sleeve.

"Is he saying he kicked her down stairs?" asked Pinkerton, white as St. Stephen.

"Yes," said I: "his discarded mistress; and then he pelted her with stones. I suppose that's what gave him the idea for his picture. He has just been alleging the pathetic excuse that she was old enough to be his mother."

Something like a sob broke from Pinkerton. "Tell him," he gasped—"I can't speak this language, though I understand a little; I never had any proper education—tell him I'm going to punch his head."

"For God's sake, do nothing of the sort!" I cried. "They don't understand that sort of thing here." And I tried to bundle him out.

"Tell him first what we think of him," he objected. "Let me tell him what he looks in the eyes of a pure-minded American."

"Leave that to me," said I, thrusting Pinkerton clear through the door.

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il a?*"* inquired the student.

"*Monsieur se sent mal au cœur d'avoir trop regardé votre croûte,*"† said I, and made my escape, scarce with dignity, at Pinkerton's heels.

"What did you say to him?" he asked.

"The only thing that he could feel," was my reply.

After this scene, the freedom with which I had ejected my new acquaintance, and the precipitation with which I had followed him, the least I could do was to propose luncheon. I have forgot the name of the place to which I led him, nothing loath; it was on the far side of the Luxembourg at least, with a garden behind, where we were speedily set face to face at a table, and began to dig into each other's history and character, like terriers after rabbits, according to the approved fashion of youth.

Pinkerton's parents were from the old country; there too, I incidentally gathered, he had himself been born, though it was a circumstance he seemed prone to forget. Whether he had run away, or his father had turned him out, I never fathomed; but about the age of twelve, he was thrown upon his own resources. A travelling tin-type photographer picked him up, like a haw out of a hedgerow, on a wayside in New Jersey; took a fancy to the urchin; carried him on with him in his wandering life; taught him all he knew himself—to take tin-types (as well as I can make out) and doubt the Scriptures; and died at last in Ohio at the corner of a road. "He was a grand specimen," cried Pinkerton; "I wish you could have seen him, Mr. Dodd. He had an appearance of magnanimity that used to remind me of the patriarchs." On the death of this random protector, the boy inherited the plant and continued the business. "It was a life I could have chosen, Mr. Dodd!" he cried. "I have been in all the finest scenes of that magnificent continent that we were born to be the heirs of. I wish you could see my collection of tin-types; I wish I had them here. They were taken for my own pleasure and to be a memento; and they show Nature in her grandest as well as her gentlest moments." As he tramped the Western States and Territories, taking tin-types, the boy was con-

* "*What's the matter with him?*"

† "*The gentleman is sick at his stomach from having looked too long at your daub.*"

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tinually getting hold of books, good, bad, and indifferent, popular and abstruse, from the novels of Sylvanus Cobb to Euclid's Elements, both of which I found (to my almost equal wonder) he had managed to peruse: he was taking stock by the way, of the people, the products, and the country, with an eye unusually observant and a memory unusually retentive; and he was collecting for himself a body of magnanimous and semi-intellectual nonsense, which he supposed to be the natural thoughts and to contain the whole duty of the born American. To be pure-minded, to be patriotic, to get culture and money with both hands and with the same irrational fervor—these appeared to be the chief articles of his creed. In later days (not of course upon this first occasion) I would sometimes ask him why; and he had his answer pat. "To build up the type!" he would cry. "We're all committed to that; we're all under bond to fulfil the American Type! Loudon, the hope of the world is there. If we fail, like these old feudal monarchies, what is left?"

The trade of a tin-typer proved too narrow for the lad's ambition; it was insusceptible of expansion, he explained, it was not truly modern; and by a sudden conversion of front, he became a railroad-scalper. The principles of this trade I never clearly understood; but its essence appears to be to cheat the railroads out of their due fare. "I threw my whole soul into it; I grudged myself food and sleep while I was at it; the most practised hands admitted I had caught on the idea in a month and revolutionized the practice inside of a year," he said. "And there's interest in it, too. It's amusing to pick out some one going by, make up your mind about his character and tastes, dash out of the office and hit him flying with an offer of the very place he wants to go to. I don't think there was a scalper on the continent made fewer blunders. But I took it only as a stage. I was saving every dollar; I was looking ahead. I knew what I wanted—wealth, education, a refined home, and a conscientious, cultured lady for a wife; for, Mr. Dodd"—this with a formidable outcry—"every man is bound to marry above him: if the woman's not the man's superior, I brand it as mere sensuality. There was my idea, at least. That was what I was saving for; and enough, too! But it isn't every man, I know that—it's far from every man—could do what I did: close up the livest agency in Saint Jo, where he was coining dollars by the pot, set out alone, without a friend or a word of French, and settle down here to spend his capital learning art."

"Was it an old taste," I asked him, "or a sudden fancy?"

"Neither, Mr. Dodd," he admitted. "Of course, I had learned in my tin-typing excursions to glory and exult in the works of God. But it wasn't that. I just said to myself, What is most wanted in my age and country? More culture and more art, I said; and I chose the best place, saved my money, and came here to get them."

The whole attitude of this young man warmed and shamed me. He had more fire in his little toe than I in my whole carcase; he was stuffed to bursting with the manly virtues; thrift and courage glowed in him; and even if his artistic vocation seemed (to one of my exclusive tenets) not quite clear, who could predict what might be accomplished by a creature so full-blooded and so inspired with animal and intellectual energy? So, when he proposed that I should come and see his work (one of the regular stages of a Latin Quarter friendship) I followed him with interest and hope.

He lodged parsimoniously at the top of a tall house near the Observatory, in a bare room, principally furnished with his own trunks and papered with his own despicable studies. No man has less taste for disagreeable duties than myself; perhaps there is only one subject on which I cannot flatter a man without a blush; but upon that, upon all that touches art, my sincerity is Roman. Once and twice I made the circuit of his walls in silence, spying in every corner for some spark of merit; he, meanwhile, following close at my heels, reading the verdict in my face with furtive glances, presenting some fresh study for my inspection with undisguised anxiety, and (after it had been silently weighed in the balances and found

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wanting) whisking it away with an open gesture of despair. By the time the second round was completed, we were both extremely depressed.

"Oh!" he groaned, breaking the long silence, "it's quite unnecessary you should speak!"

"Do you want me to be frank with you? I think you are wasting time," said I.

"You don't see any promise?" he inquired, beguiled by some return of hope, and turning upon me the embarrassing brightness of his eye. "Not in this still-life here, of the melon? One fellow thought it good."

It was the least I could do to give the melon a more particular examination; which, when I had done, I could but shake my head. "I am truly sorry, Pinkerton," said I, "but I can't advise you to persevere."

He seemed to recover his fortitude at the moment, rebounding from disappointment like a man of india-rubber. "Well," said he, stoutly, "I don't know that I'm surprised. But I'll go on with the course; and throw my whole soul into it, too. You mustn't think the time is lost. It's all culture; it will help me to extend my relations when I get back home; it may fit me for a position on one of the illustrateds; and then I can always turn dealer," he said, uttering the monstrous proposition, which was enough to shake the Latin Quarter to the dust, with entire simplicity. "It's all experience, besides," he continued; "and it seems to me there's a tendency to underrate experience, both as net profit and investment. Never mind. That's done with. But it took courage for you to say what you did, and I'll never forget it. Here's my hand, Mr. Dodd. I'm not your equal in culture or talent——"

"You know nothing about that," I interrupted. "I have seen your work, but you haven't seen mine."

"No more I have," he cried; "and let's go see it at once! But I know you are away up. I can feel it here."

To say truth, I was almost ashamed to introduce him to my studio—my work, whether absolutely good or bad, being so vastly superior to his. But his spirits were now quite restored; and he amazed me, on the way, with his light-hearted talk and new projects. So that I began at last to understand how matters lay: that this was not an artist who had been deprived of the practice of his single art; but only a business man of very extended interests, informed (perhaps something of the most suddenly) that one investment out of twenty had gone wrong.

As a matter of fact besides (although I never suspected it) he was already seeking consolation with another of the muses, and pleasing himself with the notion that he would repay me for my sincerity, cement our friendship, and (at one and the same blow) restore my estimation of his talents. Several times already, when I had been speaking of myself, he had pulled out a writing-pad and scribbled a brief note; and now, when we entered the studio, I saw it in his hand again, and the pencil go to his mouth, as he cast a comprehensive glance round the uncomfortable building.

"Are you going to make a sketch of it?" I could not help asking, as I unveiled the Genius of Muskegon.

"Ah, that's my secret," said he. "Never you mind. A mouse can help a lion."

He walked round my statue and had the design explained to him. I had represented Muskegon as a young, almost a stripling, mother, with something of an Indian type; the babe upon her knees was winged, to indicate our soaring future; and her seat was a medley of sculptured fragments, Greek, Roman, and Gothic, to remind us of the older worlds from which we trace our generation.

"Now, does this satisfy you, Mr. Dodd?" he inquired, as soon as I had explained to him the main features of the design.

"Well," I said, "the fellows seem to think it's not a bad *bonne femme* for a beginner. I don't think it's entirely bad, myself. Here is the best point; it builds up best from here. No, it seems to me it has a kind of merit," I admitted; "but I mean to do better."

"Ah, that's the word!" cried Pinkerton. "There's the word I love!" and he scribbled in his pad.

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"What in creation ails you?" I inquired. "It's the most commonplace expression in the English language."

"Better and better!" chuckled Pinkerton. "The unconsciousness of genius. Lord, but this is coming in beautiful!" and he scribbled again.

"If you're going to be fulsome," said I, "I'll close the place of entertainment." And I threatened to replace the veil upon the Genius.

"No, no," said he. "Don't be in a hurry. Give me a point or two. Show me what's particularly good."

"I would rather you found that out for yourself," said I.

"The trouble is," said he, "that I've never turned my attention to sculpture, beyond, of course, admiring it, as everybody must who has a soul. So do just be a good fellow, and explain to me what you like in it, and what you tried for, and where the merit comes in. It'll be all education for me."

"Well, in sculpture, you see, the first thing you have to consider is the masses. It's, after all, a kind of architecture," I began, and delivered a lecture on that branch of art, with illustrations from my own masterpiece there present, all of which, if you don't mind, or whether you mind or not, I mean to conscientiously omit. Pinkerton listened with a fiery interest, questioned me with a certain uncultivated shrewdness, and continued to scratch down notes, and tear fresh sheets from his pad. I found it inspiring to have my words thus taken down like a professor's lecture; and having had no previous experience of the press, I was unaware that they were all being taken down wrong. For the same reason (incredible as it must appear in an American) I never entertained the least suspicion that they were destined to be dished up with a sauce of penny-a-lining gossip; and myself, my person, aud my works of art butchered to make a holiday for the readers of a Sunday paper. Night had fallen over the Genius of Muskegon before the issue of my theoretic eloquence was stayed, nor did I separate from my new friend without an appointment for the morrow.

I was indeed greatly taken with this first view of my countryman, and continued, on further acquaintance, to be interested, amused, and attracted by him in about equal proportions. I must not say he had a fault, not only because my mouth is sealed by gratitude, but because those he had sprang merely from his education, and you could see he had cultivated and improved them like virtues. For all that, I can never deny he was a troublous friend to me, and the trouble began early.

It may have been a fortnight later that I divined the secret of the writing-pad. My wretch (it leaked out) wrote letters for a paper in the West, and had filled a part of one of them with descriptions of myself. I pointed out to him that he had no right to do so without asking my permission.

"Why, this is just what I hoped!" he exclaimed. "I thought you didn't seem to catch on; only it seemed too good to be true."

"But, my good fellow, you were bound to warn me," I objected.

"I know it's generally considered etiquette," he admitted; "but between friends, and when it was only with a view of serving you, I thought it wouldn't matter. I wanted it (if possible) to come on you as a surprise; I wanted you just to waken, like Lord Byron, and find the papers full of you. You must admit it was a natural thought. And no man likes to boast of a favor beforehand."

"But heavens and earth! how do you know I think it a favor?" I cried.

He became immediately plunged in despair. "You think it a liberty," said he; "I see that. I would rather have cut off my hand. I would stop it now, only it's too late; it's published by now. And I wrote it with so much pride and pleasure!" he wailed.

I could think of nothing but how to console him. "O, I daresay it's all right," said I. "I know you meant it kindly, and you would be sure to do it in good taste."

"That you may swear to," he cried. "It's a pure, bright, A number 1 paper; the St. Jo *Sunday Herald*. The idea of the series was quite my own; I interviewed the editor, put it to him straight; the freshness of the idea took him, and

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I walked out of that office with the contract in my pocket, and did my first Paris letter that evening in Saint Jo. The editor did no more than glance his eye down the headlines. 'You're the man for us,' said he."

I was certainly far from reassured by this sketch of the class of literature in which I was to make my first ppearance; but I said no more, and possessed my soul in patience, until the day came when I received a copy of a newspaper marked in the corner, "Compliments of J. P." I opened it with sensible shrinkings; and there, wedged between an account of a prize-fight and a skittish article upon chiropody—think of chiropody treated with a leer!—I came upon a column and a half in which myself and my poor statue were embalmed. Like the editor with the first of the series, I did but glance my eye down the headlines and was more than satisfied.

ANOTHER OF PINKERTON'S SPICY CHATS.

ART PRACTITIONERS IN PARIS.

MUSKEGON'S COLUMNED CAPITOL.

SON OF MILLIONAIRE DODD, PATRIOT AND ARTIST.

"HE MEANS TO DO BETTER."

In the body of the text besides, my eye caught, as it passed, some deadly expressions: "Figure somewhat fleshy," "bright, intellectual smile," "the unconsciousness of genius," "'Now, Mr. Dodd,' resumed the reporter, 'what would be your idea of a distinctively American quality in sculpture?'" It was true the question had been asked; it was true, alas! that I had answered; and now here was my reply, or some strange hash of it, gibbetted in the cold publicity of type. I thanked God that my French fellow-students were ignorant of English; but when I thought of the British—of Myner (for instance) or the Stennises—I think I could have fallen on Pinkerton and beat him.

To divert my thoughts (if it were possible) from this calamity, I turned to a letter from my father which had arrived by the same post. The envelope contained a strip of newspaper-cutting; and my eyes caught again, "Son of Millionaire Dodd—Figure somewhat fleshy," and the rest of the degrading nonsense. What would my father think of it? I wondered, and opened his manuscript. "My dearest boy," it began, "I send you a cutting, which has pleased me very much, from a St. Joseph paper of high standing. At last you seem to be coming fairly to the front; and I cannot but reflect with delight and gratitude how very few youths of your age occupy nearly two columns of press-matter all to themselves. I only wish your dear mother had been here to read it over my shoulder; but we will hope she shares my grateful emotion in a better place. Of course I have sent a copy to your grandfather and uncle in Edinburgh; so you can keep the one I enclose. This Jim Pinkerton seems a valuable acquaintance; he has certainly great talent; and it is a good general rule to keep in with pressmen."

I hope it will be set down to the right side of my account, but I had no sooner read these words, so touchingly silly, than my anger against Pinkerton was swallowed up in gratitude. Of all the circumstances of my career, my birth, perhaps, excepted, not one had given my poor father so profound a pleasure as this article in the *Sunday Herald*. What a fool, then, was I, to be lamenting! when I had at last, and for once, and at the cost of only a few blushes, paid back a fraction of my debt of gratitude. So that, when I next met Pinkerton, I took things very lightly; my father was pleased, and thought the letter very clever, I told him; for my own part, I had no taste for publicity: thought the public had no concern with the artist, only with his art; and though I owned he had handled it with great consideration, I should take it as a favor if he never did it again.

"There it is," he said, despondingly. "I've hurt you. You can't deceive me, Loudon. It's the want of tact, and it's incurable." He sat down, and leaned his head upon his hand. "I had no advantages when I was young, you see," he added.

"Not in the least, my dear fellow," said I. "Only the next time you wish to do me a service, just speak about my

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work; leave my wretched person out, and my still more wretched conversation; and above all," I added, with an irrepressible shudder, "don't tell them how I said it! There's that phrase, now: 'With a proud, glad smile.' Who cares whether I smiled or not?"

"O, there now, Loudon, you're entirely wrong," he broke in. "That's what the public likes; that's the merit of the thing, the literary value. It's to call up the scene before them; it's to enable the humblest citizen to enjoy that afternoon the same as I did. Think what it would have been to me when I was tramping around with my tin-types to find a column and a half of real, cultured conversation — an artist, in his studio abroad, talking of his art—and to know how he looked as he did it, and what the room was like, and what he had for breakfast; and to tell myself, eating tinned beans beside a creek, that if all went well, the same sort of thing would, sooner or later, happen to myself; why, Loudon, it would have been like a peephole into heaven!"

"Well, if it gives you so much pleasure," I admitted, "the sufferers shouldn't complain. Only give the other fellows a turn."

The end of this matter was to bring myself and the journalist in a more close relation. If I know anything at all of human nature—and the *if* is no mere figure of speech, but stands for honest doubt—no series of benefits conferred, or even dangers shared, would have so rapidly confirmed our friendship as this quarrel avoided, this fundamental difference of taste and training accepted and condoned.

(To be continued.)

IN ABSENCE.

By Archibald Lampman.

My love is far away from me to-night.
  Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
  Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes,
Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
  So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
  As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away, and I am grown
  A very child, oppressed with formless glooms.
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
  Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

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DEAD MEN'S HOLIDAY.

AFTER SHIPKA.

"Every one kept holiday—except the dead."—VERESTSCHAGIN.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

WHO dares to say the dead men were not glad,
When all the banners flaunted triumph there
And soldiers tossed their caps into the air,
And cheered, and cheered as they with joy were mad?

Proudly the General galloped down the line,
And shouted thanks and praise to all his men,
And the free echoes tossed it back again,
And the keen air stung all their lips like wine.

And there, in front, the dead lay silently—
They who had given their lives the fight to win—
Were *their* ears deaf, think you, to all the din,
And *their* eyes holden that they could not see?

I tell you, no! They heard, and hearing knew
How brief a thing this triumph of a day,
From which men journey on, the same old way,
The same old snares and pitfalls struggle through.

Theirs the true triumph, for their fight was done;
And with low laughter called they, each to each—
"We are at rest, where foemen cannot reach,
And better this than fighting in the sun."

UNEFFECTUAL FIRE.

By Annie Eliot.

I.

THE long sand-beach stretched in one direction into the vagueness of an irregular curve; in the other, it lost itself in the unimportance of a fragmentary jumble of bowlders, a small dwelling, and a bathing-house or two. The blue-green water rose and fell under blue depths of space to the distant horizon. The breakers, with ceaseless, untiring effort, lifted themselves, waxed strong and resistless, and sweeping on in bold confidence, dashed themselves to pieces, and foamed and gurgled and lapped the sand in ebbing weakness, which yet was not all weakness, but a return to renewed strength and progress. It was the reiterated expression of treacherous power and its futility. A gaunt, gray wreck lay three-cornerwise on the sand, colorless, grim, and unwillingly conspicuous, as are most skeletons, that, stripped of the bloom and glory that were theirs, still raise themselves in the midst of existence with the unspoken burden, "Here once was happiness."

The thunder of the surf reverberated, a slight breeze blew from the sea, and there was no other sound or motion

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from the far-away curve to the distant jumble of bowlders. Suddenly, from the gray timbers of the wrecked vessel's stern, where they lay prone, half-buried by the sand, rose the head of a young girl. Kneeling, she rested a brown hand on the jagged edge of a beam, and, leaning forward, looked up and down the unpeopled beach. Nothing could be seen of her but a charmingly pretty face, a lot of reddish-brown hair, roughened by the wind, and the supporting hand and wrist. It was as if a spirit of youth had suddenly risen within the very barriers of desolation to assert a resurrection.

For a moment she knelt there, motionless, facing the gleaming sea. The strong light drew her eyebrows together into a slight frown as she glanced up toward the sun—it was early yet—they would come soon. Out at sea a schooner went swiftly across her vision. She watched it, smiling, and with another look north and south, sank back out of sight, and the beach was lonely as before.

For ten minutes more the sun whitened the sails that flitted about the horizon, the waves broke and retreated and advanced, and then down one of the little paths, worn to the sand on the short, dry turf of the fields, and losing itself in the longer beach-grass, came slowly a man and woman. They were both types of a high civilization. She was tall, and carried herself extremely well, but she was obliged to look up to the man who walked by her side. Their costumes bore witness to the careful carelessness of summer fashion. She paused as they came to the edge of the grass and he waited, looking at her. Her eyes swept the long curve of the beach with an indolent curiosity far removed from that eager search of a few moments earlier.

"Nobody here," she said. "Do you know I feel like the man who discovered the Atlantic Ocean, you know, in the reading-books——" She paused and looked at her companion.

"Yes—well?" he answered.

"Don't be affected—tell me his name."

"I suppose you mean Balboa, and it was the Pacific," he suggested, without enthusiasm.

"Yes—no matter if it was the Pacific—I feel like him whenever we come here. Nobody else seems to know about it."

She spoke with a certain vivacity which seemed to contradict the theory of indifference which her expression suggested.

"I hope they won't find out," he remarked.

"They like the other beach better, of course. It's nearer home. I feel as if I was cribbed and confined till I get out of sight of the hotel. I am afraid every minute that Mrs. Mellin will ask me what the temperature is."

They walked on as she spoke, apparently to a definite goal.

"How I hate the temperature! Good, honest talk about the weather I don't mind—but I do hate the temperature. Nobody ever agrees about it, to begin with—do they?"

"Never," he answered, promptly. "The temperature has probably produced more bearing false witness against thy neighbor than any five other causes within the last year. The thermometer is the curse of modern civilization."

Though his interest in the question was less burning than hers, the fact that they were together meant more to him than to her. He watched her, answered her, listened to her with intensity, while her voice and manner never lost their indifference whatever changes her voice might undergo. They passed the corner of the wreck where the apparition had risen just before, and went down to the other end, where some fallen timbers made a sheltered seat. They were both looking away from the dismantled stern of the vessel, and through a convenient opening in its joints, a pair of eyes watched them eagerly. To be sure, their owner could only see the broad shoulders and close-cut hair of the man, and now and then his profile as he looked up at his companion; while of her nothing was visible but her blue flannel skirt, the russet shoes somewhere about the border of it, her small hands with their several rings, and when she leaned forward to pick up a pebble, her face with its somewhat pale beauty, for an instant. The wind was in the observer's direction, and their

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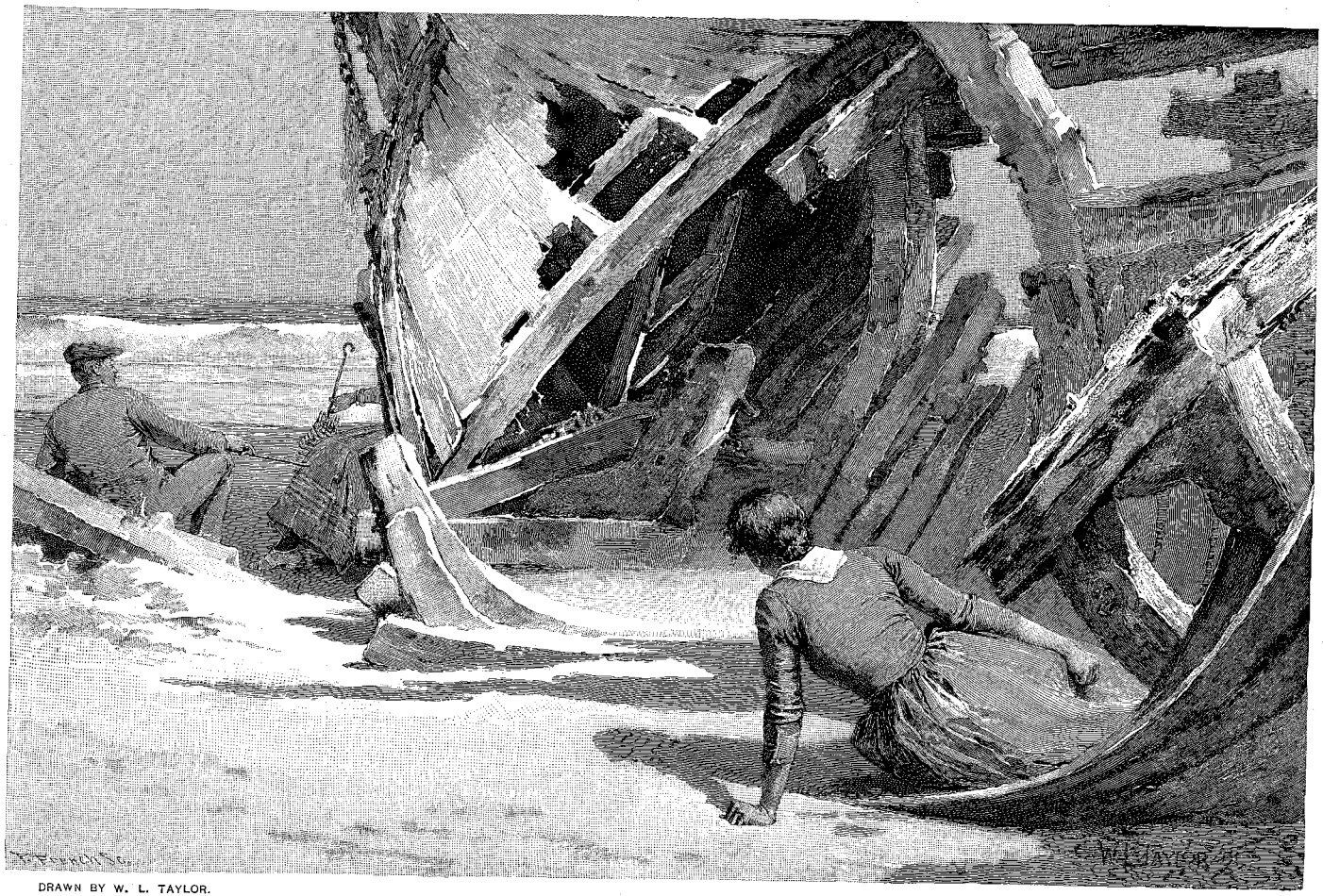

DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR.

"The unseen listener leaned perilously forward."—Page 198.

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voices, raised a little on account of the surf, came steadily to her ears.

"How plainly we hear the buoy," she said, idly, at last. Evidently they knew each other too well to plunge into conversation under the spur of an embarrassing pause. The man looked out to sea, whence came the fitful tone at disconcerting intervals.

"The wind is in our direction," he said, briefly. Then he returned to his study of the effects of her dark hair under a yachting cap, and that of the chastening indifference of her eyes.

"What makes it so sad?" she speculated. "Is it the irregularity of the sound, do you think?"

"Irregularity is not always sad," he objected. "I think it's the—well, the aimlessness—the—the futility of it, don't you know. A bell ought to call people together, and there isn't anybody to call."

"It is neither aimless nor futile."

The man sat up and clasped his hands about his knee, apparently roused into a defence of his opinions. The eyes behind the wreck saw distinctly his handsome profile. "Well, then," he amended, "instead of the ordinary mission of a bell, which is, as I say, to call people together, it warns them off. Therefore it is lonely, it must ever be lonely—that is why it is unhappy."

"That isn't what you said before." She was evidently a logician.

"Isn't it? No matter."

The bell swung at the mercy of the water and the wind; its sound came to their ears in a pause of the surf.

"Keep away! Keep away!" chanted the girl, with the same measured intervals. "I don't know but you are right. It is a rather melancholy burden."

There was silence again. The man picked up a pebble and threw it into the surf.

"I've thought of something else," she said, slowly.

"That must be a relief," he said, dropping down again into his former position. She glanced at him questioningly.

"To think of something else. I am always thinking the same thing——"

"How monotonous!" she interrupted; but he completed his sentence.

"That I love you."

The unseen listener leaned perilously forward to see if she could not see the response of look as well as voice; the blood sprang to her own cheek. Just then the other woman bent forward also and she saw her face. It was calm and unemotional as ever, though a little smile curved her small mouth, as she looked down at her companion.

"That is nice for me," she said, "but perhaps just a little—well, *ennuyant* for you!"

"Anything but that," he said, with a laugh like, yet unlike, her own.

"Don't you want to know what it is that I have thought of?" she asked, leaning back again on the wreck and putting her arm over her head.

"By all means."

"Matthew Arnold's merman."

"It is almost a pity, isn't it, that you didn't think of him before he did? Second thoughts may be best, but they haven't the same commercial value."

"Listen!" she said. "He is ringing the bell for his human wife to come back—she ran away from him, you know, and she doesn't hear—of course it is sad."

"Now you are purely fanciful," he protested. "I was trying to be analytic. If it comes to mermen you can make it anything you like."

"'Come, dear children, come away down;

"'Call no more.

"'She will not come though you call all day;

"'Come away, come away!'" she quoted softly.

"That is just like you, isn't it?" he commented. "You would be like that. You would never have a regret for what you had left behind you. You would be saying your prayers in the little gray church—on a 'windy hill,' wasn't it?—no matter who was calling for you outside."

He spoke with a bitterness that seemed involuntary. She laughed a little. The small hands that were in sight of the silent watcher were playing lazily with the sand, through which the diamonds gleamed with sudden brightness as she half buried her fingers in its colorlessness.

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"Would you have me always regret the—the bottom of the sea?" she asked.

"I would have you regret nothing. I am too much of a philosopher," he answered, with a smile at his own presumption, "but I wish—" he caught one of her hands from the yielding sand and kissed it twice. The figure behind the wreck clasped her hands with a sudden movement; a rush of noisy waves—one, two, three—each close behind the other—would have drowned a more emphatic sound. The sparkling hand was withdrawn, and the quiet voice was heard.

"For a philosopher—" she paused, and then went on—"aren't you a little—tempestuous?"

"'*Toujours philosophe*—is a fool,'" he answered, quickly. "I've forgotten who said that, but it was somebody a great deal cleverer than I—and it's true."

"I don't think you are in any immediate danger of—that sort of foolishness."

He laughed.

"Think what you've saved me from."

"Oh, saved you!" she sighed, with slight impatience. "Why can't you let well enough alone?"

"I do, a great deal of the time—only you call it well enough—I don't."

She tossed a handful of sand into space, and it was immediately blown hither and yon, into strange places, as are most things that we toss carelessly into space. Some of it went into the eyes of which she was so unconscious, and made them quite uncomfortable for a moment. Apparently with the gesture she dismissed the subject.

The afternoon waned, the hours passing as swiftly as do all unhurried hours.

"I'd like to walk up the hill," she suggested, "before sunset. Will you go?"

"If you go with me," he assented.

He offered her his hand to help her to rise. She hesitated a little, laughing still, before she gave him hers—the one he had kissed. He grasped it quickly, laughing a little too, and drew her lightly to her feet. She moved a few steps on while he stooped to pick up the shawl and parasol. So standing, she was in full sight from the creviced timbers; it seemed as if she must feel the magnetism of those eager eyes; but she did not; she turned and went on toward the hill, the same idle smile on her lips as she looked up at the man who walked with her. Without turning for a last glance at the lovely grandeur of the surf which still rose and broke and thundered with no diminution of the majesty that had ceased to be a spectacle to their human eyes, they reached the foot of the hill and began to climb it. The other girl rose from her somewhat cramped position, and slowly shaking the sand from her dress gazed after them. She was perhaps nineteen years old, and too nearly beautiful to escape comment wherever might be observers. She stretched her arms lazily, relieved from the narrow limitations of her hiding-place. Her lips were smiling and her cheeks were flushed with excitement. She climbed over the fallen timbers which surrounded her on all sides save that away from the ocean, where the land rose into a little hillock, itself a shield in that direction. Still smiling, she strolled along the sand, and at last threw herself down again upon it, her half-bare arms burying themselves in its warmth, her chin resting in her hands, and her eyes, like ancient mariners, "following the sea."

The sun fell on the reddish masses of her hair, and touched the color on her brown cheeks into deeper warmth, and then slipped away almost imperceptibly behind the hill; but she did not go away, though she shifted her position now and then. She was gifted with an extraordinary facility of repose. But she was mentally active, reviewing every sentence of the conversation she had just heard. Many of its allusions, much of its significance, had escaped her. In its lightest triviality there was something that she did not lay hold of; but the tone, the inflection of it—this she grasped notwithstanding. The intensity that deepened it, the passion that now and then glanced through it, she caught and responded to with a quickness and a certainty that were remarkable. Moreover, her ears were becoming accustomed to the language that had been strange at first; it was no longer the hopeless confusion of tongues that it had been, when it had seemed but a

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"If I should go away—go away some day and never come back."—Page 202.

saying of things that had no meaning, a slipping away from a meaning before it was half said, combined with a deafness that came upon them when most tremendous meanings challenged their attention. That first time had been when she wakened from a long nap in her favorite corner of the old ship, to hear just outside the voice that she recognized as that of the young lady watched and idolized for three whole weeks. Since then Judith had come with the same companion three or four times, and she had awaited them, eagerly, silently. At last she fancied she saw realized the vision of years, at last the reserve of strength and the sweet coldness of the princess who perceives the prince had come into her life. Trena Polton had imagination and keen perceptions. To-day, with the sun caressing her cheeks and throat, with the breeze roughening still further her carelessly knotted hair, with the freedom of the sea before her and its voice in her ears, the warm sand under her, and the blue sky bending down about her, she felt the subtleties and the possibilities of love.

At last, as the breeze struck more coldly and the warmth departed, she picked herself up, glanced over her shoulder to the glorified west, and went on up the beach to a path more distant than that down which the others had come.

Meanwhile, at the top of the hill, watching the sunset, sat Judith Van Wert and Randal Kane. In the west, over the bay, the sky was changing from gold to rose, and melting here and there into green, and deepening into faint warm tints of purple and curious, dull, breathing reds; the canoes and row-boats floated softly in a throbbing, molten medium that was not sky and must be water, and a sail-boat drifted silently across the brightness and lost itself in the shad-

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ows already beginning to lurk in the near distance.

"There is no use," sighed Judith, "we can't live up to our sunsets here. What possibility has life to offer us of which that magnificence can be a symbol?" She paused to gaze silently a moment. "What deed can be done which should not be unworthy such a background?" she went on, dreamily. "What emotion that could burn itself into such a flame of glory?"

"After all, there are certain things on earth that are too great for other expression," he said. "As for love——"

"Don't," she said, quickly; "you will introduce that 'horrible sense of the *déjà connu!*'"

II.

The door of the fisherman's small house was open. Within was the sound of dishes and a slight hissing, suggestive of the withdrawal of fish from their native element, and a not far-distant frying-pan. As the girl's shadow deepened the growing twilight of the doorway, her mother looked up. "There you are, Trena," she said; "Ben's been looking for you."

The somewhat statuesque importance of "Tryphena" had been shortened for daily use into "Trena."

"He says he'll meet you after supper in Whaler's lot."

The girl tossed her head a little. The interior of the small kitchen looked almost dark after the soft brilliance of the outer world. The bright sparkle of fire from the sputtering stove was dim beside the flame that had devoured the heavens.

"He did, did he?" she responded.

Her mother stood with her elbows on her hips, in one hand a steel knife, in the other, an iron fork asserting themselves at right angles to her body, with which implements, at discreet intervals, she investigated the fish. She faced her daughter with a sharpness that was not condemnatory.

"Yes, he did, and I guess you're goin' to be there too, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes, I guess I'll be there," Trena replied, negligently. "Has father come in?"

"Come in? Yes, he's come in. Sometimes 't looks as if that wasn't anythin' but another name for goin' out," sighed the housekeeper, as she turned a crisp fish in the pan. "Lobster-pots this time."

"He's coming now," said the girl, as she watched a small boat being pulled in through the tinted waters of the bay. Then she sauntered slowly down to the dock to meet him. Her mother stepped to the door and looked after her; there had been a curious, subdued excitement in Trena's manner that had affected her. She wondered what idea the child had in her head. She watched the short, scant blue skirt as it wavered against the grayness of the dock, and noted, half-unconsciously, the erect, light figure, and the pretty, well-set head that gave her ineffective costume a certain picturesqueness. She did not perceive these details which would have struck a more tutored eye with their significance, but she felt her daughter's beauty, and retained this fresh impression of it, even after she had returned to the unbeautiful stove and the numerous pots and kettles subject to its sturdy influence.

As Trena went toward Whaler's lot, after supper, the clouds had faded and grown heavier in the west, and the sky was a curious blending of dark grays, with here and there a vivid red breaking through and vivifying the oppression of the low-lying masses into a sullen hint of rebellion. Trena's spirit was filled with inarticulate discontent. She did not know why the romance of her life had suddenly grown crude and yet colorless. She did not say to herself that it had. She only felt the wide and immeasurable distance between the tryst of Whaler's lot and that of the afternoon on a lonely beach, when the murmurs of love-making drifted in half-meanings and delicate suggestion through the thunder of the surf. She knew so well what Ben would say, and how he would say it. She was sure there would be none of that withheld strength, that reticence of expression that had lent the other interview something elusive, but distinct and delicious. It would not be like that to-night, but perhaps, in time, she might teach him. Why not? The idea pleased her. Tre-

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na's temperament was one peculiarly susceptible to shades of feeling. Unused to self-analysis, utterly at a loss as she would have been for the terms to express the distinctions that she perceived, ignorant of the whole world of artificial and conscious sentiment, she nevertheless was keenly sensitive to the changes, fluctuations, and significances of emotional experience. Had she been a woman of the world she would have been dangerously wise in the *nuances* of sentimental relations, and would, perhaps, have used her wisdom not altogether to edification. But she was not a woman of the world, and she had no gauge to judge of the comparative value of her impulses. To her fascinated gaze Judith, in her daintiness, her beauty, and her air of experience, was the incarnation of all wild dreams of what she herself would become; while Kane, whose strength, courtesy, and command of every occasion, seemed to her ignorance exclusively his own, was the nobleman who made all other men commoners. With the frank curiosity of a child she had listened to their idle talk, with as little thought of any dishonor in the transaction as if they had been in reality beings of another world. She was like a novice who has watched with rapture the graceful play of the fencing foils, and in eager emulation snatches one of them, too ignorant to see if the button be in place.

She swung open the big wooden gate that barred the way into Whaler's lot. The late twilight had fallen, but it was long at this season, and the three or four stunted apple-trees that stood together at the further end, stretched out their arms in rugged protectiveness, while through their branches the evening star flickered with an unsteadiness that was that of the slight breeze that was blowing, and not its own. Through all, and under all, and yet unmistakably over all the sounds, the sights, and the beauties of the summer evening, was the long, slow roll of the unseen surf.

A man's figure advanced from the other side of the field.

"Well," he said, "I was beginning to cast about for an excuse for being here by myself, in case anybody should happen along, seeing how you didn't seem to be coming." He smiled as he spoke, and taking her hand in his, swung it gently back and forth as they went toward the gnarled apple-trees. She did not answer for a moment, and let her hand rest in his. Then, with sudden coquetry, she looked up at him.

"Supposing I hadn't come?" she suggested.

"Well, then," he answered, still smiling, "I guess I'd 'a' had to go up and fetch you."

"Supposing I wouldn't have come then," she persisted. "Supposing—I shouldn't *ever* have come?"

Ben looked puzzled and then laughed good-humoredly.

"Well, you're not thinking of getting drowned or—or going to boarding-school, are you?" he inquired, briefly reviewing the two sorts of casualties which, within his memory, had carried off any of the female population of the place. Trena pouted and tossed her head. His calm serenity irritated her.

"I shouldn't think you'd talk that way about my being drowned," she said. "If I should go—go away some day and never come back, perhaps you'd talk differently."

Ben's face grew less untroubled.

"It depends on why you went," he said, slowly; "if 'twas anywhere you didn't want to go I'd go after you; but if it was because you wanted to go, then I guess I'd make up my mind to let you."

Trena glanced at him, a little startled. This new tone did not altogether displease her, though it was unlike what she had heard that afternoon.

"I might go," she said, airily, "because I liked somebody else better."

His momentary sternness vanished. This was nonsense—she liked nobody better.

"I don't believe you will," he answered.

They were standing now under the first apple-tree. He put his arm around her and kissed her cheek. The suddenness of the caress made her forget her new assumptions. Ben was not prodigal of caresses. She laughed and blushed a little; her eyes met his and then glanced away to the trees and the evening sky.

"I don't know as I will," she said.

Ben stood looking at her in silence;

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her red-brown hair had almost escaped from the knot which a tawdry, gilded hairpin, bought in imitation of Judith's ornaments, was supposed to hold in place. In the faint light it had lost its tawdriness, and gleamed bright gold in the darker masses of her hair. Her eyes were softened by the half shyness that had come over her. A little restless under his gaze, she raised her hand to the low-bending bough of the tree, and swung it gently back and forth over her head. Ben could say nothing; he turned and looked toward the invisible ocean, feeling dimly that its deep undertone was expression. Its salt breath was in their faces as the darkness closed in more swiftly and the evening star grew brighter.

The branch of the old apple-tree swung suddenly back into its place with a sharp swish. It seemed that it might miss the soft, clinging grasp of her warm, brown hands—they had so little softness in their lives, these apple-trees—they were exposed to so many icy blasts and so much steady, persistent wind, that much of their existence was a struggle; and were it not for occasional visions of sentiment like the present, they would have forgotten that there was such a thing as tenderness in the world.

"Now I've come, why don't you talk to me, Ben?" asked Trena, laughing.

For a time the spirit of discontent was banished, but Trena's impressible nature had come too decidedly under the spell of a different civilization for her not to return to the attempt to repeat some of its features. Ben's talk about the fishing was monotonous, his confidence in her interest inapposite.

"What makes you tell me all that?" she asked, with a flash of impatience.

"Why do I tell you?" he repeated, and went on somewhat clumsily—he was utterly unused to analyzing his emotions. "I don't exactly know. I thought you might — no, I guess it's only because I love you."

Had she been really the sophisticated woman she was trying to fancy herself, the simplicity of this statement would have touched her, did she but know it; but it was simplicity which had palled upon her.

"Oh, yes, I suppose you do," she answered, flippantly.

Then, with an ill-directed grasp at the evasive sentiment of the afternoon, "But what's the use, Ben, anyway?" she added.

Ben was wounded. He did not often tell her that he loved her. He was one of those slow, undemonstrative, not altogether unreasonable people, who, having made such a statement, expect it to remain in force until contradicted or otherwise falsified, and it hurt him that when he tried to make her understand she should treat his explanation as so trivial.

"You never asked me what the use of it was before," he said, "and I'm sorry you have to ask now."

They had wandered away from the apple-tree and were leaning against the old rail fence that bordered Whaler's lot. A couple of belated, and perhaps dissipated, swallows, swooped down almost between them, and, with what seemed a single flutter of swift wings, were gone. How stupid Ben was to answer her in that sort of way! Why couldn't he have shrugged his shoulders and quoted a line of poetry?

He drew nearer to her; possibly he thought that renewed tenderness might overcome this new wilfulness, some indications of which he had seen of late. She moved away pettishly.

"Let's go back," she said, "it's late anyhow."

Ben felt strangely checked and thwarted by her manner. He was not unprepared for a lovers' quarrel now and then, but this coolness, this dissatisfaction was not of that sort. In increasing perplexity and regret he let her lead the way from Whaler's lot toward home. Trena herself could have cried with vexation. She had so lamentably failed in producing the effects she longed for. Ben could not care for her as that other lover cared! Why, if Ben must kiss her, could he not have kissed her hand? That one swift kiss she had seen on the beach seemed to her awakened imagination more poetic, more intense, fuller of concentrated feeling than all Ben's words and demonstrations.

The month went slowly by. With grand unconsciousness of the petty ebb

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and flow of human love and jealousy and distrust, the mighty tides swept themselves over the unresisting sand, or when a storm arose, in magnificent contempt of bondage, dashed themselves over the rocks about the light-house. The days were growing steadily shorter, but the afternoons were still sunny, and still Judith and Kane made their way through the long, strong, but yet unsuccessful-looking beach-grass, to the hard sand, and across it to the old wreck. Behind the old wreck often crouched a picturesque figure whose heart was filled with mingled sensations of envy, admiration, dissatisfaction, and something stronger yet, while she listened, half-comprehending, half-bewildered, to their talk with its occasional flashes of passion. Then followed other scenes in Whaler's lot, on the rocks, near the narrow door-stone of the fisherman's house, in the one street of the straggling village—wherever Ben and Trena met, which she, with the ignorance of a child and the persistence of a woman, strove to infuse with the caustic mockery and the sceptical spirit of which she had half caught the significance, and so wounded and angered Ben until he slowly and unwillingly became bitter, suspicious, and resentful.

But to his moods Trena was strangely indifferent; it was as if she were under a spell—the spell of the spirit of the time—only to her the drama of the sands lacked one thing—climax. Were they going on forever in this way? she wondered. Still Judith talked of the sea and life and people, and appealed to him and interrupted him, and still he listened and commented, and now and then said sharp, uncompromising things, and lazily acquiesced in her interruptions. Was this to be all? She grew impatient for something—she did not know for what. Her unregenerate human heart craved climax.

One day, the afternoon had grown almost into evening, and they did not come. Trena, half-asleep in her corner, roused herself to go back—it was her supper hour. Before she rose she heard voices.

"How can you be so impatient," said Miss Van Wert, with an inflection of lingering surprise, "with that calmness before your eyes? Look!"

"Good heavens, Judith!" her companion exclaimed, "haven't you had enough of my patience yet? I should think I had had too much even for you!"

"Look!" she repeated, insistently.

"Yes," he said, "it is very beautiful, but it is unsympathetic."

"Oh, Randal!" she sighed, "sometimes I think it is your sympathetic people that do all the harm in the world."

"Enough of your paradoxes!" he said, almost roughly.

"Oh, but it is," she persisted. "What we want is example, not sympathy. Now to drift into a peace like that!" She stood against the wreck, looking seaward. She was in gray and white, a soft gray that blended with the weather-beaten color of the ship. The sea was perfectly still beyond the line of the surf, which seemed to roll in, curve, and break lingeringly, almost gently, under the hush of the sky. A warm pink, felt rather than seen, glowed under the translucent mother-of-pearl of the sky and water. All up and down the sand was a warm stillness. The distant sail lay becalmed in the heart of the rose.

"I do not want peace," said the man. "I have not your everlasting susceptibilities."

She laughed a little.

"How cruel you are!" she said. "If it were not for my susceptibilities, as you call them, you would never have cared for me at all."

"Heaven knows," he answered, "but I do care for you. I don't care much why."

"But I like my admirers to be discriminating," she demurred.

"And it is nothing to me what your admirers are. I am your lover."

"Oh, dear," she sighed, gently resting her head against a broken upright beam and meeting his dissatisfied eyes; "you are so dreadfully uncompromising."

He laughed angrily—"And you are so distinctly temporizing."

"No, I am not—naturally," she replied, slowly. "I am halting between two opinions."

He looked at her steadily. The dissatisfaction died out of his face, giving place to a keen scrutiny. The warmth was ebbing from the mother-of-pearl,

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and leaving only the soft grays—like the color of her gown.

"I wonder if you know what that implies," he said, at last. She lifted her eyes to his frankly, with the same level, unmoved glance.

"Yes," she answered, quietly, "I know. But I never get far beyond implication."

"I wonder if you ever will," he said, half-smiling, "ever get as far as ——"

"Confession?" she interrupted, "perhaps. And then—well, then there will be something to say besides good-by," and she held out her hand.

"Walk with me once up the beach," he said, "and then come back, and I will say good-by."

Trena's eyes followed them as they moved up the beach. She did not dare wait for their return. It was late, and though her mother had so little time to spare from worrying about her father, she might speculate concerning her absence and possibly send someone to look for her. Moreover, for the first time, she felt overpoweringly that she had no right to be there. She shrank from witnessing their parting. Before it had seemed to her a spectacle—to-night she knew that she was listening to a man and woman speaking one to the other. She knew how it must end, and it was this very end that she had longed for—she need not wait to see it. People who were going to say a real good-by did not talk like that about it. Her instinct told her this was but the prelude to lovers' vows.

Swiftly, in the growing dimness which blurred the distant outlines, she slipped out and ran across the sand toward home. The sail still lay becalmed on the glassy gray of the water, the gray of the sky was tender and warm, but the pulse of crimson which had thrilled it with deeper meanings had vanished. Nevertheless, to Trena's eager eyes the scene still thrilled and glowed with the intensity of a lover's farewell.

III.

Trena's mother regarded life on the seaboard as a possession of the frailest possible tenure. She was an inland woman, born and bred, and when she married a fisherman she knew next to nothing of the apprehension that was henceforth to be her daily food. She could not grow accustomed to the ocean; she looked upon the confidence of those who lived on its shores and went down into it in ships of all varieties of promise and performance, as a fatalism little less than impious. To her it was a medium in which people were drowned, nor more, nor less. And those who trusted themselves to a surface which was never intended to be relied upon were sure to meet this fate sooner or later. Naturally it was only a matter of time when her husband should share the common lot. It would have imparted no comfort to have suggested to her that for those who dwell on the dryest kind of land it is only a matter of time. Captain Polton never went out in his boat that she did not think that he might not go again. She had learned to keep her forebodings to herself; they were not, she soon realized, in the spirit of the place, and were never received by her husband with anything but good-humored ridicule. But as she made her bread, or swept her kitchen, or fried her fish, she cast glances at the broad, glistening, tumultuous ocean which might have been those of a Hindoo worshipper toward a malignant deity. Not once, but many times, had the poor woman's imagination presented to her every detail of the scene she felt was inevitable: the heavy sea, the sturdy, struggling boat, the final plunge, without recover, into the trough of the waves; then, the upturned wreck floating helplessly in, and on another day perhaps, the finding of the once strong form, on the dreary beach, of the man whose stiff hand would never guide the rudder or furl a sail again; the heavy tramp of the men carrying something with a sail-cloth over it into the little kitchen. With herself in widow's weeds, and Trena in deep black, the forecast ended in sheer despair. This had been enough in the way of apprehension; but now, while her husband was out later than usual on a rough night, and while she listened for the slow, heavy step of the bearers, she had to note that Trena had grown pale and tired-looking.

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Partly in consideration for her entreaties—she did not lay commands, public opinion would have pronounced them too unreasonable—partly from an indifference to the pleasure itself, Trena went out on the water very little, so that the fact that her mother's mind was usually at rest about her, made the present anxiety harder. For that she was anxious about her was undeniable, though it was the furtive, repressed anxiety of one who has borne such a burden long, feeling that its expression is unseasonable and perhaps unwelcome.

One late August evening the girl rose listlessly from where she had been sitting watching her mother sew, and stepped out of the open door.

"I wonder what it is that has gone wrong," sighed her mother, looking after her. Had she witnessed the parting that took place on the evening of the day, two weeks ago, when Trena had returned late for supper and gone out again immediately after with Ben, she might have guessed.

The charm had been upon Trena still as she went on by Ben's side, careless of the direction in which he led, careless of the words that he might say. It seemed cruelly commonplace to-night, this wandering across the fields in this commonplace, acknowledged fashion—utterly destitute of all the charm that clung to the half-said and the tacitly understood. Ben felt the coolness of her mood at once. He had come with news to-night—he had a chance to go into business in a larger way, in a larger place; to him, poor fellow, this evening, instead of being of the commonplace, was touched with a halo of realized happiness and of dear possibilities; they might be married now, and surely, in the thought of this nearer relation, her late tantalizing capriciousness and wounding indifference would yield to something sweeter—so he had hoped before they met. The very exultance of his anticipation rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the combined coldness of her manner; he was the more hurt by the way in which she passed over his attempts to lead her to personal considerations. It was as if she thrust back upon him all that he felt, and part of which, with unusual demonstrativeness, he might have said. The news was still untold when they finally reached the end of their walk, the only mass of rock of any considerable height on this bit of the coast. The darkness, that hurrying to reclaim the tender twilight, sweeps into the last days of summer with encroaching suddenness, had cast itself over sea and land. Ships' lanterns, near and far, were twinkling over the water. A revolving light sent its interrupted message of deliverance across the dimness.

"Trena," said Ben, "I'm going away."

Trena's first impulse was one of pleasure. It was better than she had fancied possible. Here was a parting made ready to her hand. Her lover, too, had come to say farewell. Why should they, too, not have speech, half-quiet, half-passionate, by the sea? Perhaps Ben caught the gleam of this satisfaction in her eyes. Certainly he did not read there what he had hoped for.

"Going away!" she replied.

"Yes," he answered, quietly enough, "I came to tell you."

"Well—the best of friends must part!" the girl said, lightly. He glanced at her questioningly. She was gazing at the distant horizon, where a faint luminousness indicated the rising moon.

"It needn't mean that we must part," he went on, with an effort. "Perhaps it means that we can—stay together," he concluded, awkwardly.

"Stay together?" she repeated, her eyes still on the horizon, while he watched her eagerly, longing for some response to the deep feeling in his own heart—so deep that it made words come hard. She had caught Judith's very pose of the head. "And how do you know we shall like that?"

"Look here, Trena," said he, roughly, "are you listening to me?" She turned toward him.

"Oh, yes, I'm listening fast enough." Her imitation of Judith's manner would have been amusing if it had not been pathetic—the realities were so unlike.

"Then, if you are listening to me, why doesn't it mean something to you?" broke out the man, passionately. "To me it's—what isn't it to me?" he demanded, checked by the force of his own emotion. "And you, you sit there look-

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ing out to sea as if you didn't care whether I lived or died, or went or came! Is this what it means—all this way you've got lately, of you will and you won't, and you wish things was different, and why don't I do things that I don't do—is this what it all means, that you *don't* care?"

Trena was thrilled with excitement. She had never seen Ben like this. This was what she wanted, this outburst, violent as it was, had in it something of the held-down intensity that now and then broke the bonds of sober speech down there on the sand.

"Oh my, Ben!" she laughed, "what a fuss just because I like to look out to sea! There's too much caring and not caring in the world, anyhow. What will it all amount to in a hundred years—you and me and our talk about this and that? I say I might as well look out to sea as listen to you."

"Does that mean that it isn't anything to you?" Ben's voice was hoarse. In spite of what he had said, of his being suddenly overwhelmed, as it were, by the evidences which seemed to rush toward him from the past two or three weeks, he had not believed that there was no explanation but that—that she did not care, that it meant nothing to her.

"Perhaps it does, and perhaps—oh, I don't know."

"If that's how you feel," began Ben, with a certain grimness, "then——"

"There you go again," she laughed, mockingly. Her laughter caught an intonation of Judith's, though it was louder, "Talking about feelings—sometimes I wonder if I've got any."

There was a moment's silence. Slowly the misshapen disk of the moon rose above the dark waters, and its faint rays trembled upon their wavering surface.

"If that's the way you feel—or don't feel—it don't make much matter which," said Ben, slowly, "then there won't be anything more to say about my feelings. I've said my last say on that. And I guess the less we see of each other the better, and it won't be long anyway that there'll be any chance. I'm going next week." He had spoken so far with careful deliberation. Now he rose to his feet. "I'm going home, now," he said, and the fire of his anger blazed through his words, "and I'm sorry I ever came with you! I'm sorry I ever saw you. You've fooled me till you've tired of me, and now you have done with it—not like a girl that tells the truth and gives a man the go by and done with it, so that he knows where he is and what she is—but with a lot of words that don't amount to anything; and that shows that she's more'n half afraid of her own meaning, and that she wants to play with him and let him go at the same time. I'm tired of it, and I'm done with it, and I'm done with you, Trena, too!" He turned on his heel, and took long, quick strides over the uneven grass. The whole moon had risen now, and the trembling light grew assured, though the surface it shone upon still wavered. The world had come from darkness into light, but suddenly Trena felt herself within a cold shadow. This was not what she had looked for. It was not thus that the scene was to end. Her soul was filled with dismay.

"Ben," she called, and her voice sounded frightened, "Ben, come back, don't leave me here alone."

He paused and then swiftly retraced his steps. They saw each other's faces distinctly in the white radiance.

"Come," he said, briefly. She held out her hands to him to help her rise. He bent over her and lifted her to her feet. How strong he was! She clung to him, but he put her down.

"Come," he said again, and she followed him along the narrow, trodden footpath. Just beyond they met an older man who was going their way. Ben dropped into the road beside him, and they went together to Trena's door. She clinched her hands in helpless anger at the presence of this third wayfarer. She chafed wildly against the restraint, and her heart was filled with hot, uncomprehending rebellion and self-reproach. She had an impulse to throw herself at Ben's feet in the dusty road, and beg him to wait, to listen; but his face deterred her—she thought he might put her one side and go on, and then she should die. At the door the casual companion would have left them, but Ben bade her good-night, and walked

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on with him. Only then could she burst into tears—it had been such a pitiable ending!

She had not seen him again, and now it was two weeks later. To-night the anger and the pain and the self-reproach were not yet stilled, and as yet but half-comprehended. As she stood in the little porch, the silent night brooded over the waters and hushed the world into listening to the dolorous beat of the breakers on the beach below. A storm was rising, and the wind brought its fresh dampness to her. Behind her lay the little village, dark, for the most part, and apparently at rest from anxieties and worryings; at her side, the homely kitchen and its homely associations of shelter and comfort; before her, the great unrest, the merciless, sympathetic sea. She laid her head on her arms and sobbed. It was as if all the peace and quiet of the village, all the comfort, the soft shelter of affection and strength were taken away from her, and she was left alone to face the wide unrest of life. Youth does not discriminate; she felt that she had lost everything. Her mother looked wistfully out into the darkness, where Trena's figure was dimly visible.

"I never mistrusted anything could happen to her on dry land," said the sailor's wife to herself, not without pathos.

IV.

Day after day went by, and their hours taught Trena undreamed-of things; they were peaceful hours of early autumn, when the earth is at rest and having seen the glow, and the richness, and the ripeness, breathes deeply, knowing that it is very good. She was always out of doors. Sometimes she took the walk through Whaler's lot, where the apple-trees sunned themselves, and one stumbled now and then over a fallen apple in the leaf-strewn grass—the leaves prematurely old and withered. Usually she went toward the water, oftenest to the rocks where they had parted finally. One day she went down to the old wreck. This time she took the place where Kane and Miss Van Wert had spent so many hours. They had gone away, she had never seen them again. Why was it, she asked herself for the hundredth time, why was it that what she did had made so different an end? Judith had spoken as carelessly, had laughed oftener, and yet he had never left her in bitterness—he had known that it was not really the end. He had found her again, of course, and they were happy somewhere now; while she—oh! why could not Ben have understood! She longed for the steadiness that had been wont to pin down her fluttering whims with an apparent carelessness that she had admired while she had resisted it. The tears came into her eyes, rolled down, and then slowly ceased. The calm of Nature fell upon her. Vague, great thoughts dawned in her soul. Her imagination had a vision of the realities and the eternities. They were the old thoughts that the sea brings—the unsparingness of its power, its lawlessness, and its order. Not to change human misery into human happiness would it check one breath of the swift impulse that swept those waves up the shore, and yet it had so many waves and so much strength, such unwasted energy, that it might well spare and be merciful. Humanity is so small to the greatness of nature, but the greatness of nature is not infinite—for Infinity can take thought for the littleness of humanity. She felt this, though she could not have said it, and it was with more calmness that, as all of us do, she went back to her own suffering. She had thrown away her happiness, though she knew not how, and they—that slight girl in gray, and the man who stood by her side—they had known how to be happy. Suddenly she straightened herself as one who sees action instead of endurance before her. There was one who knew the secret of doing and leaving undone, there was one who had led her into the snare—there was but one who could show her the way out!

She herself had not known how to conjure, but had learned but half the secret—it was for her now to learn the rest of it.

Three or four days later Miss Van Wert was sitting on the piazza of her father's house in one of the suburbs of a large city. It was, by one of New England's freaks, as warm as midsum-

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mer, and the beauty of the evening had brought her outside, although the leaves of the woodbine rustled more dryly than in real summer nights, and there was a sharper and more active tone in the crisp utterances of a neighboring cricket.

"So you are sorry the summer is over?" asked her companion.

"Yes," she answered, "it seems to be the only season of irresponsible enjoyment left us. In these socialistic times it behooves us to weigh our pleasures critically and take them sadly, when winter is upon us. But in summer—oh! in summer, nothing means anything or involves anything or—" Judith paused, for there was a step on the piazza. She looked toward the entrance, where, in the light of the electric lamp, falling on that unshaded part of the porch, a girl's figure was plainly discernible.

"Is Miss Judith Van Wert here?" asked a voice she did not recognize. Judith rose and went forward.

"Yes," she said, in her low, even tones; "did you wish to see me?"

"Yes," said Trena, "I—I want to see you very much." Her eyes wandered to the man at the end of the piazza. He was sitting on the railing, his face in the deep shadow of the woodbine.

"That is Randal Kane, I suppose," she said suddenly. Judith's questioning look grew surprised.

"No," she answered, mechanically, "that is not Mr. Kane."

"What!" exclaimed the girl. Her voice was intense and anxious. "Isn't he with you? Doesn't he—doesn't he keep company with you any more?"

A shade of hauteur fell across Judith's face.

"I do not understand—" she began. Trena laid her brown hand on her arm.

"I don't understand," she said, in her turn, as if the other had not spoken. "I came to find out. I thought you would tell me." She paused in pitiful perplexity. The ground was slipping from beneath her feet. Suddenly she grew frightened and the tears came to her eyes. She was tired and alone, and Ben was farther off than ever. It seemed that this beautiful woman had made a mistake herself, her lover had left her too—how could she help her? Judith watched the girl intently. There was something here she could not understand, but there was nothing bold in her voice or manner. Moreover, there was something not entirely unfamiliar.

"Suppose we come inside," she said, quietly, and she turned to her other visitor, "Will you excuse me?"

The man came forward instantly.

"I will come another time, Miss Van Wert," he said; "good-night," and with a smile he bowed and went by the two women, down the piazza steps, to the gate. As he passed, Trena saw his face in the light; it was that of a man she had never seen. This little incident seemed to demolish all her hopes. With a terrible oppressive sense of mistake, she dumbly followed Judith into a small reception-room. Judith had remembered now. She recognized her as a fisherman's daughter with whom she had now and then, that summer, exchanged a few words. She moved a low chair forward as she turned to her guest.

"We can talk better here," she said, and then paused, struck by the girl's beauty. She had been pretty before—she had noticed her hair and eyes and color—but there had been a change that had intensified everything about her, and that made her beauty dramatic as she stood in the doorway with wide, startled eyes, pale cheeks, and a certain weariness of expression.

"Won't you sit down?" said Judith, smiling with a friendliness the pathos of the face impelled her to express. Trena moved forward slowly and sank into the chair. She was exhausted and faint from hunger, though she did not know it, for she had come straight from the railway station here. The lighted room, the luxury, dismayed her. But more than all else this being suddenly brought face to face with the woman who had been so constantly in her thoughts agitated her. Every pose, every gesture of Judith's was familiar to her; the tones of her voice struck her ear as if she had heard them yesterday, her scrutiny had been so keen and so direct. She wore a different dress, and it was a different place, but it was the same woman.

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"Do you mean that he really left you that time?—that he never came back?" asked Trena, slowly. "Have you never seen him again?"

The question was certainly not without significance. Judith colored slowly and her eyes wavered an instant from their calm steadiness. Moreover, she was utterly at a loss to understand her; but she had learned that the easiest way of meeting a difficult social situation was usually the nearest at hand.

"I have seen Randal Kane since last summer, oh, yes!" she said; "we are very good friends, but we do not meet very often in the winter."

"Don't you know how to make him come back?" asked Trena, with a touch of despair.

The shadow of a smile flitted across Judith's lips, and then a suspicion which had flashed across her mind made a longer stay. Had the girl fallen in love with Kane? If so, how much did he know of it?

"I have not wanted to know," she replied, watching Trena without seeming to do so. "He does not live here; I do not know just where he is. He writes books," she added, vaguely, conscious of the pitable inadequacy of the statement. To some people it would have explained so much; but, she felt hopelessly, it would not help this girl to understand. "He has plenty to do—plenty of people to see." Trena's face did not change. Evidently it was his absence that troubled her, not what he might be doing elsewhere.

"Then how am I to make Ben come back?" she asked, stonily.

"Ah! there is a Ben," thought Judith, relieved. "I cannot help you; I cannot even understand until you tell me," she said, quietly.

Suddenly the girl's mood changed.

"*Why* is he not here?" she demanded, with shining eyes. "I saw you together! I watched you! I listened to you! He cared about you—you cared about him—you did not say so, but I knew it. He told you he loved you, because I heard him!" she went on, breathlessly. "And you listened to him, and you never told him to stop or to go away. Is that all it means with you rich people? Is that all it means?" She rose to her feet and came nearer Judith. "I come here, and there's another one here, and you tell me you do not know where that one is—and that you do not see him ever." The unconscious mimicry of her tone, which was the result of Trena's observation, struck Judith unmistakably with a new surprise. "Is that all it comes to—that you do not care, either? And I thought—I thought you could tell me how to get Ben back!" Her voice broke. "I tried to be like you," she went on, miserably, "and that was what you meant—that he should go away and not come back. I *was* like you," she concluded, with a sob, "I *was*—and Ben has gone away too."

Judith had sat perfectly still as she listened to the girl. She had grown pale, but had neither moved nor spoken. It was as if the fierce arraignment had proved her guilty. "Whom summer makes friends of, let winter estrange," was saying itself over and over in an undercurrent of thought. Now she rose and led Trena back to her chair.

"Sit down," she said, gently, "and tell me all about it. If Ben has gone, you shall have him back again—I promise you that." There was something in the low voice that quieted the other woman. "Yes, he shall come back," repeated Judith, insistently. "It would break my heart if he did not!" she exclaimed.

"Your heart?" asked Trena, in dull surprise.

"Yes, mine," answered Judith.

The story was not long in the telling, but Judith listened to it with a variety of sensations. It was startling to learn of the espionage to which she had been subjected; to know that while she had supposed herself alone with Kane their words and actions were scrutinized by another human being. It was impossible not to resent this; but it grew upon her, as Trena went on, that their personalities were nothing to this imaginative creature; that Judith Van Wert had been but a woman with a lover; playing a part that had fascinated the observer who had longed to imitate it. This removal of personality from the scene made it offend her less. When

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Trena finished, with the same abrupt question, "Why should it have seemed so real, if it was not?" Judith tried to explain it to her, and found herself faced by impossibilities. It was as if she spoke another tongue. She leaned forward as she sought for the right words, her hand with its sparkle of gems on the dark plush of her chair. The glint of the diamonds drew Trena's eyes. With a sudden throb of recollection, "He kissed your hand," she interrupted. Judith colored vividly.

"You should not have watched us!" she exclaimed, quickly.

"I did not think it was any matter," said Trena, almost indifferently. The reproach did not touch her as it would afterward. Then Judith went back to her impossibilities. How trivial it sounded to tell this eager, passionate girl that the language she had held to be the language of love had been but that of — well, of what? — sentiment? emotion? idleness? Yet it had meant something—a good deal perhaps. It had not been all affectation, indeed it was genuine—after a fashion. Only it was not expected to last forever; they saw the end from the beginning, but they did not say so—no, of course not. Judith found herself in a maze of contradictions, and yet there had been no ambiguity, it had all been clearly understood. Had it not been? For an appreciable space of time a quiver of doubt weakened her position. Was it possible that the difficulty had been with the conception of the parts, hers as well as his? No, no—the trouble was with Trena herself.

"Ben was right," she said, when Judith stopped speaking, "it was all just a lot of words that don't amount to anything, so that a man don't know where he is nor what she is."

What use to say to a girl like this that "whom summer made friends of, winter might be permitted to estrange!"

"If she were an inhabitant of another world," Judith said to an interested listener afterward, with the impatience born of self-reproach, "it couldn't have been harder to make her understand. I felt as if I was being visited by a—a missionary from Mars!"

V.

The next evening Trena walked into the little kitchen where her mother was frying fish. The fish sputtered cheerfully, and there was a trifling access of cheerfulness in Mrs. Polton's manner.

"Well," she remarked, with the usual lack of demonstration in persons of her reticent sort, "so you've come back? I hope you got to see your aunt—you was so anxious to. I never knew you set so much store by your father's relations before."

"Yes, I saw her, mother," said Trena, smiling an instant, as she came and stood by the fire. "Where's father?"

"Ashore, thank mercy!" said the skipper's wife. His boat's sprung a leak and he's looking after it. I s'pose next time it springs one it'll be in the middle of the sea"—she sighed—"and that'll be the end on him!"

"Oh, maybe not," said Trena absently. She was still depressed.

"Find out where Ben is," had been Judith's last words, "and let me know." But what could she do? Judith had failed her once, and a great despair had come upon Trena's soul.

"For the land's sake! you're whiter than a clam-shell!" said Trena's mother suddenly. "Sit down, and I'll give you your tea."

When Captain Polton came in Trena was more like herself.

"Where's Ben Shelton gone to, father?" she asked, abruptly, as they sat at the supper-table.

Captain Polton was a man to whom anything that happened on dry land was as trees walking. At sea his eye was alarmingly keen: he knew the special quality of a breeze while it was yet undeclared; his instinct of the whereabouts of the blue-fish was unerring; his acquaintance with monsters of the deep was both wide and reliable, but the shore limited his investigations. Therefore he saw no particular significance in Trena's question, which was not so lost on her mother.

"He's layin' over to Riverton, I guess," he answered between mouthfuls. "Got some kind of a job over there. They say he's doin' well—well as you can on dry land."

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"The Lord made the dry land for men, and the water for fishes," said Mrs. Polton, seeing her way to a point; "and all He didn't do was to put understandin' into the men, so they'd know their place as well as the fishes do."

"These here fish's understandin's must have played 'em considerable of a trick," remarked her husband, with a gesture, nearly related to a wink, for Trena's benefit.

"Well," said Mrs. Polton, with her sex's readiness in changing her ground, "I do like to see a man eat with an appetite."

"Ben Shelton's comin' over here next day after to-morrow night," volunteered the captain. Trena sat up straight in her chair. "I know because Stoddard's boy's borrowed an oar of me. He's comin' late one night, and going to ketch the early boat over to the Point nex' morning, and Stoddard's boy's goin' to pull him over. He'll have to leave 'bout daybreak, I reckon. His business ain't goin' to hender him long. That's how I happen to know—by the oar," he concluded, conscious that this unusual supply of information needed some explanation.

"Next day after to-morrow night," said Trena to herself.

The two following days went slowly, but when the evening of the second came, passed, and deepened into night, without bringing to Trena any sign of Ben's presence, she felt that they had flown. One more chance of seeing him remained, and that she determined to seize, half in desperation that it was but one more; half in faint-hearted hope aroused by Judith's confidence.

He was to leave at dawn; she knew the little place where Stoddard's boy's boat was moored; it was overlooked by the very rock where they had parted; she should be there to see them go.

She woke with a start as the sky was beginning to brighten. She dressed, and as it was still too early to expect to see him, seated herself in the small window of her room and looked toward the growing glory of the east, watching the "day fill its blue urn with fire." The sky was red and purple and green, with a grand waste of color and pulsing radiance, as though this were the last day and the final sun-rising, and all the beauty that was left in heaven should be lavished upon it. The earth was still, in awed but beneficent expectation. Trena could not see the surf, but she heard its monotonous beat as it rolled in solemnly under the glorified sky. Its sound was in a different key from that of the later day. It was as if it too was hushed into a reverent waiting for the advent of some great Power that was to come, and listened for its footsteps, even as it broke in plashing music on the shore. As the glory faded into a concentrated brightness low down in the east, Trena rose and went out, and as she seated herself on the rock "up leaped, of a sudden, the sun." It was day, and the mystery of dawn departed, and the ordinary sights and sounds began to be. From one of the chimneys, as Trena looked landward, curled a veil of smoke. From a neighboring house a man went from the kitchen-door for an armful of wood. The working of the miracle was over—the angel had troubled the waters and had gone. But the day was still new, its freshness yet unspoiled, the clear mirror of its hours was yet unbreathed on by human care and greed and selfishness. Trena looked up suddenly and saw Stoddard's boy, with the oars over his shoulder, going to his boat. Then she turned her head in the other direction and saw Ben coming toward the shore. He would have to pass very near her. In the stillness of the morning content she folded her hands and waited. As he drew near he saw her and paused; then, with the long, quick step she knew, he came toward her. How handsome he was! She had not seen him for so long—so long. Stoddard's boy had gone into the house for something—it was as if they were alone in a new world.

"What made you come here, Trena?" he said, looking down at her.

"Oh, Ben!" she said, with tender impatience, "you know why I came—it was the only place I could find you."

"So you wanted to find me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, looking up at him steadily. Then she laughed a little; "I don't care so much about partings as I used to, Ben."

Stoddard's boy came out of the house

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"I was like you—and Ben has gone away too."—Page 210.

whistling as Ben sat down by her side. Suddenly he stopped whistling and went into the house again, and left them alone in the early morning world. Only their voices were in their ears, with the ebb and flow of the water growing louder as the tide came in, as if it were deepening into the turmoil of the day.

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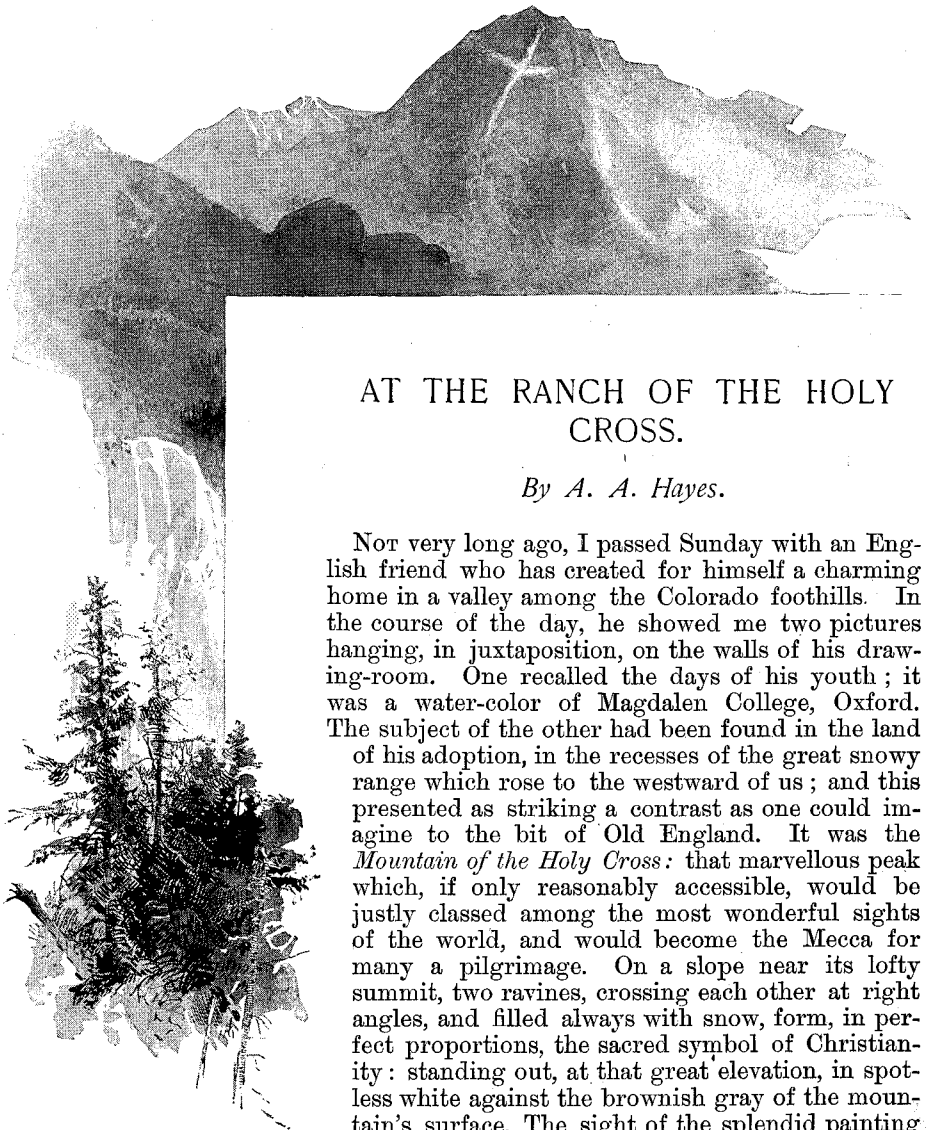

AT THE RANCH OF THE HOLY CROSS.

By A. A. Hayes.

Not very long ago, I passed Sunday with an English friend who has created for himself a charming home in a valley among the Colorado foothills. In the course of the day, he showed me two pictures hanging, in juxtaposition, on the walls of his drawing-room. One recalled the days of his youth; it was a water-color of Magdalen College, Oxford. The subject of the other had been found in the land of his adoption, in the recesses of the great snowy range which rose to the westward of us; and this presented as striking a contrast as one could imagine to the bit of Old England. It was the *Mountain of the Holy Cross:* that marvellous peak which, if only reasonably accessible, would be justly classed among the most wonderful sights of the world, and would become the Mecca for many a pilgrimage. On a slope near its lofty summit, two ravines, crossing each other at right angles, and filled always with snow, form, in perfect proportions, the sacred symbol of Christianity: standing out, at that great elevation, in spotless white against the brownish gray of the mountain's surface. The sight of the splendid painting brought vividly back to me my first visit to the spot, something never to be forgotten; and also a strangely dramatic series of events culminating in its vicinity, almost in its very shadow. The friends who sat with me on the sunny lawn after lunch thought the story worth telling.

I.

There seemed to be something mysterious and uncanny about the stealthy approach of the Georgetown stage-coach, looming, twice its normal size, through the gray mists of the sombre morning. So it struck even Gerard Armstrong, who had taken passage by it, and was waiting for the hour of departure; and he was a sturdy young fellow, free from morbid fancies and knowing little of nerves.

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It was in Leadville—the City of the Carbonates, which had slumbered for years as California Gulch, known and avoided of most prospectors and, indeed, regarded as "played out." Lately, however, the fame of the new and wonderful discoveries there had gone abroad far and wide, and men had come thither in crowds from all parts of the country; so there had sprung up a sort of bogus metropolis of the mountains, a shabby and absurdly pretentious conglomeration of buildings, presenting ludicrous attempts at architectural display and the sharpest of contrasts. To accommodate the incoming hordes, roads had been hastily opened over several passes; and the daily coaches, crowded to their utmost capacity, threaded their perilous way along the edges of terrible precipices, and up and down the steepest of grades. On the outward trips, however, there was plenty of room, and Gerard had found that but one passenger besides himself was booked for to-day's trip over that wonderful route, seventy-five miles in length, leading to Georgetown. This was confirmed, just before the time of departure, by no less an authority than the driver, "Charley," a celebrated character in that region. Gerard had ordered a cup of coffee at a restaurant bearing, as if conferred in irony, the pretentious name of "Delmonico of the Mountains." Its interior did not present a cheerful aspect at a quarter before six on that misty morning. Piles on piles of empty champagne bottles, and other dismal reminders of recent hilarity, were on all sides, and the waiter, whose long vigil had not yet come to an end, made hardly a clean sweep of the cigar stumps from the table when depositing the cracked cup and saucer thereon.

"Say, partner." Gerard looked up to see a tall man standing by him, clad in a long overcoat, and drawing on his gloves. "It was you that wanted the box seat, wasn't it?" continued the driver.

"Yes."

"Well, you could have had it, but we are taking a pile of silver out this time, and the express messenger in charge of it wants that place. You will be comfortable enough behind; only one other passenger. Why, I bring in ten people to Leadville for one I take out."

"Yes, indeed," replied Gerard; "and who is the other passenger?"

"There he is, on the door-step; quiet, schoolmaster-like looking sort of chap. And now, here is the stage, and we must be off."

When Gerard climbed to his seat, this other passenger and the guardian of the bullion were in their places. Charley took the reins from his assistant, swung himself lightly to the box and cracked his whip, and the coach rolled up the street.

It was to the murky gloom of the morning that Gerard ascribed the slight nervous depression or uneasiness that still clung to him as they cleared the town and began to climb toward the pass. He reasoned with himself that it could be nothing else, and he ought to be the happiest man in the mountains. It was a splendid journey that he was to take; one, indeed, exacting and fatiguing, and meant for seasoned travellers rather than holiday tourists, but full of rare interest. The road, he knew, not only crossed but re-crossed the main range, the highest ridge of the continental backbone. The waters of the little stream they had just forded would, ultimately and by tortuous routes, reach the Atlantic Ocean; those just over the pass ahead, the Pacific. He would see the grandest of scenery, culminating in that great, solemn mountain, with the white cross on it, of which he had heard so much. He had the best of health, good prospects, a large part of his well-earned holiday still before him, and—he felt himself flushing as he thought of it—he had a good chance of finding Katie Winterton at Georgetown. It may be said here and, by the way, may appear hereafter, that the prospect of seeing this young lady would have been enough to put heart into any man who knew her, especially if he were beginning to have a faint hope that his appearance would not wholly displease her. With this thought, Gerard threw off the megrims just as the sun came out, and he turned to speak to the man who sat by him. He was of moderate height, with an intelligent face, rather sad when in repose. He was closely shaven, plainly dressed,

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and of a very modest and quiet appearance. Gerard talked with him until they reached the breakfast station, where they learned that a third passenger was waiting. This was a man of large and powerful frame, retaining the remnants of extremely good looks, spoiled by dissipation. He sat at the table with the rest and, when the meal was over, went to the bar to fill a large flask. As he was doing this, Gerard saw his companion, who had introduced himself by the name of Curtis, turn and look intently at the stranger for a moment. Then he went to the telegraph desk and wrote a message.

"A man of large and powerful frame retaining the remnants of extremely good looks."

"I have a little sister up at Fairplay," he said to Gerard, in his low, soft voice, and with a smile, "and she likes me to telegraph her once in a while on my journeys."

Then Charley called to them to take their seats, and on went the stage, up to and over the Tennessee Pass. Curtis sat between Gerard and the new-comer, and talked, not continuously, but at intervals, in a low tone, and generally about the route, the small camps which the coach passed, and the last "strike" made at Leadville. The third man smoked incessantly and said nothing; and still the coach rolled on, up and down the heavy grades, through the forests, always near the great, solemn mountains. The sun rose higher in the heavens, the day grew warmer, the light clouds drifted over the grim sides of the Range; and at last, in a green valley, and by the side of a rushing brook, the coach stopped to change horses. Curtis did not descend with the rest, and, when the stranger again climbed to his seat, he found him sitting where he himself had previously sat, on the left.

"I thought," said Curtis, in his gentle way, "that you'd had your share, for a while, of bumping against that iron rail, and we'd try it turn and turn about."

The man briefly assented, lit a fresh cigar, and looked straight in front of

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him; and now there was no conversation except between the driver and the express messenger, who had something to say, from time to time, about the "Company," and the new Inspector, and the promotion which had come to "Jim" or "Tom." To all appearances, the Georgetown coach had never made a more peaceful, commonplace trip.

II.

KATIE WINTERTON accompanied her father when he went to Colorado to inspect his railroads, and her advent created much excitement in Georgetown and the region round about; as well might that of a vivacious young Eastern belle, whose dark eyes with their long lashes, as well as her lovely manners and pretty toilettes, were of high repute in the pleasant city which she called her home. Young Eastern mine managers, a little homesick at best, Englishmen from the neighboring ranches, with exceptionally large felt hats and long boots, railroad engineers, and many other people found the hotel where she and her father were staying particularly attractive at that time. Excursions of all sorts were planned and carried out, dances were extemporized, and Katie bade fair to tire herself out; so it was with pleasure that she accepted an invitation to accompany a small party of friends on a visit to the Ranch of the Holy Cross.

"Curious name, is it not, my dear?" said the lively and energetic promoter of the expedition, as she seated herself comfortably in Katie's room. "People out here do not seem to have much reverence, but they mean well, after all. I do not know who first called it so, but everyone knew it by that name when Mrs. Roberts took it, and I remember how shocked she was. Good little Eastern woman, you know, brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, well gone in consumption, and with her mind made up that she must die; and so, all the time thinking about the other world. When she first saw the great white cross on the mountain, she turned pale, poor little thing! and shut her eyes and folded her hands. And then she said she thanked God for sending her to die where she could look up at such a sight as that; for you see, bringing her out was the last chance for her. But, my dear, that air, coming from the great mountains and the piney woods, has no respect for consumption, and she did not die, after all, but grew stronger. And then she repaid the benefit she had received by doing all the good she could to those around her, and that is not a little, I can tell you."

"Shall we see her?" asked Katie.

"Yes, indeed, that is where we shall stay. You see, she began by taking in a few travellers and visitors, and everything was so neat and clean, and the cooking so good, that the place gained a great reputation; and they have had to add all sorts of nooks, and corners, and funny little rooms."

"I think it will be charming to see it," said Katie, "and such pleasant company, too. And that reminds me that I wanted to ask you about the lovely girl I met at your house, who is going with us."

"You mean Helen Graham. Of course she is lovely, and such a capital contrast to you, my dear, with her blue eyes, and hair the color of wheat. No one knows much about her, except that she lives with her aunt and is supposed to be an orphan. All the people here are fond of her, and her aunt is one of the nicest people in the State."

"I took a great fancy to Miss Graham," said Katie, "and am very glad she is going. At what time to-morrow morning do we start?"

"At eight o'clock, and we must not be a second late."

Katie hesitated a little before she put her next question, and only asked it as her lively friend rose to go. The fact was that she had a letter from Gerard Armstrong in her pocket, between the lines of which it was not difficult to read something more than a mere account of his travels and a mention of his hope of going to Georgetown.

"Does the stage from Leadville pass the Ranch?" she finally asked.

"Yes, and stops there to change horses. Good-by."

At about sunset next day—the one before that on which Gerard started

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from Leadville—Katie sat on a bench, outside the Ranch, looking at the mighty cross-bearing mountain at the west. She was so intent on the sight that she did not notice the approach of a man who passed her—lifting his hat as he did so—and whom she met afterward at the supper-table. He was both frontiersman and old soldier, tall, straight as an arrow, with a deep scar on his cheek dating, as his friends knew, from the days when he rode with Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley; but retaining all the characteristics of his early life in the mountains, as hunter and explorer. He had a cheerful expression of face and a pleasant voice, and, taking some share in the conversations, made a most agreeable impression on the company. When he had taken his departure, after some whispered words with his host at the door, the latter told Katie and Helen Graham that they had seen Colonel Radford, the most noted "special agent" in the West.

"Colonel Radford, the most noted 'Special Agent' in the West."

"And what is a special agent?" asked Katie.

"Well," was the reply, "as far as I can make out, he's about the most powerful man in the country, after the President. It's his business to see that the United States mails go through safely; and he can enrol as large a posse as he wants, call on the troops, and, in fact, do almost anything he pleases. This particular one is a splendid specimen of the lot. He's got iron nerves, doesn't know what fear is, and is a dead shot and the quickest on the trigger of any man in the State. His name's a terror to the whole tribe of road agents and mail robbers, for, if they cross his tracks"—he spoke with increasing excitement—"the Lord have mercy on their souls! And yet, you have seen how kind and gentle he is—bless you—looks as if he wouldn't hurt a fly. He has been East, and I didn't know he'd come back. I am glad you saw him, young ladies. Make a note of it in your journals, and remember it when you read in the papers, from time to time, what Colonel Radford has done for law and order in the West. Excuse me, I must try to find room for a friend you see over there, who has come in late from Fairplay."

The friend had something on his mind more important than his accommodation for the night, for he drew the host into the little room which served as a kind of office, saw that the door was shut tight, sat down, leaned forward, and spoke deliberately.

"Roberts," he asked, "what's up? You know as well as I do that old Radford's a stormy petrel. *He* isn't here for the benefit of his health—not *much*—and when he appears there's trouble ahead, and don't you forget it! I happened to hear that he came out to Denver quite unexpectedly, and in such a hurry to get up here that he took a special engine to Georgetown."

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"I am sure I don't know," Roberts replied. "All he asked me was what day 'Charley' drove from Leadville; I supposed he wanted to ride with him. I am sure I hope there are none of those gangs about here that they have had up Cheyenne way."

"Well, if there are," said the other man, "I am glad the old fellow's within call, for I'm getting some bullion out from Leadville on the mail coach this week. I wonder where he went. I would like to talk to him."

The Colonel had walked rapidly from the house to a spot in the woods about half a mile distant, where a party of twelve or fourteen men had picketed their horses and eaten their supper, and were now gathered about a large camp-fire. Some were young, others middle-aged, and they were all noticeably quiet and resolute of manner. As a matter of fact, every one was a picked man, experienced and seasoned, a man after the chief's own heart; and, collectively, they were a most effective epitome of the dread power of the law. Radford had been more than usually eclectic with them on this occasion, telling them with entire confidence in their discretion, that the service would be specially exacting and dangerous. They greeted him as he approached and sat down with them by the fire. A few minutes later, another man came, with noiseless step, toward the group. He made a communication, in a low tone, to his chief.

"Boys," said the latter, "the scout reports that I was right in my idea of their plans. They will be in the woods just at the end of Blue Gulch, a strong crowd; and they will wait for to-morrow's coach from Leadville, beyond a doubt. The only thing I can't make out is what has become of their captain, who is not with them. Perhaps I shall be able to discover in the morning."

Then he gave the necessary orders, wrapped himself in his blanket, and was soon sound asleep. In the morning, he sent the party ahead in charge of the scout, and watched them with satisfaction as they moved off at a walk, each man girded with a cartridge-belt, and armed with a Winchester rifle and a revolver.

"If the Devil doesn't take better care than usual of his favorite children today," he soliloquized, "they will be in a bad way before they are many hours older." Then he went to the Ranch, waited for breakfast, amused the company with some anecdotes, happened to receive a telegram just as he finished his meal, read it by the aid of a little book which he took from his breast-pocket, mounted his horse, and rode after his posse.

Helen Graham

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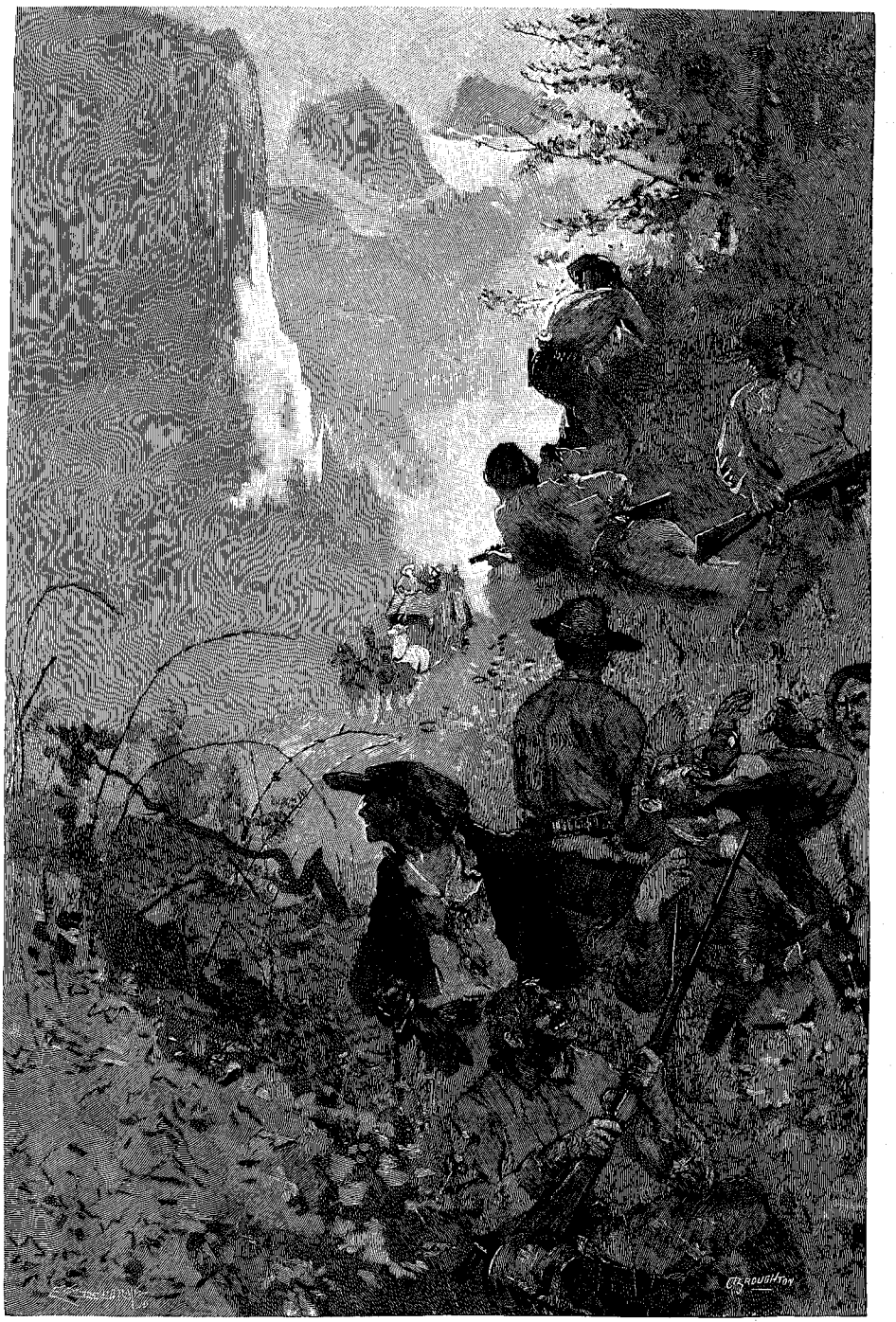

DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DEL'ORME.

"A terrible set of ruffians greedily rejoicing in the prospect of certain plunder."

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Later, the men of this same posse were stealthily and silently closing in on another party, who, all unconscious of danger, were placed in the woods at the side of the post-road. A terrible set of ruffians were they, indeed, of more than one nationality, with savage, sullen faces:

"Pistols bulging behind their hips,
Curses dropping from off their lips;"

greedily rejoicing in the prospect of certain plunder and possible bloodshed soon to come; while, all the time, noiselessly, sometimes on tiptoe, sometimes even on hands and knees, the posse encircled them closer and closer. At last, Radford raised his hand. Then the silent men about him unslung their carbines and examined the chambers; and then, perfectly silent, perfectly vigilant, and grim as death, waited for the coming of the Leadville coach.

III.

"WHY, Charley," said the express messenger, "there warn't no sense in the Company keeping Sam in his place after he let the road agents get away with every dollar he had charge of, that day on the Divide. I don't set up myself to have any more pluck than others, and I know all they say about it being no use to show fight when they've got the drop on you; but duty is duty, and I shouldn't like to come in without a scratch and tell the boys the money was all took. I think I'd try—." It was the last word the poor fellow ever spoke. Gerard saw him fall heavily against the driver's shoulder, as the single shot came from the woods. It all seemed to pass in a second, the two men seizing the horses' heads, the one bloodthirsty villain showing himself for a moment as, more savage even than most of his kind, he fired without previous challenge. Gerard had felt that old sensation of uneasiness coming on him again as the coach entered the gloomy gulch; and he had, quite mechanically, put his hand under his loose overcoat and drawn his revolver. As he saw the miscreant fire at the messenger, he, cool even at such a moment of surprise and perfectly accustomed to the skilful use of firearms, was taking a snap shot at him, when his arm was gripped by the man at his side and then, strange to say, released. In all the wild excitement of the moment, he yet turned to see the quiet man of a few moments before, the "school-master-like-looking chap" of the driver's description, transformed into an avenging demon. With a spot of color in the centre of each cheek, with his once gentle eyes blazing and his lips tightly compressed over his clenched teeth, he had encircled the large man's neck with his muscular arm as with an iron band, and held him powerless as an infant. Meantime, there had rung out from the woods the stentorian voice of Radford.

"Throw up your hands, you d—d murdering villains. *What*, you *won't?* Then, boys, give them h—l! FIRE!"

Gerard used to say that he lived a year in the next few seconds, and that, in what seemed Pandemonium broken loose; he saw everything: the driver, the dead man still lying against his shoulder, struggling with the plunging horses and cursing under his breath; the brief but fierce fighting, the rout and destruction of the band of ruffians. Radford had told the authorities at Washington that, "if he had ordinary luck," he would make an end of them this time, and he kept his word. They fought with desperation, but the skilled and perfectly organized posse closed in with deadly and unrelenting purpose: and, almost in less time than it has taken to tell this story, it was all up with them.

Radford, knocking the empty cartridges from his revolver, came up to the near front wheel of the coach and called out, in his hearty voice:

"A thousand thanks, Mr. Curtis, for your share of the job. That habit of yours of telegraphing to your sister is an uncommonly useful one. And you have caught the head devil, too. He is worth all the rest together, and it is a good deal like murder this time. I say, young fellow," he called to Gerard, "if you are unhurt, I shall have to call on you in the name of the law, to join my posse: and I'll trouble you to slip a

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pair of handcuffs, which you will find, I am sure, in Mr. Curtis's pocket, on the wrists of that gentleman he is holding so tight." Gerard did this; and only then did Curtis, who had not spoken or moved, relax his hold, or rather transfer it to one arm of the robber, who had been nearly strangled and was not in a condition to resist, or even speak.

"Tumble him down here, and we'll take care of him," said Radford. "Here, lend a hand, one of you boys; put him inside of the coach and take a half hitch of a rope round his legs. Now, Charley, we will take that poor fellow off your seat. Well, a man can only die once, and there's no better time than when he's doing his duty. Rather close call for you, my boy, wasn't it? even closer than that time I was with you at Trinidad. And now, men may live, and men may die, but the United States mails must go on all the same and not be detained. You will have to carry that inside passenger free to the Ranch, Charley. Let me see; whom shall I send in charge of him?"

"Let me go, Colonel," said Curtis.

"All right. None better. Lock him up in one of Roberts's outbuildings and put some one on guard over him."

Gerard had been assisting in the descent of the manacled prisoner and the body of the faithful messenger. Radford turned to him.

"I think," said he, "you had best act as expressman as far as the Ranch, my young recruit, and then give Mr. Curtis any aid he may need. Here, have a pull at this flask. You look a little rattled. New sort of work for you, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed," said Gerard. "Do you often have such a fight as that?"

"No, this is the worst for a long time. Two poor boys of mine are killed and four wounded. Your fellow-passenger there secured the leader of the gang, and did it well."

"Was the schoolmaster one of your men?" asked Gerard.

"*Schoolmaster?* What, *he?* (glancing toward Curtis). Well, he may have been a schoolmaster once, I never asked him. But what he is now is 'Cheyenne' Curtis, the best special deputy in the mountains."

"Curious that he should be such a quiet man."

"Quiet, yes. He is quiet enough when he isn't in action; but I wonder if you'd have called him quiet when he went, one night, quite alone, into a saloon at Julesburg, to get a man he'd tracked there. The whole crowd showed fight, and he laid out four with a revolver and three with a chair. That made his reputation. Now, then, Charley, if you are ready, away you go. You ought to meet the sheriff and his men not far from here. I wired for them this morning."

IV.

It was evening, calm and delightful. The full moon shone in the heavens, and the soft air was laden with the resinous odor of the plants in the mouth of the cañon. Supper was over at the Ranch, and the guests were discussing the exciting story of the day's doings. The dead had been buried, the wounded cared for, and the prisoners delivered to the sheriff, with the exception of the leader, who was confined in an outbuilding, guarded by two of the posse. Gerard was sitting at Katie's side, on a bench outside the Ranch, talking eagerly to her. He rose as Radford approached.

"My dear young lady," said the latter, addressing Katie, "I am not yet an old man, and it doesn't seem so very long ago that I should have thought it precious hard to be called away from such company as yours. I shall detain this new deputy of mine as short a time as possible; but his turn for duty will come in about fifteen minutes, and I want to give him his instructions." Gerard stepped aside with him. "The two men on guard now were in the fight, and are pretty well used up," said the chief, "and they must be relieved. Curtis is getting his supper, and he wants to take the place of one of them; for he is just set on keeping that fellow safe. I expect a man or two more directly; and, if you will go on with Curtis now, I shall not trouble you long, and will soon release you from your country's service. I will call you when time is up." Gerard assented and turned to Katie, who had moved her seat near to that of Helen Graham.

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"It is a little cool," said he. "Had you not best go into the house?" The two girls rose and moved slowly into the long passage, from which a sitting-room opened on one side and the dining-room on the other. Helen, as she passed the door of the latter, happened to look in; then she asked Katie to excuse her for a few moments, and ran up the stairs. In another second, Curtis, pale as death, had sprung from his chair and to the door, drawn Katie and Gerard inside, closed it, and tried several times, in vain, to speak. At last, with his hand at his throat, he gasped out,

"For the love of God, tell me, who was that girl?"

"Miss Helen Graham, of Georgetown," replied Gerard. Curtis reeled as if about to fall, then made a tremendous effort to control himself, and eventually managed to speak, in a low and hoarse tone.

"Dear lady," he said, "you have a kind and gentle face; and you, sir, are a brave man. You will understand my strange conduct when you hear my story and realize, as you must, the horror of the situation. I never saw that girl before, but she is the daughter, and the living, breathing image of a woman whom I loved better than my life, loved with all the passion of my heart and my soul. It was in a quiet New England village, where we had known each other all our lives; and she loved me, too, and had promised to marry me. It was the old story, and I spare you the details. I had an offer to go to California, with the prospect of making enough money there to warrant me in marrying. While I was gone—years it was—a man named John Graham managed, I know not how, to supplant me, married her, and broke her heart; and I came home to find her in her grave. Her only child had been left to the care of a sister, the father caring nothing for her. My heart was broken, too, and I have never cared for my life since. I am haunted by the ghost of the lost past, and there is no peace for me in this world. When I cared no more for money it came to me, and I am rich and can do as I please. It suited me to enter this service: there is less time for thinking and brooding than in other occupations. For some strange reason, I took a great interest in following the trail of the celebrated mail-robber, Idaho Jack, they called him; and he has given me a hard chase. I only saw him a short time ago, and ever since I have been worried by something familiar about his face. Now, it has all come to me in a flash—the dreadful truth! This man is no other than John Graham. I have hunted him down and brought him here, almost into the very presence of his daughter, who thinks him dead long ago! Great Heavens! dear friends, think what must happen. All will come out, and shame and disgrace overwhelm this lovely girl, whom I would have given my life to spare a single sorrow. Think for me, I pray you—think quickly. Can *nothing* be done?" He had stood with his hand pressed to his brow, and now he stopped suddenly, as the door opened softly and Radford entered. If he felt any surprise at seeing the three together, at the attitude of Curtis, or the tears in Katie's eyes, he made no sign. All he said was,

"Ready, Mr. Curtis." The deputy, with wonderful power of self-control, bowed, took his hat, and left the room. Radford followed him, signalling Gerard with a glance to do the same; but before the latter could move, Katie's hands were on his arm, her lovely face close to his, her eyes moist with unshed tears.

"Oh, Gerard," she cried, "think of some way to help this poor man in his trouble, and save Helen from what must come upon her. For my sake, do, *do* try—;" she drew away from him, as her quick ear caught the step of Helen Graham, who came into the room, never brighter, more beautiful, or more animated; and making a charming picture as she stood in the bright light.

"Dear me, I hope I am not *de trop*," she said, gayly.

"No, indeed," replied Gerard, with ready tact. "I have a little commission to execute for Miss Winterton, and you have come at just the right moment to keep her company. I shall do the best I can," he added, with a look at Katie; then he left the room. Only with the greatest difficulty did the girl conceal her agitation from Helen and appear at ease with her. In the meantime, Curtis had gone through the long hall,

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taken a rifle from the rack, and walked slowly toward the rude outbuilding in which the prisoner was confined. It stood by itself at some distance from the house, and in the enclosure of which a fence formed the rear. He passed Radford, who was waiting for Gerard; then he looked through the small window. The criminal, his manacles temporarily removed, was eating his supper, with apparent indifference to his surroundings. One of his guards stood in the doorway, the other paced up and down. Curtis told the former that he would be relieved in a few moments, and the latter that he would himself take his place at once. Then he began his steady tramp, his heart wrung with anxiety, his brain in a whirl. The sentry whom he had replaced walked toward the main ranch-house, meeting Gerard, who had just parted from Radford. The young fellow was thoroughly unhappy: determined, of course, to do his duty, but wishing with all his heart that something, he knew not what, would happen to avert the impending calamity. He thought of Curtis's distress, of Katie's pleading eyes; he stopped a moment and looked up at the great, calm moon flooding the mountain fastnesses with her silver light, and — he grasped his rifle more firmly and walked on. And then, as always, the unexpected came to pass. Curtis was at the end of his beat, Gerard had not reached his post. The prisoner was an adroit as well as a desperate man. With the bound of a tiger he felled the sentry at the door, sprang out, and ran swiftly toward the lower end of the enclosure. Curtis turned and saw him. In a second, the rifle was at his shoulder, and his finger on the trigger; but the flood of thought and memory surging in his brain held his purpose captive a moment; and in that moment the fugitive reached the fence and burst through it as if it had been paper. Two feet beyond it, masked by shrubs, was the perpendicular cliff left by the hydraulic miners of former days, and a fall of seventy feet to the rocks below!

An hour later, Gerard sat with Radford in the latter's room, aiding him with the notes he was rapidly making for his report. Suddenly, the older man looked up and fixed his keen eyes on his face.

"My boy," said he, "I think you had best tell me the whole story. It is my business to know secrets and keep them." Without hesitation, Gerard told him all that had passed between Curtis, Katie, and himself. Radford listened with the closest attention and interest. When the recital was over, his genuine human sympathy found ready and ample expression; then his strong professional feeling asserted itself.

"That clears everything up," said he. "What beat me was how Curtis, with as good a Winchester as his, and a bright moon shining, did not drop a man at that distance." He lit a cigar and reflected a while. At last, he asked:

"Who knows all this besides you and me?"

"Only Curtis himself, and Miss Winterton," replied Gerard.

"That's all right," said Radford. "I'll back the little girl, on short acquaintance, to hold her tongue. Now, I'll tell you what we must do, and that is to get all this crowd away from the Ranch bright and early to-morrow morning. If you will attend to the party from Georgetown, you can leave the rest to me. That saves all sort of talk and unpleasant questions. Do you know," he added, taking his cigar from his mouth and looking into the bright open fire, "it strikes me very forcibly that what the parsons call 'the hand of Providence' has been in this thing, and straightened it out a blamed sight better than we could have done."

I have the honor to count Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Armstrong among my friends, and it gave me much pleasure to meet them in New York on their return from their honeymoon journey, and give them a little dinner—at the real Delmonico's, be it known—not any such shabby namesake's as that at which I was obliged to introduce Gerard at the beginning of my story. It was a lovely evening at the end of May, and I had a table on the Avenue side, and the window open. Mrs. Armstrong was in the highest spirits, and had much to say that was interesting and amusing.

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"Do you know," she asked me, at last, "that dear old Colonel Radford sent me a pretty wedding present and a long letter? He told me that poor Mr. Curtis was dead; never was the same man after that dreadful night at the Ranch; as he expressed it in his curious way, 'sort of lost his grip, and didn't take any interest!' He left all his money to that lovely Helen Graham, and she is happily married. But, oh, what a time that was!"

The pretty creature stopped, grew sober, and sat silent; and I knew that there and then, on one of the halcyon days of her life, there had come over her the shadow of those sombre scenes in which she had taken part. I was sure, indeed, that in spirit she was far away from that gay room in the centre of the great eastern city; but was, for the nonce, in the well-remembered nook among the eternal hills, above which towers, in awful majesty, the Mountain of the Holy Cross.

THE DUNCHURCH BELLS.*

By Archibald Gordon.

In stops and swells
The Dunchurch bells
  Went pealing, pealing, pealing;
In mead and fen
The Dunchurch men
  Heard them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And ships that sailed far out at sea
And the sailor-lad from the north countree,
When the wanton west wind whistled free,
  Heard them pealing, pealing, pealing.

Now the North Sea leaps both fierce and free,
  Where the bells went pealing, pealing;
And the keen keels glide
Through the tumbling tide
  Where the bells went pealing, pealing.
Sorest of all, in mead or fen,
No longer do the Dunchurch men
With scythe or sickle listen when
  The Dunchurch bells go pealing.

But the fisherman shooting his net in the bay
  Hears them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And the sailor-lad from the north countree,
  Hears them pealing, pealing, pealing;
And when the flaming Cromer Light
Flares out aflash at the fall of night
You may hear (an you listen with ears aright)
  The Dunchurch bells still pealing.

* Where the German Ocean, driven by the North Sea, year after year eats away the east coast of England, there are, underneath its waters, villages, some of actual existence and some of mere legend, over which the tides have ebbed and flowed for centuries. Among these is the pastoral village of Dunchurch, in the belfry of which hung a chime of bells the pride of East Anglia. The Dunchurch ringers had no peers, and on windy nights the coasting voyagers, far out at sea, heard, fitfully, the music that they made. Dunchurch is now itself far out at sea.

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ELSKET.

By Thomas Nelson Page.

"The knife hangs loose in the sheath."
—OLD NORSK PROVERB.

I SPENT a month of the summer of 188– in Norway—"Old Norway"—and a friend of mine, Dr. John ——, who is as great a fisherman as he is a physician, and knows that I love a stream where the trout and I can meet each other alone, and have it out, face to face, uninterrupted by any interlopers, did me a favor to which I was indebted for the experience related below. He had been to Norway two years before, and he let me into the secret of an unexplored region between the Nord Fiord and the Romsdal. I cannot give the name of the place, because even now it has not been fully explored, and he bound me by a solemn promise that I would not divulge it to a single soul, actually going to the length of insisting on my adding a formal oath to my affirmation. This I consented to because I knew that my friend was a humorous man, and also because he positively refused otherwise to inform me where even the streams were about which he had been telling such fabulous fish stories. "No," he said, "some of those —— cattle who think they own the earth and have a right to fool women at will and know how to fish, will be poking in there, worrying Olaf and Elsket, and ruining the fishing, and I'll be —— if I tell you unless you make oath." My friend is a swearing man, though he says he swears for emphasis, not blasphemy, and on this occasion he swore with extreme solemnity. I saw that he was in earnest, so made affidavit and was rewarded.

"Now," he said, after inquiring about my climbing capacity in a way which piqued me, and giving me the routes with a particularity which somewhat mystified me, "I will write a letter to Olaf of the Mountain and to Elsket. I once was enabled to do them a slight service, and they will receive you. It will take him two or three weeks to get it, so you may have to wait a little. You must wait at L—— until Olaf comes down to take you over the mountain. You may be there when he gets the letter, or you may have to wait for a couple of weeks, as he does not come over the mountain often. However, you can amuse yourself around L——, only you must always be on hand every night in case Olaf comes."

Although this appeared natural enough to the doctor, it sounded rather curious to me, and it seemed yet more so when he added, "By the way, one piece of advice: Don't talk about England to Elsket, and don't ask any questions."

"Who is Elsket?" I asked.

"A daughter of the Vikings, poor thing," he said.

My curiosity was aroused, but I could get nothing further out of him, and set it down to his unreasonable dislike of Englishmen, against whom, for some reason, he had a violent antipathy, declaring that they did not know how to treat women or how to fish. My friend has a custom of speaking very strongly, and I used to wonder at the

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violence of his language, which contrasted strangely with his character; for he was the kindest-hearted man I ever knew, being a true follower of his patron saint, old Isaac, giving his sympathy to all the unfortunate, and even handling his frogs as if he loved them.

Thus it was that on the afternoon of the seventh day of July, 188–, having, for purposes of identification, a letter in my pocket to "Olaf of the Mountain from his friend Dr. ——," I stood in the rain in the so-called "street" of L——, on the —— Fiord, looking over the bronzed faces of the stolid but kindly peasants who lounged silently around, to see if I could detect in one a resemblance to the picture I had formed in my mind of "Olaf of the Mountain," or could discern in any eye a gleam of special interest to show that its possessor was on the watch for an expected guest.

There was none in whom I could discover any indication that he was not a resident of the straggling little settlement. They all stood quietly about gazing at me and talking in low tones among themselves, chewing tobacco and spitting, or smoking their pipes, as naturally as if they were in Virginia or Kentucky, only, if possible, in a somewhat more ruminant manner. It gave me the single bit of home feeling I could muster, for it was, I must confess, rather desolate standing alone in a strange land, under those beetling crags, with the clouds almost resting on our heads, and the rain coming down in a steady, wet, monotonous fashion. The half-dozen little log- or frame-houses, with their double windows and turf roofs, standing about at all sorts of angles to the road, as if they had rolled down the mountain like the great bowlders beyond them, looked dark and cheerless. I was weak enough to wish for a second that I had waited a few days for the rainy spell to be over, but two little, bareheaded children, coming down the road laughing and chattering, recalled me to myself. They had no wrapping whatever, and nothing on their heads but their soft flaxen hair, yet they minded the rain no more than if they had been ducklings. I saw that these people were used to rain. Something, however, had to be done, and I recognized the fact that I was out of the beaten track of tourists, and that if I had to stay here a week, on the prudence of my first step depended the consideration I should receive. It would not do to be hasty. I had a friend with me which had stood me in good stead before, and I applied to it now. Walking slowly up to the largest, and one of the oldest men in the group, I drew out my pipe and a bag of old Virginia tobacco, free from any flavor than its own, and filling the pipe, I asked him in the best phrase-book Norsk I could command, for a light. He gave it, and I placed the bag in his hand and motioned him to fill his pipe. When that was done I handed the pouch to another, and motioned him to fill and pass the tobacco around. One by one they took it, and I saw that I had friends. No man can fill his pipe from another's bag and not wish him well.

"Does any of you know Olaf of the Mountain?" I asked. I saw at once that I had made an impression. The mention of that name was evidently a claim to consideration. There was a general murmur of surprise, and the group gathered around me. A half-dozen spoke at once. "He was at L—— last week," they said, as if that fact was an item of extensive interest. "I want to go there," I said, and then was, somehow, immediately conscious that I had made a mistake. Looks were exchanged and some words were spoken among my friends, as if they were oblivious of my presence.

"You cannot go there. None goes there but at night," said one, suggestively.

"Who goes over the mountain comes no more," said another, as if he quoted a proverb, at which there was a faint intimation of laughter on the part of several.

My first adviser undertook a long explanation, but though he labored faithfully I could make out no more than that it was something about "Elsket" and "the Devil's Ledge," and men who had disappeared. This was a new revelation. What object had my friend? He had never said a word of this. Indeed he had, I now remembered, said very little at all about the people.

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He had exhausted his eloquence on the fish. I recalled his words when I asked him about Elsket. "She is a daughter of the Vikings, poor thing." That was all. Had he been up to a practical joke? If so, it seemed rather a sorry one to me just then. But anyhow I could not draw back now. I could never face him again if I did not go on, and what was more serious, I could never face myself. I was weak enough to have a thought that, after all, the mysterious Olaf might not come; but the recollection of the fish of which my friend had spoken as if they had been the golden fish of the "Arabian Nights," banished that. I asked about the streams around L——. Yes, there was good fishing, but they were all too anxious to tell me about the danger of going over the mountain to give much thought to the fishing. "No one without Olaf's blood could cross the Devil's Ledge." "Two men had disappeared there years ago"—"A man had disappeared there last year. He had gone, and had never been heard of afterward. The Devil's Ledge was a bad pass."

"Why don't they look into the matter?" I asked.

The reply was as near a shrug of the shoulders as a Norseman can accomplish.

"It was not easy to get the proof; the mountain was very dangerous, the glacier very slippery; there were no witnesses, etc. Olaf of the Mountain was not a man to trouble."

"He hates Englishmen," said one, significantly.

"I am not an Englishman, I am an American," I explained.

This had a sensible effect. Several began to talk at once. One had a brother in Idaho, another had cousins in Nebraska, and so on.

The group had by this time been augmented by the addition of almost the entire population of the settlement; one or two rosy-cheeked women, having babies in their arms, standing in the rain utterly regardless of the steady downpour.

It was a propitious time. "Can I get a place to stay here?" I inquired of the group generally.

"Yes—oh, yes." There was a consultation in which the name of Hendrik was heard frequently, and then a man stepped forward and taking up my bag and rod-case, walked off, I following, escorted by a number of my new friends.

I had been installed in Hendrik's little house about an hour, and we had just finished supper, when there was a murmur outside, and then the door opened, and a young man stepping in said something so rapidly that I understood only that it concerned Olaf of the Mountain, and in some way myself.

"Olaf of the Mountain is here and wants to speak to you," said my host. "Will you go?"

"Yes," I said. "Why does he not come in?"

"He will not come in," said my host; "he never does come in."

"He is at the church-yard," said the messenger; "he always stops there."

I arose and went out, taking the direction indicated. A number of my friends stood in the road or street as I passed along, and touched their caps to me, looking very queer in the dim twilight. They gazed at me curiously as I walked by.

I turned the corner of a house which stood half in the road, and just in front of me, in its little yard, was the white church with its square, heavy, short spire. At the gate stood a tall figure, perfectly motionless, leaning on a long staff. As I approached I saw that he was an elderly man. He wore a long beard, once yellow but now gray, and he looked very straight and large. There was something grand about him as he stood there in the dusk.

I came quite up to him. He did not move.

"Good-evening," I said.

"Good-evening."

"Are you Mr. Hovedsen?" I asked, drawing out my letter.

"I am Olaf of the Mountain," he said, slowly, as if his name embraced the whole title.

I handed him the letter.

"You are——?"

"I am—" taking my cue from his own manner.

"The friend of her friend?"

"His great friend."

"Can you climb?"

"I can."

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"Are you steady?"

"Yes."

"It is well; are you ready?"

I had not counted on this, and involuntarily I asked, in some surprise, "To-night?"

"To-night. You cannot go in the day."

I thought of the speech I had heard: "No one goes over the mountain except at night," and the ominous conclusion, "Who goes over the mountain comes no more." My strange host, however, diverted my thoughts.

"A stranger cannot go except at night," he said, gravely; and then added, "I must get back to watch over Elsket."

"I shall be ready in a minute," I said, turning.

In ten minutes I had bade good-by to my simple hosts, and leaving them with a sufficient evidence of my consideration to secure their lasting good-will, I was on my way down the street again with my light luggage on my back. This time the entire population of the little village was in the road, and as I passed along I knew by their murmuring conversation that they regarded my action with profound misgiving. I felt, as I returned their touch of the cap and bade them good-by, a little like the gladiators of old who, about to die, saluted Cæsar.

At the gate my strange guide, who had not moved from the spot where I first found him, insisted on taking my luggage, and buckling his straps around it and flinging it over his back, he handed me his stick, and without a word strode off straight toward the black mountain whose vast wall towered above us to the clouds.

I shall never forget that climb. We were hardly out of the road before we began to ascend, and I had shortly to stop for breath. My guide, however, if silent was thoughtful, and he soon caught my gait and knew when to pause. Up through the dusk we went, he guiding me, now by a word, telling me how to step, or now turning to give me his hand to help me up a steep place, over a large rock, or around a bad angle. For a time we had heard the roar of the torrent as it boiled below us, but as we ascended it had gradually hushed, and we at length were in a region of profound silence. The night was cloudy, and as dark as it ever is in midsummer in that far northern latitude; but I knew that we were climbing along the edge of a precipice, on a narrow ledge of rock along the face of the cliff. The vast black wall above us rose sheer up, and I could feel rather than see that it went as sheer down, though my sight could not penetrate the darkness which filled the deep space below. We had been climbing about three hours when suddenly my guide stopped, and unwinding his rope from his waist, held it out to me. I obeyed his silent gesture, and binding it around my body gave him the end. He wrapped it about him, and then taking me by the arm, as if I had been a child, he led me slowly along the narrow ledge around the face of the wall, step by step, telling me where to place my feet, and waiting till they were firmly planted. I began now to understand why no one ever went "over the mountain" in the day. We were on a ledge nearly three thousand feet high. If it had not been for the strong, firm hold on my arm, I could not have stood it. As it was I dared not think. Suddenly we turned a sharp angle and found ourselves in a curious semicircular place, almost level, and fifty or sixty feet deep in the concave, as if a great piece had been gouged out of the mountain by the glacier which must once have been there.

"This is a curious place," I ventured to say.

"It is," said my guide. "It is the Devil's Seat. Men have died here."

His tone was almost fierce. I accepted his explanation silently. We passed the singular spot and once more were on the ledge, but it was not so narrow as it had been the other side of the Devil's Seat, and in fifteen minutes we had crossed the summit and the path widened a little and began to descend.

"You do well," said my guide, briefly, "but not as good as Doctor John." I was well content with being ranked a good second to the doctor just then. The rain had ceased, the sky had partly cleared, and, as we began to descend, the early twilight of the northern dawn began to appear. First the sky became a clear steel-gray and the tops of the mountains became visible, the dark outlines begin-

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ning to be filled in, and taking on a soft color. This lightened rapidly, until on the side facing the east they were bathed in an atmosphere so clear and transparent that they seemed almost within a stone's throw of us, while the other side was still left in a shadow which was so deep as to be almost darkness. The gray lightened and lightened into pearl until a tinge of rose appeared, and then the sky suddenly changed to the softest blue, and a little later the snow-white mountain-tops were bathed in pink, and it was dawn.

I could see in the light that we were descending into a sort of upland hollow between the snow-patched mountain-tops; below us was a lovely little valley in which small pines and birches grew, and patches of the green short grass which stands for hay shone among the great bowlders. Several little streams came jumping down as white as milk from the glaciers stuck between the mountain-tops, and after resting in two or three little lakes, which looked like hand-mirrors lying in the grass below, went bubbling and foaming on to the edge of the precipice, over which they sprang, to be dashed into vapor and snow hundreds of feet down. A half-dozen sheep and as many goats were feeding about in the little valley; but I could not see the least sign of a house, except a queer, brown structure, on a little knoll, with many gables and peaks, ending in the curious dragon-pennants, which I recognized as one of the old Norsk wooden churches.

When, however, an hour later, we had got down to the table-land, I found myself suddenly in front of a long, quaint log cottage, set between two immense bowlders, and roofed with layers of birch bark, covered with turf, which was blue with wild pansies. It was as if it were built under a bed of heart's-ease. It was very old, and had evidently been a house of some pretension, for there was much curious carving about the doors, and indeed about the whole front, the dragon's head being distinctly visible in the design. There were several lesser houses which looked as if they had once been dwellings, but they seemed now to be only stables.

As we approached the principal door it opened, and there stepped forth one of the most striking figures I ever saw—a young woman, rather tall, and as straight as an arrow. My friend's words involuntarily recurred to me, "A daughter of the Vikings," and then, somehow, I too had the feeling he had expressed, "Poor thing." Her figure was one of the most perfect I ever beheld. Her face was singularly beautiful; but it was less her beauty than her nobility of look and mien which impressed me. The features were clear and strong and perfectly carved. There was a firm mouth, a good jaw, strong chin, a broad brow, and deep blue eyes which looked straight at you. Her expression was so soft and tender as to have something pathetic in it. Her hair was flaxen, and as fine as satin, and was brushed perfectly smooth and coiled on the back of her shapely head, which was placed admirably on her shoulders. She was dressed in the coarse, black-blue stuff of the country, and a kerchief, also dark blue, was knotted under her chin, and fell back behind her head, forming a background for her silken hair.

Seeing us she stood perfectly still until we drew near, when she made a quaint, low courtesy and advanced to meet her father.

"Elsket," he said, with a tenderness which conveyed the full meaning of the sweet pet term, "darling." There was something about these people, peasants though they were, which gave me a strange feeling of respect for them.

"This is Doctor John's friend," said the old man, quietly.

She looked at her father in a puzzled way for a moment, as if she had not heard him, but as he repeated his introduction a light came into her eyes and coming up to me she held out her hand saying, "Welcome."

Then turning to her father—"Have you a letter for me, father?" she asked.

"No, Elsket," he said, gently; "but I will go again next month."

A cloud settled on her face and increased its sadness, and she turned her head away. After a moment she went into the house and I saw that she was weeping. A look of deep dejection came over the old man's face also.

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II.

I found that my friend "Doctor John," strange to relate of a fisherman, had not exaggerated the merits of the fishing. How they got there, two thousand feet above the lower valley, I don't know; but trout fairly swarmed in the little streams which boiled among the rocks, and they were as greedy as if they had never seen a fly in their lives. I shortly became contemptuous toward anything under three pounds, and addressed myself to the task of defending my flies against the smaller ones and keeping them only for the big fellows which ran over three pounds—the patriarchs of the streams. With these I had capital sport, for they knew every angle and hole, they sought every coign of vantage, and the rocks were so thick and so sharp that from the time one of these veterans took the fly it was an equal contest which of us should come off victorious. I was often forced to rush splashing and floundering through the water to my waist to keep my line from being sawed, and as the water was not an hour from the green glaciers above, it was not always entirely pleasant.

I soon made firm friends with my hosts, and varied the monotony of catching three-pounders by helping them get in their hay for the winter. Elsket, poor thing, was, notwithstanding her apparently splendid physique, so delicate that she could no longer stand the fatigue of manual labor, any extra exertion being liable to bring on a recurrence of the heart-failure from which she had suffered. I learned that she had had a violent hemorrhage two summers before, from which she had come near dying, and that the skill of my friend, the doctor, had doubtless saved her life. This was the hold he had on Olaf of the Mountain, this was the "small service" he had rendered them.

By aiding them thus, I was enabled to be of material assistance to Olaf, and I found in helping these good people that work took on once more the delight which I remembered it used to have under like circumstances when I was a boy. I could cut or carry on my back loads of hay all day and feel at night as if I had been playing. Such is the singular effect of the spirit on labor.

To make up for this, Elsket would sometimes, when I went fishing, take her knitting and keep me company, sitting at a little distance. With her pale, calm face and shining hair outlined against the background of her sad-colored kerchief, she looked like a mourning angel. I never saw her smile except when her father came into her presence, and when she smiled it was as if the sun had suddenly come in at a window. I began to understand the devotion of these two strange people, so like and yet so different.

One rainy day she had a strange turn; she began to be restless. Her large sad eyes, usually so calm, became bright; the two spots in her cheeks burned yet deeper; her face grew anxious. Then she laid her knitting aside and took out of a great chest something on which she began to sew busily. I was looking at her, when she caught my eye and smiled. It was the first time she ever smiled for me. "Did you know I was going to be married?" she asked, just as an American girl might have done. And before I could answer she brought me the work. It was her wedding dress. "I have nearly finished it," she said. Then she brought me a box of old silver ornaments, such as the Norsk brides wear, and put them on. When I had admired them she put them away. After a little she arose and began to wander about the house and out into the rain. I watched her with interest. Her father came in, and I saw a distressed look come into his eyes. He went up to her and laying his hand on her drew her toward a seat. Then taking down an old Bible he turned to a certain place and began to read. He read first the ninetieth Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end." Then he turned to the chapter of Second Corinthians which is a part of our burial service: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," etc. His voice was clear, rich, and devout, and he read it with sin-

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gular earnestness and beauty. Then he opened his hymn-book and began to sing a low, dirge-like hymn. I sat silent watching the strange service and noting its effect on Elsket. She sat first like a person bound, struggling to be free, then became quieter, and at last perfectly calm. Then Olaf knelt down and prayed one of the most touching prayers I ever heard. It was for patience.

When he rose Elsket was weeping, and she went and leant in his arms like a child, and he kissed her as tenderly as if he had been her mother.

Next day, however, the same excited state recurred, and this time the reading appeared to have less effect. She sewed busily and insisted that there must be a letter for her at L——. A violent fit of weeping was followed by a paroxysm of coughing, and finally the old man, who had sat quietly by her with his hand stroking her head, arose and said, "I will go." She threw herself into his arms, rubbing her head against him in sign of dumb affection, and in a little while grew calm. It was still raining and quite late, only a little before sunset; but the old man went out, and taking the path toward L—— was soon climbing the mountain toward the Devil's Seat. Elsket sat up all night, but she was as calm and as gentle as ever.

The next morning when Olaf returned she went out to meet him. Her look was full of eager expectancy. I did not go out but watched her from the door. I saw Olaf shake his head and heard her say bitterly, "It is so hard to wait," and he said, gently, "Yes, it is, Elsket, but I will go again," and then she came in weeping quietly, the old man following with a tender look on his strong, weather-beaten face.

That day Elsket was taken ill. She had been trying to do a little work in the field in the afternoon, when a sinking spell had come on. It looked for a time as if the poor over-driven heart had knocked off work for good and all. Strong remedies, however, left by Dr. John, set it going again, and we got her to bed. She was still desperately feeble and Olaf sat up. I could not leave him, so we were sitting watching, he one side the open platform fireplace in one corner, and I the other; he smoking, anxious, silent, grim; I watching the expression on his gray face. His eyes seemed set back deeper than ever under the shaggy gray brows, and as the firelight fell on him he had the fierce, hopeless look of a caged eagle. It was late in the night before he spoke, and then it was half to himself and but half to me.

"I have fought it ten long years," he said, slowly.

Not willing to break the thread of his thought by speaking, I lit my pipe afresh and just looked at him. He received it as an answer.

"She is the last of them," he said, accepting me as an auditor rather than addressing me. "We go back to Olaf Traetelje, the blood of Harald Haarfarger (the Fairhaired) is in our veins, and here it ends. Dane and Swede have known our power, Saxon and Celt have bowed bare-headed to us, and with her it ends. In this stronghold many times her fathers have found refuge from their foes and gained breathing-time after battles by sea and land. From this nest, like eagles, they have swooped down, carrying all before them, and here, at last, when betrayed and hunted, they found refuge. Here no foreign king could rule over them; here they learnt the lesson that Christ is the only king, and that all men are his brothers. Here they lived and worshipped him. If their dominions were stolen from them they found here a truer wealth, content; if they had not power, they had what was better, independence. For centuries they held this last remnant of the dominion which Harold Haarfarger had conquered by land, and Eric of the Bloody Axe had won by sea, sending out their sons and daughters to people the lands; but the race dwindled as their lands had done before, and now with her dies the last. How has it come? By betrayal, as ever!"

The old man turned fiercely, his breast heaving, his eyes burning. "Was she who came of a race at whose feet jarls have crawled and kings have knelt not good enough!" I was hearing the story and did not interrupt him—"Not good enough for him," he continued in his low, fierce monotone. "I did not want him. What if he was a Saxon? His

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fathers were our boatmen. Rather Cnut a thousand times. Then the race would not have died. Then she would not be —not be so."

The reference to her recalled him to himself, and he suddenly relapsed into silence.

"At least Cnut paid the score," he began once more, in a low, intense undertone. "In his arms he bore him down from the Devil's Seat, a thousand feet sheer on the hard ice, where his cursed body lies crushed forever, a witness of his falsehood."

I did not interrupt, and he rewarded my patience, giving a more connected account, for the first time addressing me directly.

"Her mother died when she was a child," he said, softly. His gentle voice contrasted strangely with the fierce undertone in which he had been speaking. "I was mother as well as father to her. She was as good as she was beautiful, and each day she grew more and more so. She was a second Ingeborg. Knowing that she needed other companionship than an old man, I sought and brought her Cnut (he spoke of him as if I must know all about him). Cnut was the son of my only kinsman, the last of his line as well, and he was tall and straight and strong. I loved him and he was my son, and as he grew I saw that he loved her, and I was not sorry, for he was goodly to look on, straight and tall as one of old, and he was good also. And she was satisfied with him, and from a child ordered him to do her girlish bidding, and he obeyed and laughed, well content to have her smile. And he would carry her on his shoulder, and take her on the mountain to slide, and gather her flowers. And I thought it was well. And I thought that in time they would marry and have the farm, and that there would be children about the house, and the valley might be filled with their voices as in the old time. And I was content. And one day *he* came! (the reference cost him an effort). Cnut found him fainting on the mountain and brought him here in his arms. He had come to the village alone, and the idle fools there had told him of me, and he had asked to meet me, and they told him of the mountain, and that none could pass the Devil's Ledge but those who had the old blood, and that I loved not strangers; and he said he would pass it, and he had come and passed safely the narrow ledge, and reached the Devil's Seat, when a stone had fallen upon him, and Cnut had found him there fainting, and had lifted him and brought him here, risking his own life to save him on the narrow ledge. And he was near to death for days, and she nursed him and brought him from the grave.

"At first I was cold to him, but there was something about him that drew me and held me. It was not that he was young and taller than Cnut, and fair. It was not that his eyes were clear and full of light, and his figure straight as a young pine. It was not that he had climbed the mountain and passed the narrow ledge and the Devil's Seat alone, though I liked well his act; for none but those who have Harold Haarfarger's blood have done it alone in all the years, though many have tried and failed. I asked him what men called him, and he said 'Harold;' then, laughing, said some called him 'Harold the Fair-haired.' The answer pleased me. There was something in the name which drew me to him. I had thought of Harold Haarfarger, and that later Harold, who, though a Dane, died bravely for his kingdom when his brother betrayed him, and I held out my hand and gave him the clasp of friendship."

The old man paused, but after a brief reflection proceeded:

"We made him welcome and we loved him. He knew the world and could tell us many things. He knew the story of Norway and the Vikings, and the Sagas were on his tongue. Cnut loved him and followed him, and she (the pause which always indicated her who filled his thoughts)—she, then but a girl, laughed and sang for him, and he sang for her, and his voice was rich and sweet. And she went out with him to fish and to climb, and often, when Cnut and I were in the field, we would hear her laugh, clear and fresh from the rocks beside the streams, as he told her some fine story of his England. He stayed here a month and a week, and then departed, saying he would come

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again next year, and the house was empty and silent after he left. But after a time we grew used to it once more, and the winter came.

"When the spring returned we got a letter—a letter to her—saying he would come again, and every two weeks another letter came, and I went for it and brought it to—to her, and she read it to Cnut and me. And at last he came and I went to meet him, and brought him here, welcome as if he had been my eldest born, and we were glad. Cnut smiled and ran forward and gave him his hand, and—she—she did not come at first, but when she came she was clad in all that was her best, and wore her silver—the things her mother and her grandmother had worn, and as she stepped out of the door and saluted him, I saw for the first time that she was a woman grown, and it was hard to tell which face was brightest, hers or his, and Cnut smiled to see her so glad."

The old man relapsed into reflection. Presently, however, he resumed:

"This time he was gayer than before—the summer seemed to come with him. He sang to her and read to her from books that he had brought, teaching her to speak English like himself, and he would go and fish up the streams while she sat near by and talked to him. Cnut also learned his tongue well, and I did also, but Cnut did not see so much of him as before, for Cnut had to work, and in the evening they were reading, and she—she—grew more and more beautiful, and laughed and sang more. And so the summer passed. The autumn came, but he did not go, and I was well content, for she was happy, and, in truth, the place was cheerier that he was here. Cnut alone seemed downcast, but I knew not why; and then the snow came. One morning we awoke and the farm was as white as the mountains. I said to him, 'Now you are here for the winter,' and he laughed and said, 'No, I will stay till the new-year. I have business then, and I must go.' And I turned, and her face was like sunshine, for she knew that none but Cnut and I had ever passed the Devil's Ledge in the snow, and the other way by which I took the Doctor home was worse then, though easier in the summer, only longer. But Cnut looked gloomy, at which I chid him; but he was silent, and the autumn passed rapidly, so cheerful was he, finding in the snow as much pleasure as in the sunshine, and taking her out to slide and race on shoes till she would come in with her cheeks like roses in summer, and her eyes like stars, and she made it warm where she was.

"And one evening they came home. He was gayer than ever, and she more beautiful, but silenter than her wont. She looked like her mother the evening I asked her to be my wife. I could not take my eyes from her. That night Cnut was a caged wolf. At last he asked me to come out, and then he told me that he had seen Harold kiss her and had heard him tell her he loved her, and she had not driven him away. My heart was wrung for Cnut, for I loved him, and he wept like a child. I tried to comfort him, but it was useless, and the next day he went away for a time. I was glad to have him go, for I grieved for him, and I thought she would miss him and be glad when he came again, and though the snow was bad on the mountain he was sure as a wolf. He bade us good-by and left with his eyes looking like a hurt dog's. I thought she would have wept to have him go, but she did not. She gave him her hand and turned back to Harold, and smiled back to him when he smiled. It was the first time I had not been glad to have her smile, and I was sorry Harold had stayed, and I watched Cnut climb the mountain like a dark speck against the snow till he disappeared. She was so happy and beautiful that I could not long be out with her, though I grieved for Cnut, and when she came to me and told me one night of her great love for Harold I forgot my own regret in her joy, and I said nothing to Harold, because she told me he said that in his country it was not usual for the father to be told or to speak to a daughter's lover.

"They were much taken up together after that, and I was alone, and I missed Cnut sorely, and would have longed for him more but for her happiness. But one day, when he had been gone two months, I looked over the mountain, and

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on the snow I saw a black speck. It had not been there before, and I watched it as it moved, and I knew it was Cnut.

"I said nothing until he came, and then I ran and met him. He was thin, and worn, and older; but his eyes had a look in them which I thought was joy at getting home; only they were not soft, and he looked taller than when he left, and he spoke little. His eyes softened when she, hearing his voice, came out and held out her hand to him, smiling to welcome him; but he did not kiss her as kinsfolk do after long absence, and when Harold came out the wolf-look came back into his eyes. Harold looked not so pleased to see him, but held out his hand to greet him. But Cnut stepped back, and suddenly drawing from his breast a letter, placed it in his palm, saying slowly, 'I have been to England, Lord Harold, and have brought you this from your Lady Ethelfrid Penrith—they expect you to your wedding at the New Year.' Harold turned as white as the snow under his feet, and she gave a cry and fell full length on the ground.

"Cnut was the first to reach her, and lifting her in his arms he bore her into the house. Harold would have seized her, but Cnut brushed him aside as if he had been a barley-straw, and carried her and laid her down. When she came to herself she did not remember clearly what had happened. She was strange to me who was her father, but she knew him. I could have slayed him, but she called him. He went to her, and she understood only that he was going away, and she wept. He told her it was true that he had loved another woman and had promised to marry her, before he had met her, but now he loved her better, and he would go home and arrange everything and return; and she listened and clung to him. I hated him and wanted him to go, but he was my guest, and I told him that he could not go through the snow; but he was determined. It seemed as if he wanted now to get away, and I was glad to have him go, for my child was strange to me, and if he had deceived one woman I knew he might another, and Cnut said the letter he had sent by him before the snow came was to say he would come in time to be married; and Cnut said he lived in a great castle and owned broad lands, more than one could see from the whole mountain, and his people had brought him in and asked him many questions of him, and offered him gold to bring the letter back, and he refused the gold, and brought it without the gold; and some said he had deceived more than one woman. And Lord Harold went to get ready, and she wept, and moaned, and was strange. And then Cnut went to her and told her of his own love for her, and that he was loyal to her, but she waved him from her, and when he asked her to marry him, for he loved her truly, she said him nay with violence, so that he came forth into the air looking white as a leper. And he sat down, and when I came out he was sitting on a stone and had his knife in his hand, looking at it with a dangerous gleam in his eyes; and just then she arose and came out, and, seeing him sitting with his knife, she gave a start, and her manner changed, and going to him she spoke softly to him for the first time, and made him yield her up the knife; for she knew that the knife hung loose in the sheath. But then she changed again and all her anger rose against Cnut, that he had brought Harold the letter which carried him away, and Cnut sat saying nothing and his face was like stone. Then Lord Harold came and said he was ready, and he asked Cnut would he carry his luggage. And Cnut refused, and then suddenly looked him full in his face, and said, 'Yes.' And Harold entered the house to say good-by to her, and I heard her weeping within, and my heart grew hard against the Englishman, and Cnut's face was black with anger, and when Harold came forth I heard her cry out, and he turned and said he would return, and would write her a letter to let her know when he would return. But he said it as one speaks to a child, not meaning it. And Cnut went in to speak to her, but I heard her drive him out as if he had been a dog, and he came forth with his face like a wolf's, and taking up Lord Harold's luggage, he set out. And so they went over the mountain.

"And all that night she lay awake, and I heard her moaning, and all next day she sat like stone, and I milked the

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goats, and her thoughts were on the letters he would send.

"I spoke to her, but she spoke only of the letters to come, and I kept silence, for I had seen that Lord Harold would come no more, for I had seen him burn the little things she had given him, and he had taken everything away, but I could not tell her so. And the days passed, and I hoped that Cnut would come straight back; but he did not. It grieved me, for I loved him, and hoped that he would return, and that in time she would forget Lord Harold, and not be strange, but be as she had been to Cnut before he came. Yet I thought it not wholly wonderful that Cnut did not return at once, nor unwise; for she was lonely, and would sit all day looking up the mountain, and when he came she would, I thought, be glad to have him back.

"But at the end of a week she began to urge me to go for a letter. But I told her it could not come so soon; but when another week had passed she began to sew, and when I asked her what she sewed, she said her bridal dress, and she became so that I agreed to go, for I knew no letter would come, and it broke my heart to see her. And when I was ready she kissed me, and wept in my arms, and called me her good father; and so I started.

"She stood in the door and watched me climb the mountain, and waved to me almost gayly.

"The snow was deep, but I followed the track which Cnut and the Englishman had made two weeks before, for no new snow had fallen, and I saw that one track was ever behind the other, and never beside it, as if Cnut had fallen back and followed behind him.

And so I came near to the Devil's Seat, where it was difficult, and from where Cnut had brought him in his arms that day, and then, for the first time, I began to fear, for I remembered Cnut's look when he came from the house when she waved him off, and it had been so easy for him with a swing of his arm to have pushed the other over the cliff. But when I saw that he had driven his stick deep in to hold hard, and that the tracks went on beyond, I breathed freely again, and so I passed the narrow path, and the black wall, and came to the Devil's Seat; and as I turned the rock my heart stopped beating, and I had nearly fallen from the ledge. For there, scattered and half-buried in the snow, lay the pack Cnut had carried on his back, and the snow was all dug up and piled about as if stags had been fighting there. From the wall, across and back, were deep furrows, as if they were ploughed by men's feet dug fiercely in; but they were deeper toward the edge, and on one spot at the edge it was all torn clear from the black rock, and beyond the seat the narrow path lay smooth, and bright, and level as it had fallen, without a track. My knees shook under me, and I clutched my stick for support, and everything grew black before me: and presently I fell on my knees and crawled and peered over the edge, but there was nothing to be seen, only where the wall slants sharp down for a little space in one spot the snow was brushed away as if something had struck there, and the black, smooth rock showed a clean edge, cutting off the sight from the glacier a thousand feet down."

The old man's breast heaved. It was evidently a painful narrative, but he kept on.

"I sat down in the snow and thought; for I could not think at once. Cnut had not wished to murder, or else he had flung the Englishman from the ledge with one blow of his strong arm. He had waited until they had stood on the Devil's Seat, and then he had thrown off his pack and faced him, man to man. The Englishman was strong and active, taller and heavier than Cnut. He had Harold's name, but he had not Harold's heart nor blood, and Cnut had carried him in his arms over the cliff, with his false heart like water in his body.

"I sat all day and into the night there; for I knew that he would betray no one more. I sorrowed for Cnut, for he was my very son. And after a time I would have gone back to her, but I thought of her at home waiting and watching for me with a letter, and I could not; and then I wept, and I wished I were Cnut, for I knew that he had had one moment of joy. And then I took the scattered things from the snow and threw them

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over the cliff; for I would not let it be known that Cnut had flung the Englishman over. It would be talked about over the mountain, and Cnut would be thought a murderer, and some would say he had done it foully; and so I went on over the mountain, and told it there that Cnut and the Englishman had gone over the cliff together in the snow on their way, and it was thought that a slip of snow had carried them, and I came back and told her only that no letter had come."

He was silent so long that I thought he had ended; but presently, in a voice so low it was just like a whisper, he added: "I thought she would forget, but she has not, and every fortnight she begins to sew her dress and I go over the mountains to give her peace; for each time she draws nearer to the end, and wears away more and more, and some day the thin blade will snap."

"The thin blade" was already snapping, and even while he was speaking the last fibres were giving way.

The silence which followed his words were broken by Elsket; I heard a strange sound and Elsket called feebly, "Oh, father."

Olaf went quickly to her bedside. I heard him say, "My God in Heaven!" and I sprang up and joined him. It was a hemorrhage. Her life-blood was flowing from her lips. She could not last like that ten minutes.

Elsket.

Providentially the remedies provided by Doctor John were right at hand, and, thanks to them, the crimson tide was stayed before life went out; but it was soon apparent that her strength was gone and her power exhausted.

We worked over her, but her pulse was running down like a broken clock. There was no time to have got a physician, even had there been one to get. I mentioned it; Olaf shook his head. "She is in the hands of God," he said.

Olaf never left the bedside except to heat water or to get some stimulant for her.

But, notwithstanding every effort, she failed to rally. The overtaxed heart was giving out, and all day she sank steadily. I never saw such a desperate face as that old man's. It haunts me now. He held her hand, now growing cold, against his cheek to keep it warm—stroked it and kissed it. As the short, quick breaths came, which precede dissolution, he sank on his knees. At first, he buried his face in his hands; then, in the agony of his despair, he began to speak aloud. I never heard a more moving appeal. It was a man speaking face to face with God, for one about to enter his presence. His eyes were wide open, as if he saw His face. He did not ask that she should be spared to him; it was all for his "Elsket," his "Darling," that Jesus would be her "Herder," and lead her beside the still

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waters; that she might be spared all suffering and sorrow, and have peace.

Presently he ended and buried his face in his hands. The quick, faint breaths had died away, and as I looked on the still white face on the pillow I thought that she had gone. But suddenly the large eyes slowly opened wide.

"Father," she said, faintly.

"Elsket," the old man bent over her eagerly.

"I am so tired."

"My Elsket."

"I love you."

"Yes, my Elsket."

"You will stay with me?"

"Yes, always."

"If Cnut comes?"

"Yes, my Elsket."

"If Cnut comes——"

Her true lover's name was the last on her lips.

Very faintly he bent his ear to her lips. "Yes?"

But we never knew just what she wanted. The dim, large eyes closed, and then the lids lifted slowly a little, there was a sigh, and Elsket's watching was over, the weary spirit was at peace.

"She is with God," he said, calmly.

I closed the white lids gently and moved out. Later I offered to help him, but he said "No," and I remained out of doors till the afternoon.

About sunset he appeared and went up toward the old church, and I went into the house. I found that he had laid her out in the large room, and she lay with her face slightly turned as if asleep. She was dressed like a bride in the bridal dress she had sewn so long; her hair was unbound, and lay about her, fine and silken, and she wore the old silver ornaments she had showed me. No bride had ever a more faithful attendant. He had put them all upon her.

After a time, as he did not come back, I went to look for him. As I approached I heard a dull, thumping sound. When I reached the cleared place I found him digging. He had chosen a spot just in front of the quaint old door, with the rude, runic letters which the earliest sunbeams would touch. As I came up I saw he was digging her grave. I offered to help, but he said "No." So I carried him some food and placing it near him left him.

Late that evening he came down and

"Elsket was weeping, and she went and leant in his arms like a child."
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asked me if I would sit up that night. I told him yes. He thanked me and went into the house. In a little while he came out and silently went up the path toward the mountain.

It was a strange night that I spent in that silent valley in that still house, only I, and the dead girl lying there so white and peaceful. I had strange thoughts, and the earth and things earthly disappeared for me, that night shut in by those mountain walls. I was cut off from all but God and the dead. I have dear ones in heaven, and I was nearer to them that night, amid the mountain-tops of Norway, than I was to earthly friends. I think I was nearer to heaven that night than I ever shall be again till I get there.

Day broke like a great pearl, but I did not heed it. It was all peace.

Suddenly there was a step outside, and Olaf, with his face drawn and gray, and bowing under the weight of the burden upon his shoulder, stepped wearily in at the door.

To do Elsket honor he had been over the mountain to get it. I helped lift it down and place it, and then he waited for me to go. As I passed out of the door I saw him bend over the quiet sleeper. I looked in later; he had placed her in the coffin, but the top was not on and he was on his knees beside her.

He did not bury her that day; but he never left her side; he sat by her all day and all night. Next day he came to the door and looked at me. I went in and understood that he wanted me to look for the last time on her face. It was fairer than I ever saw it. He had cut her flowers and placed them all about her, and on her breast was a small packet of letters. All care, all suffering, all that was merely of the earth were cleansed away, and she looked as she lay like a dead angel. After I came out I heard him fastening on the top, and when he finished I went in again. He would have attempted to carry it by himself but I restrained him, and without a word he took the head and I the foot, and so lifting her tenderly we went gently out and up toward the church. We had to pause and rest several times, for he was almost worn out. After we had lowered her into the grave I was in doubt what to do; but Olaf drew from his coat his two books, and standing close by the side of the grave he opened first the little Bible and began to read in a low but distinct voice: "Lord, thou hast been our refuge, from one generation to another. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, thou art God from everlasting, and world without end."

When he finished this he turned and read again: "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept," etc. They were the psalm and the chapter which I had heard him read to Elsket that first day when she became excited, and with which he had so often charmed her restless spirit.

He closed, and I thought he was done, but he opened his hymn-book and turning over a few leaves sang the same hymn he had sung to her that day. He sang it all through to the end, the low, strange, dirge-like hymn, and chanted as it was by that old man alone, standing in the fading evening light beside the grave which he had dug for his daughter, I never heard anything so moving. Then he knelt, and clasping his hands offered a prayer. The words, from habit, ran almost as they had done when he had prayed for Elsket before, that God would be her shepherd and lead her beside the still waters, and give her peace.

When he was through I waited a little, and then I took up a spade to help him; but he reached out and took it quietly, and seeing that he wanted to be alone I left him. He meant to do for Elsket all the last sacred offices himself.

I was so fatigued that on reaching the house I dropped off to sleep and slept till morning, and I do not know when he came into the house, if he came at all. When I waked early next morning he was not there, and I rose and went up to the church to hunt for him. He was sitting quietly beside the grave, and I saw that he had placed at her head a little cross of birchwood, on which he had burned one word, simply,

"ELSKET."

I spoke to him, asking him to come to the house.

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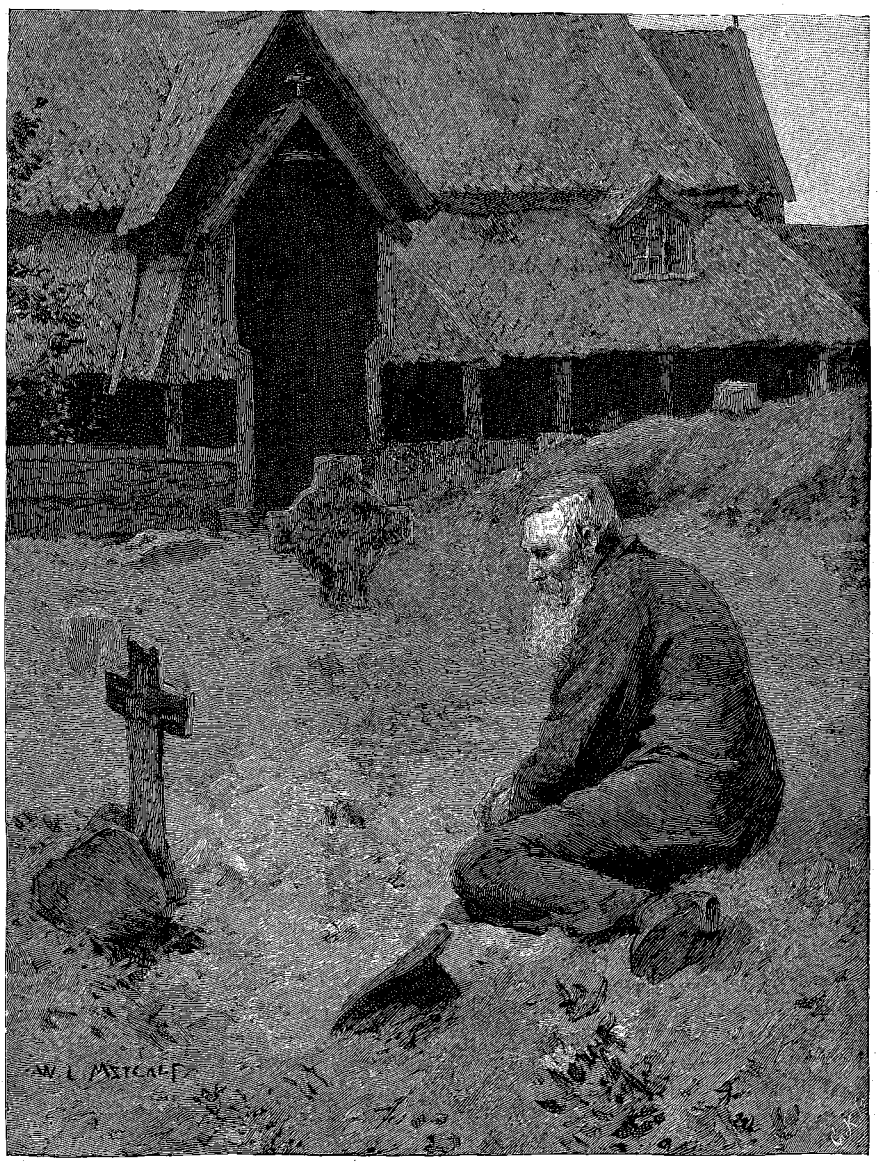

"I saw that he had placed at her head a little cross."

"I cannot leave her," he said; but when I urged him he rose silently and returned with me.

I remained with him for a while after that, and each day he went and sat by the grave. At last I had to leave. I urged him to come with me, but he replied always, "No, I must watch over Elsket."

It was late in the evening when we set off to cross the mountain. We came by the same path by which I had gone, Olaf leading me as carefully and holding me as steadily as when I went over before. I stopped at the church to lay a few wild flowers on the little yellow mound where Elsket slept so quietly. Olaf said not a word; he simply waited till I was done and then followed me dumbly. I was so filled with sorrow for him that I did not, except in one place, think much of the fearful cliffs along

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which we made our way. At the Devil's Seat, indeed, my nerves for a moment seemed shaken and almost gave way as I thought of the false young lord whose faithlessness had caused all the misery to these simple, kindly folk, and of the fierce young Norseman who had there found so sweet a revenge. But we came on and passed the ledge, and struck the broader path just after the day broke, where it was no longer perilous but only painful.

There Olaf paused. "I will go back if you don't want me," he said. I did not need his services, but I urged him to come on with me—to pay a visit to his friends. "I have none," he said, simply. Then to come home with me and live with me in old Virginia. He said, "No," he "must watch over Elsket." So finally I had to give in, and with a clasp of the hand and a message to "her friend," Doctor John, to "remember Elsket," he went back and was soon lost amid the rocks.

I was half-way down when I reached a cleared place an hour or so later, and turned to look back. The sharp angle of the Devil's Ledge was the highest point visible, the very pinnacle of the mountain, and there, clear against the burnished steel of the morning sky, on the very edge, clear in the rare atmosphere was a small figure. It stood for a second, a black point distinctly outlined, and then disappeared. It was Olaf of the Mountain, gone back to keep watch over Elsket.

THE GREAT KING'S DREAM.

I LOOK upon her, yearning,
She sleeps so still by my side;
And the strange stone's light, still burning,
Falls on the face of my bride;
And my hand that hath never left her,
Lies by her, but touches nor stirs;
And the wealth of which Isis bereft her
Lies heaped at my feet and hers.

Our gems do not flash or sparkle,
But glow with a moveless spark;
Our hours flash not, nor darkle,
With the pulsing of day and dark;
Safe, deep in our bridal chamber,
We heed not the storm nor the snow;
It seemeth, we cannot remember
When it was not always so.

And as at the first she adored me,
Her love in her heart still keeps;
For she lieth turned toward me
With her smile upon her lips;

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And I know, 'tis to-day's thoughts make her
So happily, lightly sleep;
I still my breath, lest it wake her
Lest she wake to the old, and weep.

See, still are her robes not faded;
The fire of the carbuncle throws
On the rounds of her eyes deep-shaded
A light that is like the rose;
Her breast, that was once so cruel
Sleeps still as that first night—hush—
Was it the red-rayed jewel
Or I, who made her blush?

Is it mortal bliss, hereunder?
I wonder what men would say—
Do they work yet, out there, I wonder
In the yellow light they call day?
Could they break to their great King's chamber
And wish to their King good-night?
Or good-morrow? I cannot remember
Time, in this scarlet light.

Meseemeth, the air lies chilly
Nor so sweet as it was before—
What's this? the great Queen's lily
In petals on the floor?
It has fall'n from her white hand, drooping
Along the coverlet—
Shall I call? or shall I stooping
Her lotos blossom get?

And strange! there's a sound! I remember
'Tis long since I heard a sound—
Do they dare, to their great King's chamber
Break in, from the common ground?
The golden cloths are shaken
By a strange white radiance borne
Through the pyramid's hall—Awaken!
Awake, my Queen! 'tis Dawn!

—Nay, I know. Spicèd and gummy,
These are cerements, not robes of our pride;
And she is of Egypt, a mummy,
And I lie dead by her side;
'Tis the carbuncle's light immortal
That burns in its setting of rust—
The Earth-shine breaks through the portal!—
And she and I fall into dust.

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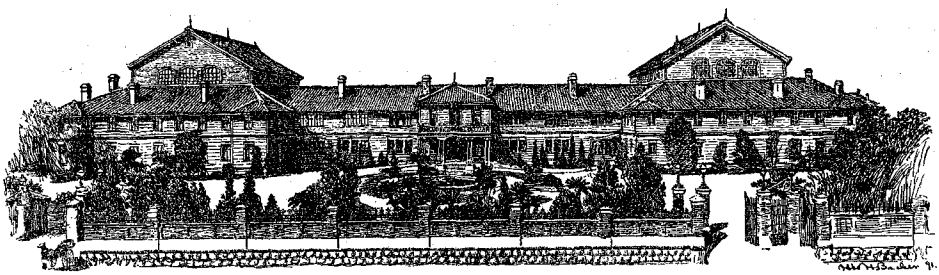

Japanese Parliament Building—Before the Fire.

PARLIAMENTARY DAYS IN JAPAN.

By John H. Wigmore.

THERE was something tragic in the burning of the Houses of Parliament so soon after their occupation. A fire, even a conflagration such as this was, is commonplace enough, especially in this land, where everybody expects to be burned out sooner or later, and scarcely a night passes without lurid skies and jangling bells. But the Parliament Houses, in a way, stood for all that had been achieved in political progress since 1868. They seemed to be the bodily consummation of the past, and the palpable safeguard of the future.

For the nation to awake and find its representatives without a home was a shock and a foreboding. "An enemy has done this!" was, I suppose, the first thought that came to the mind of everyone. The mind turned, naturally, to a suspicion of intrigue, and could not at first accept the fact of accident, for it was not in accord with the fitness of things, with the justice of Nature, that a nation's hopes should be visited with such destruction.

As for the buildings themselves, there was but little in them to suggest the land of the Shoguns and the Mikados. One might have imagined that the place of the nation's deliberations would be some massive pile, with broad overhanging roofs and solid pillars, with gilded rafters and carved architraves, with cloisters and trellises and bronze lanterns without, and lacquered panels and brass-mounted doors within. But one saw in reality quite a different structure—a very plain, dull-gray, clapboarded building, with windows and cornices of the simplest mill-work, with large staring gables, and quite bare of all but the most ordinary ornamentation. As one alighted from the jinrikisha at the porte-cochère, and stepped inside the doors, one was even less likely to discover any outward marks of what we consider the distinctively Japanese.

First was encountered a phalanx of attendants—not very busy, to be sure, and rather more numerous than the circumstances appeared to require, but resplendent in silver buttons and lace, and topped with the awkward German cap of military cut. If you succeeded in passing these watchful guardians of the portal (which without a square pasteboard of cabalistic contents was well-nigh impossible), you found yourself in a maze of long, lofty corridors, of staircases and balustrades, carpets and brocade hangings, stoves and stamped wall-paper, diminutive pages—dark-haired cherubs—in buttons, and other tokens of Europe's ways. Finally, when you entered either of the Chambers, and saw the maroon-leather seats, the voluminous hangings draped in approved Western curves of studied symmetry, the stage-like recess appropriated for the officers and Government delegates, the broad semi-circle of benches; when you met at the door the dapper member from Tokio or Yokohama, with one hand in his side-pocket (a habit into which there has been a *facilis descensus* in Japan) and the other holding a Havana (of Yokohama make); when these

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things met your eyes you wondered whether after all the spirit of old Japan was not a tradition only, whether the nation had not become hopelessly Westernized. It was and is hard not to believe that the graft is a successful and permanent one, that the Government and at least a part of the people have come to think and to feel, as well as to build, according to adopted fashions.

But when you turned back into the picturesque gardens that surrounded the Houses, you noticed that the hand of the native gardener had not lost its cunning. The waste that was taken for the Parliament buildings had been skilfully metamorphosed, and a pleasure-park had taken its place. The gnarled and twisting pine, with reddish bark setting off the dark-green needles—one of the indelible memories of Japan for every sojourner here; the gracefully rounded cedar, with rich golden tips; the tufted awogiri, with smooth green trunk and limbs—these saluted the eye in scores. Some of them reached thirty or forty feet in height, and flourished as though they had known no other soil; yet only a twelve-month before they had all been growing in some distant quarter. True to tradition, a group of these trees stood directly between the outer gate and the front entrance, conventionally concealing the entrance-porch from passers-by. Away to the right, if you followed the path around to the rear (passing the *momban* or porter's lodge, a necessary feature of every public building or gentleman's estate), another scene reminded you that old Japan is only just below the surface. Entering the waiting-room of the servants, you found the soft straw mats, the glowing *hibachi*, the chatting servitors crouched around it with outstretched hands. Here you saw the bamboo pipe, the single whiff of smoke, the bowls of rice, the teapot always on the coals. You heard the long-drawn gurgle of the tea-sipping, and the familiar sharp rap of the pipe on the *hibachi* to knock out the ashes. Passing through the halls to the Chambers, you felt that no such porters and attendants were ever met with in other countries. Their position was menial enough, but their hearty politeness and friendly courtesy, especially to the foreigner, revealed unmistakably the centuries of breeding behind them; for courtesy may be called the flower of Japan's civilization, and one of her chief lessons to the people of the West. Then you entered the House of Peers, and found Viscount Torio resigning his seat, in true old *hara-kiri* spirit, because the President ruled him out of order in presenting an irrelevant motion. Over on the other side, in the Lower Chamber, you heard of fourteen members of the Budget Committee presenting their resignations, in the same style, because of thwarted plans and misunderstood motives. Numberless similar tokens would be found, in Parliament and out of it, of the continuity of Japanese thought and conduct. Some of the outward and visible signs of Western life have been assumed. But the genius of the country, with its virtues and its failings, is as strong and individual as ever. If Japan has imported some parliamentary rules and a design for its National Chambers, it has not discarded — for it cannot — the ancestral traits which will be the controlling influences upon the action of the national representatives.

The Parliament buildings were burnt down (apparently the fire was set by defective electric lighting apparatus) on the night of January the 19th last. But they are to be restored substantially according to the old plans. Against the cheapness of the structure nothing can be said. This first erection was never intended by the Government to be anything but a temporary one—partly because, when the plans were made, nobody knew just how well the Parliamentary experiment would succeed, partly because funds for an adequate building were not easily to be spared. The original appropriation was only 80,000 yen, but it grew, with unexpected needs, to something over 200,000 yen. The permanent structure, however, will probably receive an appropriation of 3,000,000 yen.

But no one can fail to regret that a foreign model was adopted, or to hope that the permanent Houses will have better fortune. There is to-day in Japan a noble opportunity for the development of its historic architecture,

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for its adaptation to modern needs in the way of public buildings. The field is waiting for the right man to undertake the task. It will be unfortunate if Japan's peculiar national types are to remain exemplified only in the monuments of the feudal civilization. Many of these are disappearing, year by year. Within a few months, the finest *yashiki* gate in Tokio — standing at the entrance of the old *yashiki* (city-mansion) of the daimio of Choshiu — has been razed, and there is literally not one stone left upon another. The old type must be perpetuated and brought into harmony with the new conditions. The Parliament buildings offer an excellent opportunity for the Government to lend aid and encouragement to this branch of art as it has to others. To add another to the imitations of Western modes which form the staple modern architecture of this part of the Far East will be to stand still instead of going forward.

Of course, two reasons were of chief influence in the adoption of a foreign type for the present Houses—one, the having ready at hand definite European and American models, and the other, the potent wish to equip the nation with such of the outward insignia of Western constitutional methods so that the Japanese demand for treaty revision cannot in decency be refused by the Western powers. This last consideration is and must be an ever-present one. When we consider the aptness of foreign observers to discern not much more than the surface of things, we do not wonder that the Government strains all efforts to make that surface as like as possible to that which the foreigner associates habitually with progress and civilization.

To an American these buildings ought to have a peculiar significance, for it is here that we shall see, within the next score or two of years, the events that will mark outwardly the working out of a truly representative government. Imagine, for an instant, the founders of one of our gigantic close corporations — the Equitable Life, for example—forced by the logic of events to put the control of its stock into the hands of the policy-holders, surrendering to them the choice of directors, and the power to dispose of assets. This is just the process that is going on in Japanese politics to-day. The men who now control national affairs were, until lately, only ordinary *samurai* in rank. In voting themselves titles, some seven years ago, and emerging as counts and barons, they did not change this fact. During the decade 1870-80, one or another of two or three groups—numbering in all less than a dozen men, held the reins of power. The ultimate directors of policy were really fewer. In 1870 Kido, Saigo, and Okubo were these men. Kido, the great inspiring mind of the Restoration, died in 1877. Saigo, the brave leader of the Satsuma clan, perished, like Brutus, on his own sword, after defeat in the Satsuma rebellion of the same year. Okubo, who with the young Ito, then succeeded to practical control, was assassinated in 1878. With him purely personal government is said to have ended, and an opportunity for the diffusion of power occurred. From that time until within a year or two, the situation has been a resultant of several forces; but Ito's general influence, shared however with Inonye (his companion in Western exile and study in the days before the Restoration), seems to have predominated.

The number of the younger men yearly admitted to a share in the close corporation — such as Matsukata, Mori, Mutsu, and Awoki — has constantly increased. Meanwhile a still larger throng has been knocking for admission, and as the next century goes forward, hundreds will join it. In establishing in 1881 a national Parliament, the Government thought, beyond much doubt, that it was preparing for these clamorous patriots a modest vestibule, which should satisfy their political aspirations, but should be surrounded by iron constitutional walls, through which they could not pass further. There can be no doubt now, however, that the voice of Parliament will soon sound through all the chambers of Government, and that the restricted vestibule must give way to we do not know what spacious accommodations. I said that the Government regarded the parliament as an experiment of whose future

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no one could be certain. But the first few weeks of its session sufficed to convince all that the experimental stage was over almost before it had begun. Parliament has leaped full-grown into its place, like Minerva from Jove's head. The Government itself will fall before Parliament will.

I ought now to turn to some of the leaders of the new body, and speak of their personality. But as introductory to that, and as in some degree explanatory of the immediate and assured success of parliamentary institutions here, let me remind you that Japan has had, for nearly a dozen years, a systematic local self-government. No father, with a manual of pedagogics in his hand, could have begun more scientifically upon the development of his child's powers than did this Government upon its subjects. In every provincial capital now you will see a large stuccoed building, roofed with white-bordered tiles, where for a decade or more the people's representatives have debated and harangued to their heart's content over schools, salaries, police, irrigation, and all the various local interests. In the smaller towns you will find district assemblies, where in the same way the people settle their own affairs by deliberation and vote. From small beginnings, in the early seventies, to the comprehensive law of 1888, the Government has steadily brought this system toward perfection.

The same rule obtains to-day in Japan as in our own country, that usually there must be an apprenticeship for those who wish to rise in politics. Beginning with the ward or village assembly, a man who shows capacity is sent to the provincial Assembly. Here, if his talent is of the political sort, he may rise to become a provincial senator or president of the Assembly. Until last year this was his highest reward; but now Parliament itself has become another step in the ladder. It is the legitimate reward of experience and good service in local politics. As a matter of fact, 134 out of 300 members of the Lower House have been members of provincial Assemblies, and, out of these, 28 have been Presidents, and 12 Vice-Presidents. A much greater number must have held seats in the district Assemblies. Of the remainder, 48 more have seen service as officials in provincial Bureaus, and 20 more in the central Government Departments.

You realize, then, as you look down from the gallery of the House on this varied mass of faces, with a physiognomy so difficult for the Occidental to interpret, that by far the greater number of them are past-masters in their craft, that they are thoroughly familiar with parliamentary and executive business, and that the clash of opinions and the din of debate have no novelty for them. Measured by the Constitution, the Parliament counts only a few months since its birthday, and we are apt to let this color our views of its capacity and its destiny. But we must thoroughly understand that it stands on a solid past of experience and training in politics. The diversity of its interests (for lawyers, farm-owners, journalists, manufacturers, educators, merchants, bank-presidents, all have a place) assures us that it is at any rate a truly representative body, and that it reflects accurately the opinion and the capacity of the Japanese people as a whole.

From one point of view the personal interest of the Parliament centres in the House of Peers, for here we find those figures who have been on the stage since the Restoration, and continue to play a part in this new phase of national life. This is, for many of them, the crowning reward which their services to their country have secured. But some explanation of the Japanese peerage is a necessary preliminary.

In the old days the imperial nobles or *kuge* were distinct from the *daimio* or military nobility. They married only among themselves (like the old German *Fürsten*), and represented in lineage the aristocracy of a thousand years ago, when Japan was in very much the same condition as Europe under Charlemagne. The *kuge* possessed but a shadow of power; they intrigued, they did not govern. They had lost influence at the same time with their Emperor some eight centuries ago; and the *novi homines*, the *daimio* or landed nobles, at

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the head of the clans, divided the country among themselves. But the *daimio* also, like the *kuge*, became, in course of time, *fainéants*, and the *karo*, or chief counsellors, managed the affairs of the clans. But neither *kuge* nor *daimio* were one and all figure-heads. The *daimio* of Satsuma and Tosa especially, and the *kuge* Sanjo and Iwakura, were men of brains and individuality, keenly interested in the trend of affairs. The long clan intrigues that preceded the Restoration of 1868 necessarily required assistance at the Imperial court. The whole movement was engineered by a dozen or more men, including a few *kuge* and *daimio*, and several *karo* and leading *samurai*.

Now, when the *daimio* surrendered their fiefs — were mediatized, as the phrase goes—in 1869, and the Emperor's court was removed from Kioto to Yedo, and new forms of ministry were adopted, the nobility was, of course, wholly disorganized. But as constitutional days approached, it became necessary to provide a basis for the selection of the House of Peers. Moreover, an important consideration of policy existed. The spectacle of common *samurai* coming to rule over *daimio* and *kuge* was a novel one. It was too constant a reminder to the multitude that thousands of like rank were excluded from like power. A government of plain Mr. Saigo and Mr. Mori had elements of instability which a cabinet of Count Saigo and Viscount Mori, and so forth, would be free from.

So in 1884 came the decree creating anew the nobility.

In the distribution of titles all the various claims were considered. There were to be five degrees, the names of which are officially translated as Prince, Marquis, Count, Viscount, and Baron. The membership of a single one of these ranks will suffice as a sample of the general reconciliation and amalgamation of conflicting interests which was brought about. Among the eleven Princes are found the five chief *kuge* nearest in blood to the Emperor, the *daimio* of Satsuma and Choshin (the two clans most prominent in the Restoration), the two *kuge* Sanjo and Iwakura, who lent such aid to the Restoration conspiracy, and the present representative of the overthrown Shogunate family. In the other degrees a place was found for all the *daimio* and *kuge* families of importance, and for all the *samurai* families whose services in the Restoration were distinguished. With great self-control and propriety, the little band of leaders placed none of the *novi homines*—including themselves—above the rank of Count.

The House of Peers itself was formed in the following way: Princes and Marquises all received seats. From the 74 Counts, 15 were chosen by themselves; 70 of the 297 Viscounts, and 20 of the 104 Barons were selected in the same manner. Then wealth was given its quota of representation by the election of one member from the leading taxpayers of each province. Finally, special merit and capacity were recognized by the nomination of three score life-members by the Emperor (that is, as inspired by the Government).

Of course the chief figure among the Peers is Count Ito, who was marked out by all as the proper man for the presidency. Were all else forgotten, his services in the framing of the Constitution entitled him to the place. In 1884, when the Board of Constitutional Reform was established, he became its president. To one of the two staffs into which it divided was assigned the investigation of old laws and traditions; to the other, the study of modern constitutions. Ito's European tour had made the results of the latter's deliberations a foregone conclusion, for in Germany he had found the best model for his Constitution, and to-day the political methods of this country tally in the main with those of Germany. Thanks to the directing mind of Ito, and the intelligent industry of his chief assistants, Kaneko Kentaro, Ito Miyoji (who is not a relative of the Count), Inonye Ki, and one or two others, the Constitution was carefully and successfully matured. Mr. Ito Miyoji and Mr. Kaneko have become members of the House of Peers by Imperial nomination. Mr. Kaneko is its Chief Secretary. His name is, perhaps, the best known in America of all the younger generation here. The practice of letting one man wear the epaulettes, so to speak, and

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another do the fighting — a practice often excusable in part by reason of the instability of cabinets—is not without its instances in Japan as elsewhere. The policy, for example, of many of the Departments has been, and is really, directed by capable officers not occupying the highest places. Japan has a number of brilliant young men whose services will some day win them proper recognition. Saito (Department of Agriculture and Commerce), Hamao (Education), Suyematsu (Interior), Kurino (Post-Office), Kikuchi (Justice), these are a few of the most prominent. Among them Kaneko is to be numbered. On important points of parliamentary and constitutional practice, his work, though not publicly recognized, has been of superlative value. It is worth noting that of the few names above mentioned, four received their education in American law schools.

Kato Hiroyuki is a notable figure in the Upper House. For twenty years his talents have been exercised for the notable benefit of his country. A scholar by profession, he is one of those who are most familiar with the current of Western thought in philosophy and economics. Many of the Americans who have rendered service to Japan—Fenollosa, Chaplin, Terry, and others—will remember him as President of the Imperial University a decade ago, and now —since the withdrawal of Mr. Watanabe —he again holds the position. But, like so many Japanese scholars, he is a politician, too, in the best sense of the word. Even before the fall of the Shogunate he had written for private circulation an essay on constitutional government. But he did not venture in those days to use such a term explicitly, and it was only after the Restoration that there came into being (invented by him), the Japanese term now used, *rikken seitai*.

Another Imperial nominee is Mr. Hamao, of the Department of Education, to whom I have already referred. He should be well known to all foreign friends of Japan. He was a member of the famous Art Commission which, in 1888, went to Europe to see what Japan could learn from Western art, and returned with the report that its true course was to develop the best of its own qualities. He it was who, with Mr. Okokura (now Director of the Fine Art School), stood by Professor Fenollosa (now of the Boston Art Museum) in his efforts to preserve the masterpieces of Japanese art, and to further its development on truly national lines. The history of the endeavors of this little band, assailed on one hand by the unprogressive devotees of Chinese tradition (who, for example, classified pictures of mountains into those which had trees and those which had no trees), and on the other, by the misguided advocates of foreign artistic methods, would read like a romance. The services in this respect of Hamao and Okakura (under the guidance of Professor Fenollosa) will perhaps never be generally appreciated in this country. But the former has for some time been known as one of the minds of most promise in the Educational department, and he is receiving a part of his reward.

Another of the younger members of merit is Professor Tayama, of the Imperial University, Dean of the Literature College. He received his M.A. at Michigan University, and has never ceased to exert an active influence since his return to this country. He has a brusqueness and originality which have contributed to make him prominent, but he has not escaped the charge of inconsistency, and his outspoken ways are sometimes not acceptable.

Of the members who represent the wealth of the community, little need here be said. None of them are of national reputation. Only eight of the forty-five are of *samurai* blood. The commoners are as yet the chief *kanemachi*, or money-getters. *Samurai* lineage is not the best equipment for what is regarded as success in trade.

On the other side of the Parliament building assembles a conglomerate body of men, all of them active minds, dozens of them with a national reputation, and many destined to fill a Government position in the next decade. I can call attention to only a few.

Let me begin with a personal friend, Mr. Suyematsu Kencho. In England his name is well remembered, for he was one of the earliest and ablest of the

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young Japanese sent to that country, and he received a degree from Cambridge. One of his best things in English is his historical essay identifying Yoshitsune, the Japanese hero of the twelfth century, with Jingis Khan. I cannot praise so highly his judgment in English fiction, if his choice of "Dora Thorne," recently translated by him into Japanese, was dictated by his own taste, and not by his opinion of what the reading public would like. He is a son-in-law of Count Ito. He held until lately a responsible position in the Interior Department, and his prospects were such that the resignation of this office to take a seat in the Lower House was somewhat of a surprise. But in the present state of the popular mind the pathway to political success may well be through parliamentary aisles. Mr. Suyematsu has apparently justified his choice of career, for in the House he soon became one of the leaders of the Moderate section (if one may speak of sections or parties in a body as little coherent as the present House), and the next session will probably see him heading a definite party of Moderates.

Mr. Fujita, too, must here be mentioned. He is the Daniel Lamont of Japan, the right-hand man of the able politician Count Okuma, who suffered mutilation in 1888 at the hands of a would-be assassin. Resigning his newspaper, he took office to assist his leader. In Japanese, by the way, one does not say literally "right-hand man," but *koko*, or "legs-and-arms." This differentiation of Japanese politicians into groups composed of a leader (usually a *koshin* or man of distinguished services) and some able subordinates, is very characteristic, and is only one phase of a broad tendency visible throughout Japanese history.

Mr. Fujita enters with two brother-journalists of eminence, Ozaki Yukio, and Shimada Saburo, both adherents of Count Okuma's group, the Kaishin (Progressist). Mr. Shimada is one of the most accomplished minds in the Lower House. He proved his capacity to take broad views by an essay published some years ago, and devoted to the defence of the Shogunate's conduct in the treaty negotiations during the days of Sir Rutherford Alcock, Lord Elgin, and our own Minister Townsend Harris (that greatest of foreign diplomatists in Japan). Mr. Shimada was elected chairman of the committee of the whole, the third position in responsibility in the Lower House, and his success in that capacity has been a remarkable one.

As Mr. Nakajima resigned the presidency at the close of the session, it is not unlikely that the mantle of his office may fall upon Mr. Shimada.

Mr. Mutsu Munemitsu (recently minister to the United States) has a seat in the House, and is at the same time Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. Twelve years ago he was concerned in some intrigues against the Government, and saw the inside of a prison cell for some time, but by some demonstration of power he has succeeded in obtaining a place in the Cabinet. The words of Mr. Fukuzawa (the Horace Greeley of Japan) in a recent editorial, apropos of the question, how to get into the Government, will here be of interest. The style is a characteristic one of the writer, the passage forms a *mangen* or brief editorial, a peculiar feature of the Japanese newspaper; it is usually satirical, and often becomes the humorous vehicle for some very hard truths; for if a hard thing is to be said, the Japanese nature prefers to put it as delicately as possible.

"There are two ways of getting the precious metals from the condition in which nature gives them to us. Either we apply fire and smelt them; or we mix them with water, and then, by gentle and insinuating means, we free the precious substance. So, for the ambitious politician in Japan, there are two avenues to a Government position. Let him on the one hand attack the Government violently. Let him kindle a fire of abuse. Soon, to stop his insistence, they will offer him his object, a place of more or less artless consequence within the fold. Or else let him attach himself to some Minister or other magnate. Let him become a confidant, suggest plans which will benefit his superior, make himself an indispensable; thus by indirection and insinuation will he achieve his purpose. But in one of these two ways must he proceed."

This satire must not be taken too literally, but it proceeds from a man who knows better than any other the lights and shades of Japanese politics.

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One of the most interesting members, in character and history, is Mr. Kataoka Kenkichi, from the province of Tosa. A Christian preacher, he has always taken a prominent part in national politics, and wields an immense popular influence in nearly every province. He, too, is a *koko*, and the leader whose cause he serves is Count Itogaki, one of the foremost in the overthrow of the Shogunate, and the man whose persistent agitation was responsible for the granting of the Constitution in 1881. Mr. Kataoka has always been prominent in the Opposition forces, and under the ill-advised Peace Preservation Regulations of December 25, 1887, he was imprisoned for nearly two years.

Two of the members who have a great deal to say on the floor of the House are Messrs. Arai Shogo and Uyeki Yemori. The former was concerned, in the early part of 1886, in the wild and demagogic plot to seize Corea, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He has always been a Radical of the Radicals, and his recent prominence came about through his selection, by a group of fellow-members, as spokesman in the interpellations made to the Government on Treaty Revision. Mr. Uyeki is also in the Opposition—though not in the extreme wing. He is doubtless well-intentioned enough, but is possessed of an unfortunate temper, as well as a far-reaching voice, and he is assuming the rôle of "The Great Objector." Not long ago I listened to him as he shouted and stamped, jerking his head about and pouring forth violent denunciations, interrupting a speaker, and annoying the House; but I soon learned that the object of his abuse was—another member who had committed a breach of order!

One more member must be mentioned. Everyone observes the characteristic figure of Yoshino Seikei—scholar, pedagogue, and man of affairs. Like Gladstone, he still cultivates rural tastes in the midst of politics, and plants his own mulberries. With Jeffersonian simplicity he continues to wear the *hakama* or divided skirt of the *samurai*, and, alone among all the members, wears his hair in the *chon-mage* or *queue* style. He was for ten years a member of the Tokio Metropolitan Assembly, and for a good part of his time was its president, and on two occasions only was he absent from his seat. The national election saw a good deal of bribery in one form or another, and huge sums were spent by the candidates (sometimes 10,000 yen and more); but Mr. Yoshino enjoys the remarkable distinction of being the only man who was elected without spending a yen on his canvass. He was put forward as a candidate for the presidency of the House, but was too little of a party man to command wide support. He now occupies a leading place among the moderate members.

And now, what of the temper of the Houses, and of their manner of doing business?

I shall speak particularly of the Lower House. The House of Peers meets less frequently, and its sessions are shorter. Its debates are less active and less general, and the occasions of special interest are fewer. It must be said that in its behavior it has made a far better record than its neighbor, while it does not fall behind in ability.

In the Lower House there is very frequently something more than routine work to attract the interested observer. The interest reaches its height when some Minister has been interpellated and placed upon the rack. A few of his colleagues attend to lend him countenance, the House fills up as it does on no other occasion, and auditors crowd on tiptoe in the galleries above. The rule is that an interpellation may be moved at any time by thirty members, and the Minister of whom the question is asked is bound to set a time and appear in the rostrum and answer it. Now, if there is one fault that can without doubt be laid to the charge of the Government of the last ten years, it is that of keeping too many things secret, of not taking the public sufficiently into its confidence. Naturally, then, this right of interpellation is one of the most popular privileges involved in the new Constitution. Some one of the supporters of the motion is chosen as spokesman, and then, mounting the rostrum, he speaks to the Government, to the House, and to the nation as he has

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never been able before to speak in Japan. He is protected by his parliamentary immunity, and he does not forget it. Then the Minister steps forward to the vacated rostrum (for anything more than a brief question or a point of order must be spoken from the rostrum, just below and in front of the President), and makes his answer. Perhaps he offers a full disclosure. But this is not always so, for the chances are that some state secret has been inquired after, or that the question has been too general to admit of any detailed reply. The latter is a common fault, and not unnaturally, for the whole scope of governmental policy, foreign and internal, is now for the first time ascertainable by the people. Such queries as "Is the Government's policy in regard to the encouragement of industry to be a positive, or a negative one?" were calmly laid before the Ministers. Sometimes the question gets a very brief retort. When a Vice-Minister was explaining the Government bill for the opening of a new export harbor, whence sulphur could be more cheaply exported, an officious member, marching to the rostrum, inquired, with the air of one who was exposing the crass ignorance of the Government, "Is there any likelihood that, if this port is opened, it will be used for the export of sulphur to any extent?" The Vice-Minister, advancing to the vacated rostrum, paused a moment, addressed himself impressively to the inquisitive member. "There is," he said, and retired to his seat, and the House showed its appreciation by laughing at the disappointed questioner.

The most notable occasion of this sort was the interpellation put by Mr. Arai Shogo to Viscount Awoki, in December, on the subject of foreign policy and treaty revision. The Viscount took his stand politely but firmly on the necessities of diplomacy, and refused to answer fully upon certain delicate topics now under negotiation with foreign powers. As he retired from the rostrum a scene of slight confusion occurred. Mr. Suyematsu wished to reply to some aspersions on arguments of his; Mr. Arai wanted to probe deeper into treaty revision; others whose names were on the list of speakers (for they have here adopted the continental practice of giving precedence to those who hand in their names beforehand) claimed their rights, and finally Mr. Uyeki Yemori, the "Great Objector," rose and doubled the hubbub by insisting loudly that everybody else was out of order. "*Gi-cho*," "*Gi-cho*" ("President," "President")—for in parliamentary speaking the title "Mr." is omitted, resounded from a dozen quarters. The President had restored order and designated the next speaker, when someone discovered that Viscount Awoki, the object of the interpellation, had slipped out amid the confusion. Here was a pretty situation, for the appetite of the House had not nearly been sated by his replies, and yet there was no precedent for calling him back. Several hot-heads saw in the precipitate retreat of the Minister an insult to the House, and a lively discussion ensued until the time for adjournment arrived.

In the ordinary session, there is little or no lapse from propriety. The usual expression of approval is "*hiya-hiya!*" which is nothing more nor less than an adapted "hear, hear!" At the opening session, a patriotic member, with a touch of fanaticism, objected to the use of foreign phrases on the floor of Parliament! There is almost no buzz of conversation, and little reading of documents or newspapers, and no moving about of members. The rattling, chatting, and moving about and general inattention which mark so many American legislatures, and sometimes drown the voice of the debater, are entirely absent. Each member seems to believe that there is a duty to listen as well as to attend. No stranger is admitted to the floor. A tiresome speaker may produce a sudden epidemic of coughing, and "Hold on!" "Once is enough!" sometimes greets a speaker who rises too often. The House is always ready to laugh at a good point made from the rostrum, and a full heart frequently speaks out hastily without obtaining leave. After some of the recent scenes in our own Congress and in certain Western legislatures, it would be impertinent to criticise the Japanese legislature for breaches of order. It must be said, however, that

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things do not always proceed in the conventional manner. More than once there have been scenes of confusion like the following:

"The President called for an open ballot. Meanwhile the House had been falling into more and more confusion. Members were speaking without leave, others shuffled with their feet, and some hammered their desks with the upright sticks on which their numbers were written. Mr. Kudo insisted on speaking, although forbidden to do so, and Mr. Inonye shouted that he ought to be removed from the House."

"Mr. Kikuchi opposed the motion. Mr. Inonye declared that Mr. Kikuchi's discourse sounded like the rough draft of a rustic discourse. Mr. Tanaka shouted out 'silence.' Mr. Kikuchi, after further interruptions, failed to obtain a hearing, and descended from the rostrum. . . . Other members asked that the usual midday recess be taken, the hour being past noon. Mr. Kudo called out to the President to be good enough to leave the House. Repeated calls for a recess ensued. Mr. Tanaka asked whether the President had power to prevent the members from eating when they were hungry."

The difference between the Commons and the Peers was never more prominent than at the closing moments of the session (Saturday, March 7th). For three hours before the House had been in a chaotic state. A frantic rush took place, each one clamoring to have his measure disposed of. One member despairingly cried out, "Is there no such thing as order?" Another suggested that the only way to reach an adjournment was for the members to leave the Chamber without ceremony or semblance of order. Finally, with some parting flings at the Government from one or two malcontents, an adjournment was reached. But the Peers, calmly laying over unfinished business at an early hour in the afternoon, listened to an address from their President dealing with the significance of the occasion, and then, the session being declared at an end, they all joined in cheers for the Emperor, the Constitution, and the President of the House, and separated decorously and amicably. But these scenes, rare at best, count for little. There is no sign of anger, of temper in them. Japanese excitement effervesces quickly. It is common enough to see two students debating away with unrestrained vehemence, and then one ends with a sally of wit, which sends them both into a burst of laughter. The Japanese are impulsive by nature, and where their strict canons of courtesy do not check the expression of feeling it finds vent easily and dissipates itself.

Apart from the question of decorum, however, there are a dozen ways in which the House does not conform to what we regard as indispensable parliamentary rules. There is no formal opening of the House for business. The President and Secretary enter and take their seats, the members being already in their places, and the orders of the day are read. In true Japanese style, the session opens some fifteen or twenty minutes after its appointed hour. The President, Mr. Nakajima, has no gavel, nor does he use any substitute; but he manages the House with great composure and dexterity. In case of a breach of rules, he merely declares the member out of order, or asks him to wait a while. Early in the session he was obliged to say a number of times in one afternoon, "Please wait a moment," "*Sukoshi o machi nasai*," and the nickname of "President Wait-a-moment" was given him. On these occasions he has a way of making a deprecatory circular motion with his right hand, as if spreading plaster, and a would-be wag has dubbed him, "President Plasterer." On recognizing a speaker, he names him as "Arai Shogo," "Kudo Kokan." No "Mr." is used, nor the periphrasis of "the member from Tokio." Sometimes he names the speaker's number, for each member is numbered, and on each desk is a four-sided black-lacquered baton, with the number of the seat in white painted on each side, and this stands erect when the member is in his seat. The practice of calling by number is not the usual one, and is the outcome of a habit formed in the local assemblies, where everyone is known by his number. This habit clings to many of the members, and they often take the floor with the self-announcing phrase, "President! Number sixty-six!" President Nakajima has the reputation of being one of the coolest men in Japan, though in the chair he has in appearance an alert and

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even nervous manner. When standing, his hands often seek his side-pockets. As he sits, he leans his chin on his right hand; and when he has picked out and named the members whom he wishes to recognize, he sinks back into his chair and his gaze becomes steadily fixed on one of the cupola windows until the disappointed seekers for recognition have resumed their seats.

Of the speakers it must be said, in general, that the Japanese are born talkers, but seldom rise to what we call oratory. Of the means by which we obtain variety of expression they employ little outside of emphasis. Inflection is treated conventionally, and on a theory totally different from ours. Time is made little of as a means of emphasis or otherwise. Even if it were not so, the order of thought in a Japanese sentence would require a peculiar arrangement of rhythm and pauses. Gesture is almost wholly lacking. A certain formal or ceremonious bearing, natural to a native of this land of good breeding, gives the speaker a good presence.

But late years have changed the normal type, and in most speakers one sees the adoption of a number of Western ways. The old rule, for instance (and it has only partly passed away), was a strict one that the audience should rise and respond in kind to the speaker's bow at the beginning and at the end of his address. I remember first learning by experience of this custom at an informal talk on American elections to a roomful of officials at Chiba; for, as I bowed, they came to their feet in a body (unexpectedly to myself), with a unanimity which startled me and made me wonder for an instant what menace this signified. But to-day, in the National Assembly, one sees very little of this custom. In gestures, too, we discern a marked difference between men of Western education like Mr. Suyematsu, and native-bred speakers like Mr. Arai. In one sense, to be sure, it is hardly correct to write of a change from the normal type of public speaking. Until the seventies there had in fact been little public speaking (other than the Buddhist sermons) in our sense of the term—I mean monologues upon a stated subject. Mr. Fukuzawa, as famous an educator as he is editor, is said to have been the originator of public lectures, and from his example dates the real history of public addresses in Japan. It is the old canons of expression in reading, story-telling, and conversation, which have been carried into the rostrum, and form the normal type of which I am speaking. The whole subject is another illustration of the difficulty of applying Western standards to the ways of this people. Doubtless, to a Japanese the conventional and impassive discourse of the old style is melodious and impressive, and carries force and persuasion; while the modern way of waving the arms and pointing the finger is coarse and undignified.

The same thought suggests itself in regard to the order and decorum of the House. We cannot judge by Western standards whether it is or is not a well-managed body. What if the President uses no gavel? What if occasionally half a dozen members are on their feet at once? What if a debate goes on with no motion before the House? What if the President now and then enters into the debate himself? This may all be, and yet from a Japanese point of view the House may be excellently managed. I can illustrate my meaning by quoting some remarks made to me recently by an old resident of Japan, the best foreign Confucian scholar here. The Confucian theory of government, he said, is that good government results not so much from good laws as from an able ruler. If the ruler be the right man, then the laws will, and their administration will, of necessity be just and righteous. If, then, the country suffers injury, the fault must be ascribed to the ruler, for if he were capable, would he not have prevented it? So, in a school in Japan to-day, if insubordination or discontent arises, though the students themselves be to blame, it is felt that a change of masters is the remedy. As everybody knows, it is in Japan usually the pupils that expel the master, not the master the pupils. In short, the spirit of the Confucian philosophy (of which the Japanese have drunk so deeply) is that the management of men depends not on rules but on the ruler.

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This serves to explain in some degree the theory of Japanese deliberative procedure. With us it is all a matter of conformity to rules. The member must not speak except to a motion, or upon a point of order, or a question of privilege; the President is merely the tool of the Assembly to enforce the proper rule at the proper time. But the ideal of the Japanese Assembly would be the absence of rules. If a true selection had been made, the President would inspire and secure order and propriety. Good management would result from the capacity of the ruler.

A Japanese Political Caricature.
"A cleaver and mysterious device to support the fund."

Whether this interpretation be true or not, I cannot say. The longer one lives in Japan the more one sees how useless it is for the Occidental to hope to understand the motives and springs of action of the Oriental. One can only venture a guess and reserve the privilege of guessing again when some new phase presents itself.

But, however this may suffice as an explanation, certain it is that there is no such parliamentary strictness as we expect in our legislative bodies. But why should it be otherwise? For ten or twelve years the provincial Assemblies have debated under the simplest and barest procedure code. The rules for the Senate and other deliberative bodies, started about 1875, would not have satisfied a country debating-club in the United States. Last year a translation of the best short manual of American parliamentary practice, well advertised among the members of Parliament, had almost no sale, although it was without a competitor. We are in the presence of a national character which demands a procedure much more flexible, much less conventional than our own. Success in management is here achieved by other methods than those commonly accepted in the West.

Parliament and its doings, needless to say, have come in for their share of caricature in the comic press; and among the countless subtle but telling lampoons that have been directed against the nation's representatives, I must describe one of the most recent.

The cartoon (reproduced above) represents the situation in the Lower House when the Budget was laid before it. It must be premised that as a body the House is Oppositionist in tendency, and a party Cabinet is as yet a thing of the future. There are, however, Moderate and Radical groups. Now, when the Budget for 1891 was brought in by the Ministry, it was foreseen that the House would make a strong effort to cut it

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down, and that the salaries of officials would in that case be among the first to suffer. There was, then, great perturbation in their ranks. The only question was as to the amount of the reduction. The Moderates were satisfied with three millions (out of ninety odd); the Radicals demanded ten. It was loudly whispered—though without any apparent reason—that the Government was placing money of the secret service fund where it would do most good—that is, in the pockets of its most blatant opponents.

What the cartoon shows us is the interior of a cake-shop. Off at the back of the room the cooks are straining the water from a pudding-cake, by pressing the bags with levers. In the foreground an apothecary's errand-boy is sitting down, hastily swallowing a hot cake, his satchel on the seat beside him. The significance is this: The boy is the Government. The word *awa-oku*, which represents what he is doing, means both "eating a millet-cake" and "scrambling in fear." Back of the boy hang various signs, advertising the delicacies which he may have if he likes—"Terror-cake," "Fuddle-cake," "Bribery-cake." His satchel contains a legend which means at once "medicine-bags" and "Government members." The pudding-bags which the cooks are squeezing are labelled "Budget-pudding," and the baskets receiving the drippings are inscribed "10,000,000" and "3,000,000," showing the amount of useless expense which the respective parties expect to get rid of. A few lines written beneath the drawing enlarge upon the situation in the mysteriously allusive style which seems to characterize Japanese political wit. Above the whole is the legend in English, "A cleaver and mysterious device to support the fund." But who shall interpret the legend?

The first session of the first Japanese Parliament has ended, and the people's representatives have gone back each to his "native country" (as the Japanese student persists in calling his province). There they are renewing touch with their constituents, endeavoring to prove that they have fulfilled their pledges, and planning party triumphs for next year. But though all is quiet now, there is a new meaning in the political world. A new object of ambition, a new sphere of activity, a new means of progress has come permanently into the life of Japan. Only one who by birth and career is identified with this people can truly appreciate its full meaning.

THE SONG OF THE COMFORTER.

By John J. a'Becket.

. . . From the rough yellow road led a path to a small wayside chapel, while higher up, its white walls rising above the encircling green like the soft breast of a dove, stood the Convent of the Comforter, a thin blue smoke oozing indolently from one of its chimneys. Over all, like a sapphire, stretched the pure serenity of a cloudless sky.

Up the road slowly came a young girl. Her lagging steps and drooping head were a pathetic strain of dissonance in the symphony of the buoyant spring. In nature such joyous energy in its calm vernal functions; in her, such a protest against the weariness of being. It was like a tear in a circle of brilliants.

Climbing to the lichen-covered top of a rock by the road-side, she sank down.

Not ungrateful to the tender fellowship of the bright spring-tide, she wondered wearily whether time would bring her ever again into unison with happiness, or would Death, which had passed her by as she waited wistfully for his coming, return again and take her?

She had been a year in Europe, alone. Through a long ordeal of severe study she had labored unfalteringly to perfect an exquisite voice, sustained by an ardent desire to compass the highest that her art could yield. Her master, so sensitive to artistic excellence as to be crabbed, and so independent, through

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success in teaching, as to be merciless to mediocrity, devoted himself to her progress with an unflagging vigor. Six weeks ago he had said to the girl, with a brusque wave of his hand:

"Go, and conquer the world! I can do no more for you. You have a voice which God can listen to with complacency. The world will listen to it, too." She had secured a good engagement. Her master and his friends had made the verdict of the public a matter of little doubt. She herself, with the fervid exultation of a musical temperament, felt that she was about to gather a plenteous harvest of glory and of riches by her powers. It was the dawn of her day of triumph.

Then—oh, the agony of reverting to it! her sorrows came. Time might soften the death of her mother to her. Perhaps in years to come the sense that she had been absent from that New England death-bed where a lonely woman yearned for the touch and glance of a daughter, might grow less a reproach. Now, it was hopelessly bitter to think of the pitilessness of death in taking her as the term of her sacrifice ended, and reward to the hundred-fold was about to begin.

Yet this was a wound of Nature, and Nature has her antidotes. But for him! Could the time ever come when the thought of what *he* had done would not be like the stroke of a whip? She could not recall that cruel letter of his without a flush rising in her cheeks as if she had been buffeted? It had struck her down with such double force, coming so fast on her mother's death. Her first instinct on rallying from the anguish of that stroke had been to turn to him; to think what she was to him, what he was to her. The world was not empty while that frank, faithful, blue-eyed New Englander wore her in his heart, that noble soul whom she was proud to honor and love.

There was the pang! Each time she recalled him it was to go through this brutal task of correcting herself again. The man she had worshipped was a phantom. She had created it and set it like an idol in her heart, and he had cast it out. She had put him there for what she thought him, and he had forced her to dethrone him for what he was.

She had been very ill. But the fibre that feels most is the fibre that parts last. She did not die; she regretted even yet that she had not. But in spite of her waiting at the open portal with more than resignation, Death had passed her by. A languid woman had come back to life; a woman who awoke in the morning with a pang to recovered consciousness, and who, at night, sank into sleep's oblivion with a sigh of relief.

She had not sung once since her sorrows had stricken her. They had cared for her till she reached convalescence. Then, with his dogmatic kindness, Ferrari had told her to go to the mountains and rest in the soft spring till she felt the need of music again.

"When you wish to sing, you are cured," he said.

She had come obediently. It was comfort to have someone assume the mastery and direct her course when she felt such a listless indifference to all things that she could determine herself to nothing. She had come here to this little village, clinging to the slope of the mountain, and had gone to a simple, good-hearted *contadina*, whose deference was not without dignity. She had a room about whose windows vines clambered, and looking forth from them she saw the woods rising above her, and the red-tiled roof of the Convent of the Comforter pricking through the trees. The little church could not be seen. Bianca used to go there on Sundays and hear one of the Brotherhood sing the Mass.

Each day the girl walked forth, submitting with patient resignation to the burden of a life despoiled of appetite, aim, and vigor. This gladsome day of spring was the first that had seemed to quicken her vitality; and she rested in its peace and almost forgot.

So she sat there on the great rock, the waves of melancholy lapping her soul, with her dark eyes looking up to the blue of the overhanging sky. As she let them fall they descended on the figure of a young monk, slowly walking down the road saying his Office from the Breviary which he carried in his

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hands. He was in perfect harmony with the scene. Tall, broad-shouldered, supple, with the sinuous movement which goes with elastic muscles, there was a rhythmic smoothness in his gait. His eyes were riveted on his book. The thick brown hair clustered about his broad forehead, and his cheeks, with their clear olive-tint, sank in slightly below the cheek-bones. His eyelids were large and full, with long, thick lashes.

For some nameless cause the girl felt an instant affinity with him. The suggestion of strength and calm control was supporting. He turned up the little path which led off from the road to the church and disappeared. It seemed a loss as he passed from view, and she felt drawn after him. He looked so simple, so true; and what was true came home to her. And to her sore heart there was something appealing in the thought that he was cut off from the world, buried here in the white convent, mother and sisters left behind him forever down in the plain below.

As she sat in her revery the tones of an organ came to her from the church. It must be he who had gone there and was playing. Soft and low the strains were borne to her in faint gusts of melody. She felt her soul stirring beneath the influence of the music as it had not since her life had grown so dark.

She slipped down from the rock and slowly made her way up the path. The music sounded fuller as she approached. She went on until she stood at the porch of the church and saw it was empty. She hesitated a moment, and then entered; the interior was bare and poor; the walls were whitewashed. At the end was an altar, in front of which hung a brass lamp, suspended by a long chain from the ceiling. In it glowed a spark of red, where a burning taper shone through the thick ruby glass. On the right-hand side of the little sanctuary was a Pietà, the Mother of the Christ with her dead Son stretched across her lap. Through the cold, bare church surged the music. The monk was apparently improvising, for there was no strict development of theme; only the merging of one phrase into another as they occurred to him.

She put an old chair which stood near, back against the wall, and sitting down, closed her eyes and abandoned herself to the sweetness of the music. The monk had a musician's soul in him; she could tell that by the way in which his wandering fancy touched the keys. There were sudden transitions, though all he played was grave and sweetly sombre. Her soul lived with new life as she sat there motionless, while the waves of music rolled through the little church, broke about the Mother and her dead Son, and flowed back upon her in rippling consolation.

Oh, the restfulness of it! She uttered a sigh of thanksgiving that music could still so master her spirit. No converse could have done for her what that dignified harmony did; it was a messenger of peace. She sat there unable to move, and uncaring, till she heard the flow of music cease, and then a slight sound as the cover was placed over the key-board. She rose at once with a long sigh and hastily left the church. She did not wish the monk who had gone there and played his soul out on the organ in the sacred confidence of solitude to know that another, and that other a woman, had listened to his communings with his spirit. She felt that he had expressed himself as naturally and as artlessly through this medium as the birds moving through the cloister of the woods. He was singing his spring-song — a song, like theirs, without words, but a song grave and sweet, and with soul in it.

She walked slowly back to Bianca's cottage where the vines clustered so thickly about her windows. The good peasant woman looked at her when she came in, and sighed to herself. Under the pale cheeks of the girl was a delicate pink color, and there was a brilliant light in her large eyes. They were signs of greater vigor, perhaps, yet they only seemed to accentuate her frailty; but the good Bianca kept these thoughts within her heart. To the girl she spoke cheerfully of the bright spring day. Had her walk refreshed her? Yes; she felt better than she did when she went out. She felt stronger. She did not tell Bianca that the monk's

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music had sent the blood coursing through her more than the ravishing day. That was her secret. Untold, it seemed so much more a solace all her own.

The Italian spring held many of these days of delicate brightness as the earth ripened on into the flush of summer. The girl took her way up the mountain road with a lighter heart, even if her steps had not a more elastic tread. She knew no tonic could do her such good as that pure music with its mellow chords and subtle transitions, like a change from tears to a smile. The thought that pleased her most was that the young monk was pouring out his soul into these strains of music. And she grasped them so clearly! There were sadness and resignation, and at times, jubilant measures of hope in his chords; never despair, nor the bitter unrest which beats against bars.

She began to feel that she was getting better. As she sat and listened to the pleading tones the feeling within her was not happiness, not excitement, not melancholy; but it participated in them all. It was rest and comfort. She could have sat for hours in this glad emancipation from her weary self. When the music ceased it was an effort to rise and hasten forth, the mantle of her sorrow falling heavily about her again.

She always felt this desire that the strong monk should not learn she was there. Should she know that he was playing with the consciousness that one was listening to him, even were he to play the self-same music (and she was sure he would not), it would have appealed to her in not this subtle, comforting way. His soul exhaled some sorrow to itself, alone, and her soul felt it, unknown. The charm lay there.

The monk was so recollected that he never remarked her. Two or three times he had passed her on the mountain road. But his eyes were either fixed upon his Breviary, for he seemed to be saying his office much of the time, or else they were modestly cast down. After a while she felt safe in meeting him, it was so hard to distract him from this concentration. It was only through his music that he seemed to go forth from himself, and then it was a flight toward heaven.

Happily for the girl he went almost every day to the church and played upon the organ. There were certain airs which he played frequently and she got to know them and to look for their recurrence. One in particular appealed to her more than any other. The monk gave it with an intensity of expression that showed how deeply he felt it. It was a series of aspirations, prayerful, but exultant withal; the softly pleading tones of the prelude would swell into greater strength, and, as if soaring higher and higher with the increasing fervor of the suppliant, closed in a very ecstasy of impassioned entreaty. She got quickly to know it by heart, and often as she sat at the vine-clad window of Bianca's cottage and saw the night draw down over the mountain, the music sang itself in her heart, while she watched the stars pierce through the dusky blue of the sky.

One morning, a few weeks later, Bianca had sallied forth to mass in the little church. When she returned and they were eating their simple breakfast, she said to the girl: "Signora, I remembered you to-day in church. It is the Feast of the Holy Ghost. They call Him the Comforter, you know, and I prayed that He would comfort you, in body and in mind. The hymn to Him is very beautiful, dear lady."

"Then that white convent in the woods is the Convent of the Holy Ghost, is it not?" she returned. "They call it the Convent of the Comforter."

"Yes," answered Bianca. "Would you like to read the hymn in the Breviary to the Holy Ghost? I have it in my prayer-book with the Italian words," and Bianca got her leather-covered prayer-book and pointed out the well-fingered page. The Italian translation was not necessary except for a few words, as the girl had learned Latin in the High School of her town, and had sung many church arias written in it. Ferrari had taught her the soft Italian pronunciation of the old Roman tongue. But the invocations and petitions of the hymn were soothing to her. The very title of Comforter given to the Holy Ghost, stirred a devotional sense in her

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heart. She read it through meditatively, and slipped the shiny little book into her pocket when she was done.

That day she was a little later than usual in climbing up the road, but as she drew near she saw the monk, her comforter, striding up the pathway to the church. The afternoon was waning into twilight, and when she followed him and heard the organ, the music took on new grace in the golden brown of the fading light.

He preluded with short, quick chords, some of them harsh, and between them little trembling flights of notes. There was a disquiet in his music that seemed to have an artistic, or at least emotional, justification. It was a tentative reaching forth for something, the delicate eagerness of the runs and hurried melodic phrases seeming yearning impatience, and the nervous strong chords the moaning gasps of frustration. It was a joy to hear at last, firm and full, the prayerful melody which had so grown into her soul, melting on the air. What soul he was throwing into it!

Suddenly, her blood gave a leap and her body quivered with its tingling rush through her veins. It was a delight that was almost pain. A tenor voice, clear as a bell and vibrating with sympathetic feeling, soared through the dim church. Never had she heard such tones before. So firm, so crystalline, of so velvety a quality. The monk was singing the song and singing it like an angel from God. She pressed her hand to her breast, breathing quickly through her parted lips, the ringing voice calling a sudden moisture of joy to her eyes. There was such pathos in the round tones as they dilated to greater fulness. She could feel that not half the power of the voice was drawn on in that overflow of melody. Ah! if he would pour the full strength of his superb lungs into those heavenly tones.

As a rich note welled forth and then died away in a perfect *diminuendo*, the intensity of her delight weakened her and she clung to the chair. But what was he singing with such overpowering feeling? She bent her head to catch the words. "*Veni, Pater pauperum, Veni, lumen cordium, Veni, Dator munerum.*" They were the words she had read that morning in Bianca's prayer-book! This air that had sung itself into her heart was the hymn to the Holy Ghost.

She knew the next phrase in the music. It was the one that had always moved her most. Even on the organ that sudden change to a minor key and the notes, saturated with tears, had thrilled her through and through. And now to hear it sung, and by such a voice!

She remembered that the little prayer-book was still in her pocket, and she hastily drew it forth and turned to the place. She had scarcely found it when the pleading voice broke into the melody:

"*Consolator optime,*
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium."

Ah, should she not have known that it was a tearful cry to the Comforter. What words could so well have been wedded to such strains. "O best of Comforters, My soul's dear host, O sweet refreshment, Thou!" There was intoxication to her in the high, tremulous tones with their throbbing pathos of entreaty, their melting tenderness. They took her out of herself, and she shook with her swelling emotion. As the last note, a peal of sweetness, surcharged the church, she rose involuntarily to her feet, erect and tense.

Then she heard his strong fingers play the prelude again. He could not leave it. With one wild yearning to give her soul its needed outlet, she broke into the exquisite song. She felt herself singing as she had never sung before, not even on that day when Ferrari and his friends had shouted "bravas" over her voice. Never had such a passionate exultation of feeling swept down upon her and borne her off on the strong pinions of song. The voice of the monk had fired her; her whole soul was in her glorious voice, crying to the Comforter with the thrilling tones which God had given her, and which had been so long unused.

She felt that a fuller accompaniment from the organ was supporting her. The instrument had seldom yielded such rich chords, even to the monk's

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touch. He was inspired, too. And in the overmastering delight of singing again with all her soul was an undercurrent of delight that for once her music was stirring him.

The passion which controlled her made her pour forth her voice without consciousness of effort or of pain. There was the rapture of singing, and singing as she knew she was.

"*Consolator optime,*
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium."

The last note rang out full, triumphant, ecstatic. Then something within her seemed utterly to give way, obstacles seemed swept aside, and a warm tide gushed from her mouth. She hastily raised her handkerchief to her lips. It was drenched in a moment, and she saw her light gown stained with the flow.

She could not utter a sound. Above her head, the organ pealed forth a tumult of chords, and the music seemed sweeping over and submerging her. She could not support herself, and sank upon her knees, clutching the bench in front of her, while her eyes involuntarily turned to where the Mother and her dead Son stood palely forth from the shadow. She felt herself dissolving with weakness, but without pain, without fear, without regret.

She heard the strong voice ring through the church again like a spirit's cry. The walls rocked with the jubilant rush of the monk's song, as he poured forth unstintingly the magnificent fulness of his voice.

"*In labore requies,*
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium."

Not all the sweet notes reached her, but she heard the passionate ardor that pulsed in the first few words. "*In labore requies.*" "In toil, repose." Then she heard no more music from the organ-loft. Lower and lower she had sunk down. But when the strong voice poured forth, firm as iron, but vibrant and mellow, on the words "*In fletu solatium,*" they smote her ears as they did those of the marble mother in the dim extremity of the church.

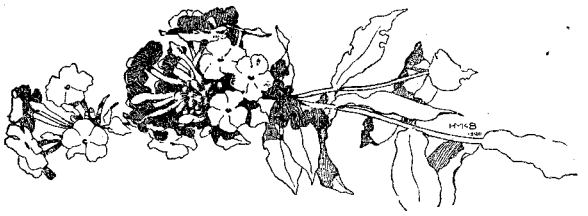
His head erect, his eyes flashing through the thick lashes, the young monk waited with his long fingers pressed lightly on the keys, expectant of the Voice. But there was only an aching stillness.

He waited two or three moments and then let his fingers fall reluctantly from the keys, sighed lightly, and made a lowlier reverence than usual to the altar, where the ruddy light kindled a point of fire in the gloom.

As he came slowly down the creaking wooden steps from the organ-loft, he was erect and glad at the burning thought that a Voice from heaven had sung to him.

When he reached the foot of the stairs he saw her lying on the worn, blue flags, her gown with dark stains upon it. Then he knew that the being who had sung to him was of a nature kindred with his own.

"When you wish to sing, you are cured," Ferrari had said. She had sung and her ills were over.



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

Is it not a little odd that, amidst the revolt that has recently arisen among critical authorities against realistic fiction, so cordial a favor should await it at their hands when it takes its most evanescent, its most irretrievably unimaginative, unpoetic form —that of a treatise on a question of the day? A considerable list of novels might be cited in illustration of this, had not the very names of them already grown a little stale. Such novels are not likely to survive the discussion or disturbance that gave them birth. And yet, unless they do, their life in literature cannot well be long. For what, after all, is more fleeting than a question of the day? To those who chance to be of its day, the hope of nations seems to hang on it. Yet it often passes almost before one can say it lightens, leaving publicists or philanthropists at the height of controversy over the means of settling it—a group of dancers unexpectedly bereft of music. It may reappear some later day. But it will then be hailed as a problem entirely new; and, though only an old comet rediscovered, the terrors struck by its flaming tail will be terrors quite out of the general anticipation. Meanwhile the most enamouring artists can stir no wide interest in it. What questions of the day have we that were not questions of a former day, and what notice did we take of them before they became ours?

Besides its fitfulness, the question of the day has the further disadvantage, when dealt with mainly as a question of the day, of being susceptible of none but the baldest treatment. Often it has no inherent picturesqueness, and cannot be made to wear the purple by the deftest fashioning. Left unfashioned, or fashioned but didactically, it is bound to be as wooden as the god of the idolaters.

One easily sees why novels of the sort under consideration find a large fraction of the general public eager to devour them. The desire of storing the mind is as common as that of saving the soul, and swift and pleasant means are as much in request to the one end as to the other. Thus the historical novel has long been held in particular esteem because it teaches history; just the thing it never does, or, at best, does but ill. The question-of-the-day novel battens on a like illusion. And, no doubt, the popular relish for it is not a thing entirely to regret. The scraps of political economy that Harriet Martineau's hosts of readers gathered from her now-forgotten tales were better than no political economy at all. But would it not have been a strange spectacle to have seen the literary umpires of Miss Harriet's day twining the laurel about her brow and congratulating her upon at last having put her imagination to some solid use and given up photography? A spectacle just like this is now within our view, if we will but look at it. What if Shakespeare had produced a play exhibiting the abuses of monopolies, a matter which moved the subjects of his queen to much secret murmuring and no little public petitioning; and thereby, besides crowding his theatre and the pirate

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presses that printed his plays, had wrung hearty praises from arbiters of taste who had long bemoaned the prostitution of his talents to the portrayal of low, unheroic Falstaffs! Would not the Shakespeare critics of our time have been greatly distressed at the want of discrimination in his contemporaries?

Thackeray's suggestion to his friend, the fashionable novelist Snooks, for turning a pretty penny by embodying subtly in the text of his tales a variety of good-paying advertisements, is well remembered. The lovely Lady Emily was to be disclosed reclining on "one of Down & Eider's voluptuous ottomans," the only couch on which Belgravian beauty deigned to repose. Lord Bathershins was to step in noiselessly over "one of Thompkins's elastic Axminster carpets." And when the lovely Lady Emily fainted there was to be discovered on the mantel-piece, for her prompt resuscitation, "a flacon of Otto's eau-de-Cologne." And so on. This thrifty project, I believe, has not yet been carried out. But something akin to it has already been accomplished in the question-of-the-day novel; and no heavy strain is put on the imagination to foresee a time when craftsmen in this sort will become the indispensable co-workers of the editors of the party and sectarian newspapers. Such time arriving, will some fierce insurrectionist against a too strenuous realism be found huzzaing it in as bringing with it the fulfilment of his fondest dreams?

THE question that has been discussed more or less for many years, whether it would be better for writers of the daily press, and particularly writers of what are called "editorials," to sign their names to what they write, has a certain actuality in that the practice of signing is spreading steadily in other than editorial departments. I imagine that this habit has come in part from the change in the practice of American magazines, where signature is now the rule; in part, also, from the increase in the number of writers and the natural advance in value to both the writer and buyer of a name possessing some distinction. It is not impossible that the influence of French example may count for something, our acquaintance with French literature and journals being more extended every year. As yet signatures are practically unknown on the editorial page of the daily newspaper. To the question would signatures be better? a good many excellent judges say "Yes." I am inclined to say "No."

I am quite aware of all that can be said against "anonymous journalism;" but so far as concerns the vices of journalism, the only valid purpose of the signature is to secure responsibility, and for that end I do not think that it is either necessary or effective. Any one who is at all acquainted with the papers in England, and the few in this country, in which writers sign their names, will hardly say that they are free from scandal, or "sensationalism," or rash assertion, or the gratification of personal grudges, or corruption. They are by no means so free from these as papers not a writer for which is known outside of his own calling. In either case the degree of effective responsibility is, I fear, largely fixed by the conscience and judgment of the editor and publisher, the law for enforcing it being of little use, and, I am inclined to think, incapable of being made very useful.

As regards the signing of editorials, therefore, the consideration of responsibility may be put aside and the other phases of the subject considered. The chief motive for urging this change is, I suppose, in a sense, commercial. The writer, if his work were known, would, it may be urged, enjoy the advantage of whatever excellence he could show, and would command relatively better compensation. That is true, particularly of those writers whose work is best calculated to draw attention; but I do not think that the general rate of pay would be any higher, or that it would be, on the whole, so fairly distributed. On the other hand, there would be a strong tendency toward the "star" system that prevails in playhouses, a few men getting the prizes. And what I consider much worse, the temptation to writers to make their work of the kind to attract remark would be increased, and the temptation to publishers to secure such work without regard to its real merit would also be aggravated.

The change from what I should call the "impersonal" system of editorial writing to signed articles would tend to destroy what is known as the "traditions" of the

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journal. It is easy to make good fun of these, but to a journal they are valuable from the nature of its task. "It consists," says M. Scherer, himself an accomplished journalist, "essentially in the succession of the impressions produced. It lasts only on the condition of incessant recommencements." Now the "traditions" of a journal are the direction and limitations imposed upon the opinions expressed and the modes of expression—upon "the succession of impressions produced, by the common action and interaction of the minds engaged." It is obvious that writers tormented by anxiety for the achievement of the marketable reputation made possible by the system of signatures might be less careful of the common end than if their work were not to be identified. Gambetta recognized the fact when he made of *La République Française* an anonymous journal, and by far the most powerful in its influence over popular opinion of all at that time published. Nor is there any necessary sacrifice of essential independence for the anonymous writer. I believe that those who violate their conscience for profit are more rare in journalism than elsewhere, from the very prosaic reason that an editor who knows his business knows the inferiority of their work and does not seek it.

That is a serious time of life when you begin to realize that the man you are is not the man you hope to become, but the man you have shown yourself to be; a definite quantity with precise limitations, and not a great one. We all compare ourselves at greater or less distances with people in books and in history. There is a time when it is a delightful reassurance to learn from the lives of Keats, Pitt, Hamilton, or Henry Clay, that we are not too young to be famous, and that men no older than we have immortalized themselves as poets or as statesmen. Again there comes a time when we go to books for reassurances of another sort, and pluck up our fainting hopes as we read how Grant, Sherman, Cromwell, and Nathaniel Hawthorne reached our time of life without distinguishing themselves beyond common, and yet lived to take rank among the immortals. There may be hope for us, we feel, for all of our forty odd years. And yet the late-blooming soldiers should not encourage us unduly, for a great soldier is only developed by war, and war, through no fault of his, may be very long in coming.

The serious time of disquieting realization that I spoke of comes to a man between these other two seasons. He has passed the time when any deficiencies in his work are palliated by his youth. Nobody can speak of him as "promising" any more. His blossoms are no longer a credit to him; he must show fruit, or admit that he has none to show, recognizing that the natural inference based on experience is that a man of his age who has done nothing that conspicuously justifies his existence never will do anything of that sort. A reasonable progress is still possible to him, of course, but in the natural course it is expected to be the continuation and perfection of what is behind him. A new quality, new phases of character, unsuspected talent, he *may* develop, but no one expects him to. If he himself expects to, it must be because he knows more about himself than he has disclosed. The story of the friend of Wm. H. Prescott, who regretted that that gentleman's abilities were being put to no considerable use is a case in point. Prescott was approaching that serious period without showing any results. The reason was that he was at work on a ten-year task of history writing. Presently the results came all together.

Ordinarily we do not look for matured fruits of a man's intelligence before he is thirty-five. Before that age he is at liberty to be clever. From then to forty is, in most cases, the serious time when he must do something important or else submit to be stamped as ordinary. If he cannot show power before he is forty, no one, except perhaps his wife, is going to believe it is in him. He cannot expect to be rated either by his hopes or his aspirations after that.

A good many men, conscious of their impending doom, gather their forces during this period for a sink-or-swim struggle to assert themselves and put their fate to the final touch. Among those who succeed the most usual sort of success is financial. Men who get very rich are apt to make their fortunes late in life. Whatever sort of success, though, that comes after forty, whether it pertains to art, or literature, or

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generalship, or statesmanship, or finance, is but the harvesting of a crop already sown. Men's purpose after the serious time is to reap what they have consciously or unconsciously sown, and carry what they have got to the most advantageous market. It is the discovery of a fit market rather than the production of different commodities that has been at the bottom of most of the success that has seemed to be late-won.

Two successful Americans are known to me—fine, strong men, not yet grown old—who have pursued fame and have overtaken it in widely different fields. What those fields are is not to the purpose; the victors have won the prize they sought by honorable means, and I honestly admire them for it. But my admiration is tempered with sadness at perceiving in each of these high examples symptoms of an ailment common to both, and already so far advanced that both cases are now beyond all hope of cure; an ailment, to be sure, not necessarily fatal, yet so deplorable to one not afflicted by it that he prays for absolute failure rather than the highest worldly success upon such terms. Their disorder is no new thing with a strange name; on the contrary, it is as old as the hills, and the medical faculty have never named it. Briefly described, it is the inability to stop, even for a single instant—the eagerness to push on without haste, but without rest, like Goethe's star, and having gained much, to gain the whole world, regardless of the soul. There are certain mountain-climbers who never turn to look back, whose eyes are fixed upon the height until it is attained, and then upon the height succeeding. After Mont Blanc the Matterhorn, after the Matterhorn the Himalayas. And with similar narrowness of vision these climbers on the varied slopes of Parnassus see in all the landscape only its mountain-peaks. They reach the summit merely to cast a longing look toward Mount Olympus. There is no Vale of Tempe, no Arcadia for them.

In a brilliant modern comedy one of the characters is pronounced a jolly good fellow. "Did you ever see one of these jolly good fellows at home?" another asks. A world of significance underlies that simple question, in which the painful contrast between the inner and the outer man is conjured up by a stroke of the pen. But in this instance the typical hero is a bachelor whose seamy side is known only to his valet. "In travelling along at night," says the philosopher, "we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be." "Did you ever see the wife of a successful man?" I am tempted to ask, when some one points out to me the shining lights of these two friends of mine. Not that the men are brutal, ill-tempered, or exceptionally irritable; rather the reverse is true of them; they are amiable enough. Yet their unconquerable self-absorption has made them anything but boon companions. Their hours of labor or of research are prolonged unreasonably, with intervals of moodiness, sometimes of utter silence. The bubble they follow is ever dancing before their eyes; the fury of pursuit is all-in-all, and life apart from that has lost its charm. Their wives share in the triumph, of course, and why should they complain? They do not. Like the Dutchman's wife upon her death-bed, they are resigned because they have to be. It is only between the lines of their patient faces that one may read the wish of the heart of heart for the old days to come back when things were otherwise.

So, while the lamp in the window throws its beams abroad to benefit the world at large, the household behind it suffers a distinct loss, of which those who feed the flame are quite unconscious.

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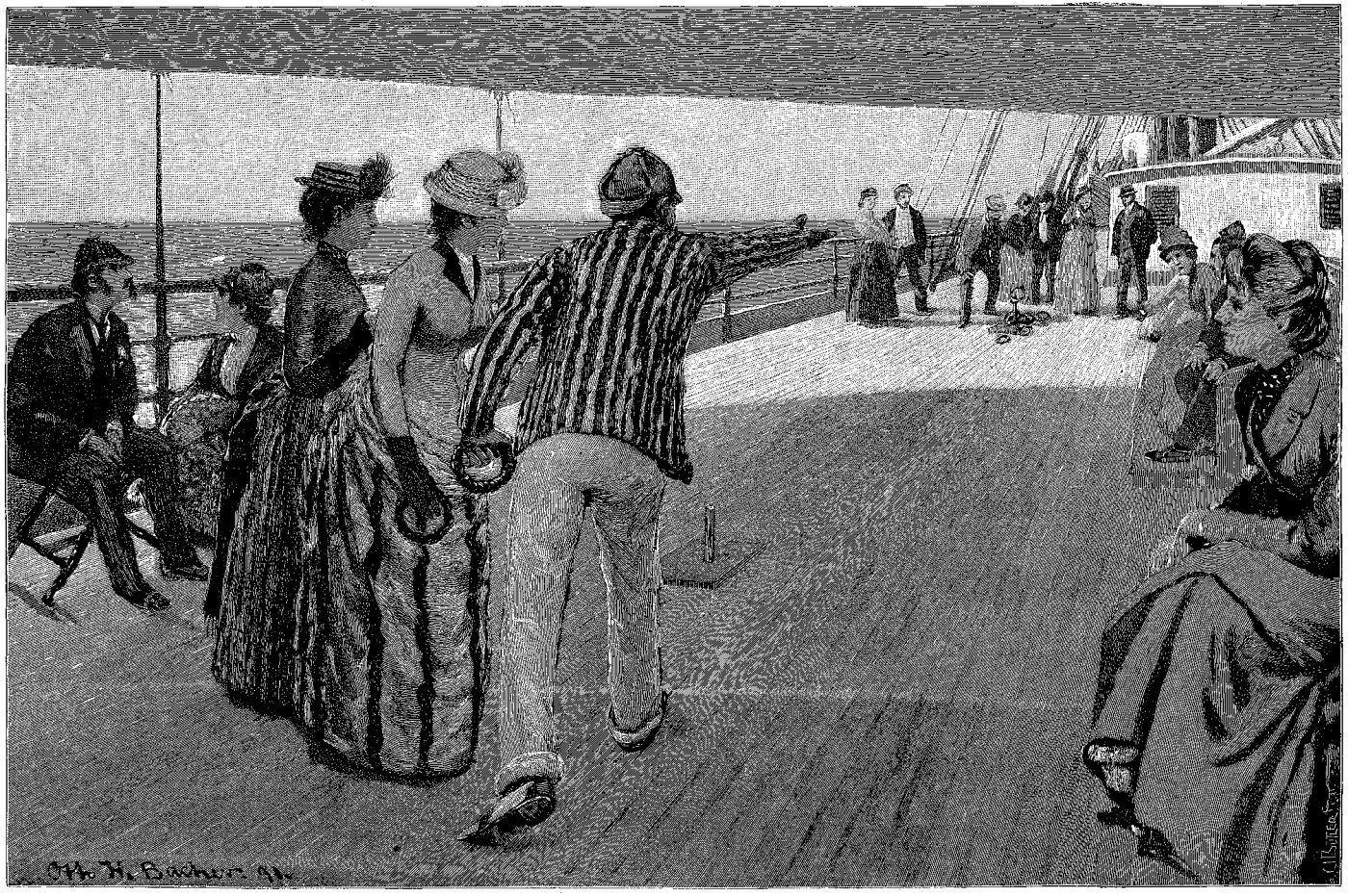

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